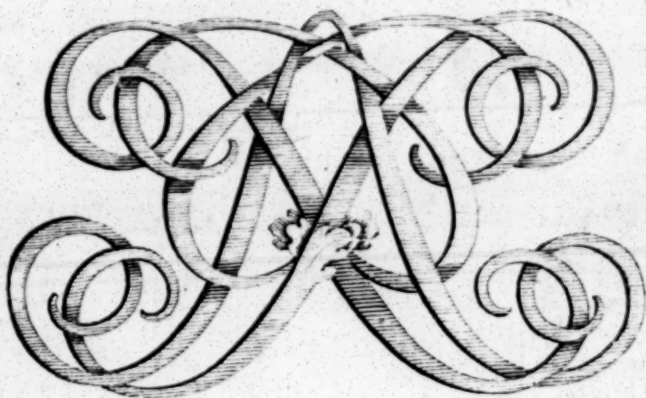


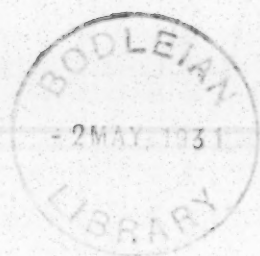
MISCELLANIES.

THE
THIRD VOLUME.



L O N D O N :

Printed for BENJAMIN MOTTE, at the
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MDCCXXIII.





THE
BOOKSELLERS
ADVERTISEMENT.

O*F the following Volume, we need only say, that it contains the Remainder of those Miscellaneous Pieces, which were in some sort promised in the Preface to the former Volumes, or which have been written since. The Verses are paged separately, that they may be added to that*

ADVERTISEMENT.

Volume which wholly consists of Verse, and the Treatise of the Bathos placed in their stead in This. The Reader may be assured no other Edition is either Genuine or Compleat, and that they are all the Things of this Kind which will ever be Printed by the same Hands.

There are in this Volume, as in the former, one or two small pieces by other Hands.

THE



THE
NARRATIVE
OF

Dr. Robert Norris,

CONCERNING

The *Strange and Deplorable* FRENZY
of Mr. *J-----N D-----IS*, an
Officer of the Custom-house.

IT is an acknowledg'd Truth, that nothing is so dear to an honest Man as his good Name, nor ought he to neglect the just Vindication of his Character, when it is injuriously attack'd by any Man. The Person I have at present Cause to complain of, is indeed in very melancholy Circumstances, it having pleas'd God to deprive him of his Senses, which may extenuate the Crime in Him. But I should be wanting in my Duty, not only to my self, but also to my Fellow-Creatures, to whom my

Talents may prove of benefit, shou'd I suffer my Profession or Honesty to be undeservedly aspers'd. I have therefore resolv'd to give the Publick an account of all that has past between that unhappy Gentleman and my self.

On the 20th instant, while I was in my Closet pondering the Case of one of my Patients, I heard a Knocking at my Door? upon opening of which enter'd an old Woman with Tears in her Eyes, and told me, that without my Assistance her Master would be utterly ruin'd. I was forc'd to interrupt her Sorrow by enquiring her Master's Name and Place of Abode. She told me he was one Mr. *D*—*is* an Officer of the Custom-house, who was taken ill of a violent Frenzy last *April*, and had continu'd in those melancholy Circumstances, with few or no Intervals. Upon this I ask'd her some Questions relating to his Humour and Extravagancies, that I might the better know under what Regimen to put him, when the Cause of his Distemper was found out. Alas, Sir, says she, this Day fortnight in the Morning a poor simple Child came to him from the Printer's; the Boy had no sooner enter'd the Room, but he cry'd out, *the Devil was come*. He often stares ghastfully, raves aloud, and mutters between his Teeth the Word *Cator*, or *Cato*, or some such thing. Now, Doctor, this *Cator* is certainly a *Witch*, and my poor Master is under an evil Tongue; for I have heard him say *Cator* has bewitch'd the whole Nation. It pitied my very Heart, to think that a Man of my Master's Understanding and great Scholarship, (who, as the
Child

Child told me, had a Book of his own in Print,) should talk so outrageously. Upon this I went and laid out a Groat for a Horseshoe, which is at this time nail'd on the Threshold of his Door; but I don't find my Master is at all the better for it; he perpetually starts and runs to the Window when any one knocks, crying out, *S' death! a Messenger from the French King! I shall die in the Bastile.*

Having said this, the Old Woman presented me with a Viol of his Urine; upon Examination of which I perceiv'd the whole Temperament of his Body to be exceeding *hot*. I therefore instantly took my Cane and my Beaver, and repair'd to the Place where he dwelt.

When I came to his Lodgings near *Charing-Cross*, up *three Pair* of Stairs, (which I should not have publish'd in this manner, but that this Lunatick *conceals* the Place of his Residence on purpose to prevent the good Offices of those charitable *Friends* and *Physicians*, who might attempt his Cure) when I came into the Room, I found this unfortunate Gentleman seated on his Bed, with Mr. *Bernard Lintott*, Bookseller, on the one side of him, and a grave elderly Gentleman on the other, who, as I have since learnt, calls himself a *Grammarian*; the Latitude of whose Countenance was not a little eclips'd by the Fullness of his Peruke. As I am a black lean Man, of a pale Visage, and hang my Clothes on somewhat slovenly, I no sooner went in but he frown'd upon me, and cry'd out with violence, '*S'Death, a Frenchman! I am betray'd to the Tyrant! who cou'd have thought the*

' Queen would have deliver'd me up to *France*
 ' in this Treaty, and least of all that you, my
 ' Friends, wou'd have been in a Conspiracy
 ' against me?'—— Sir, said I, here is neither
 Plot nor Conspiracy, but for your advantage.
 The Recovery of your Senses requires my Attendance, and your Friends sent for me on no other account. I then took a particular Survey of his Person, and the Furniture and Disposition of his Apartment. His Aspect was furious, his Eyes were rather fiery than lively, which he roll'd about in an uncommon manner. He often open'd his Mouth, as if he wou'd have utter'd some Matter of Importance, but the Sound seem'd lost inwardly. His Beard was grown, which they told me he would not suffer to be shav'd, believing the modern Dramatick Poets had corrupted all the Barbers in the Town to take the first Opportunity of cutting his Throat. His Eye-brows were grey, long, and grown together, which he knit with Indignation when any thing was spoken, insomuch that he seem'd not to have smooth'd his Forehead for many Years. His Flannel Night Cap, which was exceedingly begrim'd with Sweat and Dirt, hung upon his Left Ear; the Flap of his Breeches dangled between his Legs, and the Rolls of his Stockings fell down to his Ankles.

I observ'd his Room was hung with *old Tapestry*, which had several Holes in it, caus'd, as the Old Woman inform'd me, by his having cut out of it the Heads of divers *Tyrants*, the Fierceness of whose Visages had much provoked him. On all sides of his Room were pinned a great
 many

many Sheets of a Tragedy called *Cato*, with Notes on the Margin with his own Hand. The Words *Absurd, Monstrous, Execrable*, were every where written in such large Characters, that I could read them without my Spectacles. By the Fire-side lay Three-farthings-worth of Small-coal in a *Spectator*, and behind the Door huge Heaps of Papers of the same Title, which his Nurse inform'd me she had convey'd thither out of his sight, believing they were Books of the Black Art; for her Master never read in them, but he was either quite *mop'd*, or in *raging Fits*: There was nothing neat in the whole Room, except some Books on his Shelves very well bound and gilded, whose Names I had never before heard of, nor I believe are any where else to be found; such as *Gibraltar, a Comedy; Remarks on Prince Arthur; the Grounds of Criticism in Poetry; an Essay on publick Spirit*. The only one I had any Knowledge of was a *Paradise Lost*, interleav'd. The whole Floor was cover'd with Manuscripts, as thick as a Pastry Cook's Shop on a Christmas Eve. On his Table were some Ends of Verse and of Candles; a Gallipot of Ink with a yellow Pen in it, and a Pot of half-dead Ale cover'd with a *Longinus*.

As I was casting my Eyes round on all this odd Furniture with some Earnestness and Astonishment, and in a profound Silence, I was on a sudden surpriz'd to hear the Man speak in the following manner:

"Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you as
"with your Predecessor the famous *Hippocrates*,
"whom the mistaken Citizens of *Abdera* sent

“ for in this very manner to cure the Philosopher *Democritus*; he return'd full of Admiration at the Wisdom of that Person whom he had suppos'd a Lunatick. Behold, Doctor, it was thus *Aristotle* himself and all the great Antients spent their Days and Nights, wrapt up in Criticism, and beset all around with their own Writings. As for me, whom you see in the same manner, be assur'd I have none other Disease than a Swelling in my Legs, whereof I say no more, since your Art may further certify you.

I began now to be in hopes that his Case had been misrepresented, and that he was not so far gone, but some timely Medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper Queries, which with the Answers made to me, I shall set down in Form of Dialogue, in the very Words they were spoken, because I would not omit the least Circumstance in this Narrative; and I call my Conscience to witness, as if upon Oath, that I shall tell the Truth without addition or diminution.

Doct. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this Swelling?

Denn. By a Criticism.

Doct. A Criticism! that's a Distemper I never read of.

Denn. S'Death, Sir, a Distemper! It is no Distemper, but a Noble Art. I have sat fourteen Hours a Day at it; and are you a Doctor, and don't know there's a Communication between the Legs and the Brain?

Doct. What made you sit so many Hours, Sir?

Denn.

Denn. Cato, Sir.

Doct. Sir, I speak of your Distemper, what gave you this Tumor?

Denn. Cato, *Cato*, *Cato*. *

Old Wom. For God's sake, Doctor, name not this evil Spirit, 'tis the whole Cause of his Mad-ness: Alas, poor Master's just falling into his Fits.

Mr. Lintott. Fits! Z—— what Fits? A Man may well have Swellings in his Legs, that fits writing fourteen Hours in a Day. He got this by the *Remarks*.

Doct. The *Remarks*! what are those?

Denn. S'Death! have you never read my *Remarks*? I will be damn'd if this Dog *Lintott* ever publish'd my Advertisements.

Mr. Lint. Z——! I publish'd Advertisement upon Advertisement; and if the Book be not read, it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By G—, as much has been done for the Book, as cou'd be done for any Book in Christendom.

Doct. We do not talk of Books, Sir; I fear those are the Fuel that feed his *Delirium*; mention them no more. You do very ill to promote this Discourse.

I desire a Word in private with this other Gentleman, who seems a grave and sensible Man: I suppose, Sir, you are his Apothecary.

Gent. Sir, I am his Friend.

* *Remarks on Cato*, publish'd by Mr. D. in the Year, 1712.

Dr. I doubt it not. What Regimen have you observ'd since he has been under your Care? You remember, I suppose, the Passage of *Celsus*, which says, if the Patient, on the third Day, have an Interval, suspend the Medicaments at Night? let Fumigations be used to corroborate the Brain; I hope you have upon no Account promoted Sternutation by Hellebore.

Gent. Sir, no such matter, you utterly mistake.

Dr. Mistake: Am I not a Physician? and shall an Apothecary dispute my *Nostrums*—You may perhaps have fill'd up a Prescription or two of *Ratcliff's* which chanced to succeed, and with that very Prescription injudiciously prescrib'd to different Constitutions, have destroy'd a Multitude. *Pharmacopola componat, Medicus solus prescribat.* Fumigate him, I say, this very Evening, while he is relieved by an Interval.

Denn. S'Death, Sir, my Friend an Apothecary! a base Mechanic! He who, like my self, professes the noblest Sciences in the Universe, Criticism and Poetry. Can you think I would submit my Writings to the Judgment of an Apothecary? By the Immortals, he himself inserted three whole Paragraphs in my *Remarks*, had a Hand in my *Publick Spirit*, nay, assisted me in my Description of the *Furies*, and *infernal Regions* in my *Appius*.

Mr. Lintott. He is an Author; you mistake the Gentleman, Doctor, he has been an Author these twenty Years, to his Bookseller's Knowledge, and no Man's else.

Denn.

Denn. Is all the Town in a Combination? Shall Poetry fall to the Ground? Must our Reputation be lost to all foreign Countries? O Destruction! Perdition! * *Opera! Opera!* As Poetry once rais'd Cities, so when Poetry fails Cities are overturn'd, and the World is no more.

Dr. He raves, he raves; Mr. *Lintott*, I pray you pinion down his Arms, that he may do no Mischief.

Denn. O I am sick, sick to Death!

Dr. That is a good Symptom, a very good Symptom. To be sick to Death (say the modern Physicians) is an excellent Symptom. When a Patient is sensible of his Pain, 'tis half a Cure. Pray, Sir, of what are you sick?

Denn. Of every thing, Of every thing. I am sick of the *Sentiments* of the *Diſtion*; of the *Protasis*, of the *Epitasis*, and the *Catastrophe*——Alas, what is become of the *Drama*, the *Drama*?

Old Wom. The *Dram*, Sir? Mr. *Lintott* drank up all the Gin just now; but I'll go fetch more presently!

Denn. O shameful Want, scandalous Omifſion! By all the Immortals, here is no *Peripetia*, no Change of Fortune in the Tragedy; Z——no Charge at all.

Old Wom. Pray, good Sir, be not angry, I'll fetch *Change*.

Dr. Hold your Peace, Woman, his Fit increaſes, good Mr. *Lintott* hold him.

* He wrote a Treatiſe proving the Decay of Publick Spirit to proceed from Italian Opera's.

Mr. *Lintott*. Plague on't! I am damnably afraid they are in the right of it, and he is mad in earnest. If he should be really mad, who the Devil will buy the *Remarks*?

[Here Mr. *Lintott* scratch'd his Head.]

Doct. Sir, I Shall order you the cold Bath to morrow——Mr. *Lintott*, you are a sensible Man; pray send for Mr. *Verdier's* Servant, and as you are a friend to the Patient, be so kind as to stay this Evening whilst he is cupp'd on the Head. The Symptoms of his Madness seem to be desperate; for *Avicen* says, that if Learning be mix'd with a Brain that is not of a Consistency fit to receive it, the Brain ferments till it be totally exhausted. We must eradicate these undigested Ideas out of the *Perecranium*, and reduce the Patient to a competent Knowledge of himself.

Denn. Caitiffs stand off; unhand me, Miscreants! Is the Man whose whole Endeavours are to bring the Town to Reason mad? Is the Man who settles Poetry on the Basis of Antiquity mad? Dares any one assert there is a *Peripetia* in that vile Piece that's foisted upon the Town for a Dramatick Poem? That Man is mad, the Town is mad, the World is mad. See *Longinus* in my right Hand, and *Aristotle* in my left; I am the only Man among the Moderns that support them. Am I to be assassinated; and shall a Bookseller, who hath liv'd upon my Labours, take away that Life to which he owes his Support?

Gent. By your Leave, Gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I must not see my Friend ill treated;

treated; he is no more affected with Lunacy than my self: I am also of the same Opinion as to the *Peripætia*— Sir, by the Gravity of your Countenance and Habit, I would conceive you to be a graduate Physician; but by your indecent and boisterous Treatment of this Man of Learning, I perceive you are a violent sort of Person, I am loath to say *Quack*, who rather than his Drugs should lie upon his own Hands, would get rid of them, by cramming them into the Mouths of others: The Gentleman is of good Condition, sound Intellectuals, and unerring Judgment: I beg you will not oblige me to resent these Proceedings.

THESE were all the Words that pass'd among us at this Time; nor was there need for more, it being necessary we should make use of Force in the Cure of my Patient.

I privately whisper'd the old Woman to go to Mr. *Verdier's* in *Long Acre*, with Orders to come immediately with Cupping Glasses; in the mean time, by the Assistance of Mr. *Lintott*, we lock'd his Friend into a Closet, (who 'tis plain from his last Speech was likewise toucht in his Intellectuals) after which we bound our Lunatick Hand and Foot down to the Bedsted, where he continued in violent Ravings, notwithstanding the most tender Expressions we could use to persuade him to submit to the Operation, till the Servant of *Verdier* arrived. He had no sooner clap'd half a dozen Cupping Glasses on his Head, and behind his Ears, but the Gentleman above-mention'd bursting open the Closet, ran furiously.

ly upon us, cut Mr. *D—is's* Bandages, and let drive at us with a vast Folio, which sorely bruis'd the Shin of Mr. *Lintott*; Mr *John D—is* also starting up with the Cupping Glasses on his Head, seized another Folio, and with the same dangerously wounded me in the Skull, just above my right Temple. The Truth of this Fact Mr. *Verdier's* Servant is ready to attest upon Oath, who, taking an exact Survey of the Volumes, found that which wounded my Head to be *Gruterus's Lampas Critica*, and that which broke Mr. *Lintott's* Shin was *Scaliger's Poetices*. After this, Mr. *John D—is* strengthen'd at once by Rage and Madness, snatch'd up a Peruke-Block, that stood by the Bedside, and wielded it round in so furious a Manner, that he broke three of the Cupping Glasses from the Crown of his Head, so that much Blood trickled down his Visage — He look'd so ghastly, and his Passion was grown to such a prodigious Height, that my self, Mr. *Lintott*, and *Verdier's* Servant, were oblig'd to leave the Room in all the Expedition imaginable.

I took Mr. *Lintott* home with me, in order to have our Wounds dress'd, and laid hold of that Opportunity of entering into Discourse with him about the Madness of this Person, of whom he gave me the following remarkable Relation:

That on the 17th of *May*, 1712, between the Hours of 10 and 11 in the Morning, Mr. *John D—is* enter'd into his Shop, and opening one of the Volumes of the *Spectator*, in the large Paper, did suddenly, without the least Provocation,

tear

tear out that of No— where the Author treats of Poetical Justice, and cast it into the Street. That the said Mr. *John D—is* on the 27th of March, 1712, finding on the said Mr. *Lintott's* Counter a Book called an *Essay on Criticism*, just then publish'd, he read a Page or two with much Frowning, till coming to these two Lines;

*Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,
Turn'd Criticks next, and prov'd plain Fools
at last.*

He flung down the Book in a terrible Fury, and cried out, *By G— he means Me.*

That being in his Company on a certain Time, when *Shakespear* was mention'd as of a contrary Opinion to Mr. *Dennis*, he swore the said *Shakespear* was a *Rascal*, with other defamatory Expressions, which gave Mr. *Lintott* a very ill Opinion of the said *Shakespear*.

That about two Months since, he came again into the Shop, and cast several suspicious Looks on a Gentleman that stood by him, after which he desired some Information concerning that Person. He was no sooner acquainted that the Gentleman was a new Author, and that his first Piece was to be publish'd in a few Days, but he drew his Sword upon him, and had not my Servant luckily catch'd him by the Sleeve, I might have lost one Author upon the spot, and another the next Sessions.

Upon recollecting all these Circumstances, Mr. *Lintott* was entirely of Opinion, that he had been mad for some Time; and I doubt not
but

but this whole Narrative must sufficiently convince the World of the excess of his Frenzy. It now remains, that I give the Reasons which obliged me in my own Vindication to publish this whole unfortunate Transaction.

In the first place, Mr. *John D—is* had industriously caused to be reported that I enter'd into his Room *Vi & Armis*, either out of a Design to deprive him of his Life, or of a new Play called *Cariolanus*, which he has had ready for the Stage these four Years.

Secondly, He hath given out about *Fleetstreet* and the *Temple*, that I was an Accomplice with his Bookseller, who visited him with Intent to take away divers valuable Manuscripts, without paying him Copy-Money.

Thirdly, He hath told others, that I am no Graduate Physician, and that he had seen me upon a Mountebank Stage in *Moorfields*, when he had Lodgings in the College there.

Fourthly, Knowing that I had much Practice in the City, he reported at the *Royal Exchange*, *Custom-house*, and other Places adjacent, that I was a foreign Spy, employ'd by the *French King* to convey him into *France*; that I bound him Hand and Foot; and that, if his Friend had not burst from his Confinement to his Relief, he had been at this Hour in the *Bastile*.

All which several Assertions of his are so very extravagant, as well as inconsistent, that I appeal to all Mankind whether this Person be not out of his Senses. I shall not decline giving and producing further Proofs of this Truth in open Court,

of the Frenzy of, &c.

19

Court, if he drives the Matter so far. In the mean time I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may restore him, to the full Enjoyment of his Understanding: So wisheth as becometh a Christian,

*From my House on
Snow-hill, July
the 30th. 1713.*

Robert Norris, M. D.

God Save the Queen.



A full



A full and true
A C C O U N T
O F A
Horrid and Barbarous
R E V E N G E by **P O I S O N**,
On the Body of
Mr. **E D M U N D C U R L L**,
Bookseller ;
With a faithful C O P Y of his
Last **W I L L** and **T E S T A M E N T**.

HISTORY furnishes us with Examples of many Satyrical *Authors* who have fallen Sacrifices to Revenge, but not of any *Booksellers* that I know of, except the unfortunate Subject of the following Paper ; I mean Mr. *Edmund Curll*, at the *Bible and Dial* in *Fleetstreet*, who was yesterday poison'd by Mr. *Pope*, after having liv'd many Years

Years an Instance of the mild Temper of the *British Nation*.

Every Body knows that the said Mr. *Edmund Curll*, on *Monday* the 26th Instant, publish'd a Satyrical Piece, entituled *Court Poems*, in the Preface whereof they were attributed to a Lady of Quality, Mr. *Pope*, or Mr. *Gay*; by which indiscreet Method though he had escap'd one Revenge, there were still two behind in reserve.

Now on the *Wednesday* ensuing, between the Hours of Ten and Eleven, Mr. *Lintott*, a neigb'ring Bookseller, desired a Conference with Mr. *Curll* about settling a *Title-Page*, inviting him at the same Time to take a Whet together. Mr. *Pope*, (who is not the only Instance how Persons of bright Parts may be carry'd away by the Instigation of the Devil) found Means to convey himself into the same Room, under pretence of Business with Mr. *Lintott*, who it seems is the Printer of his *Homer*. This Gentleman with a seeming Coolness, reprimanded Mr. *Curll* for wrongfully ascribing to him the aforesaid Poems: He excused himself by declaring that one of his Authors (Mr. *Oldmixon* by Name) gave the Copies to the Press, and wrote the *Preface*. Upon this Mr. *Pope* (being to all appearance reconcil'd) very civilly drank a Glass of Sack to Mr. *Curll*, which he as civilly pledged; and tho' the Liquor in Colour and Taste differed not from common Sack, yet was it plain by the Pangs this unhappy Stationer felt soon after, that some poisonous Drug had been secretly infused therein.

About

About eleven a Clock he went home, where his Wife observing his Colour chang'd, said, *Are you not Sick, my Dear?* He reply'd, *Bloody Sick*; and incontinently fell a vomiting and straining in an uncommon and unnatural Manner, the Contents of his vomiting being as green as Grass. His Wife had been just reading a Book of her Husband's printing, concerning *Jane Wenham*, the famous Witch of *Hertford*, and her Mind misgave her that he was bewitch'd; but he soon let her know that he suspected Poison, and recounted to her, between the Intervals of his Yawnings and Reachings, every Circumstance of his Interview with Mr. *Pope*.

Mr. *Lintott* in the mean time coming in, was extremely affrighted at the sudden Alteration he observ'd in him: *Brother Curll*, says he, *I fear you have got the Vomiting Distemper, which (I have heard) kills in half an Hour. This comes from your not following my Advice, to drink old Hock in a Morning, as I do, and abstain from Sack.* Mr. *Curll* reply'd, in a moving Tone, *Your Author's Sack I fear has done my Business.* Z——ds, says Mr. *Lintott*, *my Author!* —— *Why did not you drink old Hock?* Notwithstanding which rough Remonstrance, he did in the most friendly Manner press him to take warm Water; but Mr. *Curll* did with great Obstinacy refuse it; which made Mr. *Lintott* infer, that he chose to die, as thinking to recover greater Damages.

All this Time the Symptoms encreas'd violently, with acute Pains in the lower Belly.

Brother

Brother Lintott, says he, *I perceive my last Hour approaching; do me the friendly Office to call my Partner, Mr. Pemberton, that we may settle our Wordly Affairs.* Mr. Lintott, like a kind Neighbour, was hastening out of the Room, while Mr. Curll rav'd aloud in this Manner: *If I survive this, I will be reveng'd on Tonson; it was he first detected me as the Printer of these Poems, and I will reprint these very Poems in his Name.* His Wife admonish'd him not to think of Revenge, but to take care of his Stock and his Soul: And in the same Instant, Mr. Lintott (whose Goodness can never be enough applauded) return'd with Mr. Pemberton. After some Tears jointly shed by these humane Booksellers, Mr. Curll being (as he said) in his perfect Senses though in great bodily Pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal Will (Mrs. Curll having first put on his Night-cap) in the following Manner.

Gentlemen, in the first Place, I do sincerely pray Forgiveness for those indirect Methods I have pursued in inventing new Titles to old Books, putting Authors Names to things they never saw, publishing private Quarrels for publick Entertainment; all which, I hope will be pardoned, as being done to get an honest livelihood.

I do also heartily beg Pardon of all Persons of Honour, Lords Spiritual and Temporal, Gentry, Burgeffes, and Commonalty, to whose Abuse I have any or every way contributed by my Publications, particularly, I hope it will be considered,

sidered, that if I have vilify'd his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, I have likewise aspers'd the late Duke of *Ormond*; if I have abused the the honourable Mr. *Walpole*, I have also libell'd the Lord *Bolingbroke*; so that I have preserv'd that *Equality* and *Impartiality* which becomes an *honest Man* in Times of Faction and Division.

I call my Conscience to witness, that many of these Things which may seem malicious were done out of *Charity*; I having made it wholly my Business to print for poor disconsolate Authors, whom all other Booksellers refuse. Only God bless Sir *Richard Blackmore*! you know he takes no *Copy-money*.

The second Collection of Poems, which I groundlessly call'd Mr. *Prior's*, will sell for Nothing, and hath not yet paid the Charge of the Advertisements, which I was obliged to publish against him: Therefore you may as well suppress the Edition, and beg that Gentleman's Pardon in the Name of a dying Christian.

The *French Cato*, with the Criticism showing how superior it is to Mr. *Addison's*, (which I wickedly ascribed to Madam *Dacier*) may be suppress'd at a reasonable Rate, being damnably translated.

I protest I have no Animosity to Mr. *Rowe*, having printed part of *Callipædia*, and an incorrect Edition of his Poems without his Leave, in Quarto. Mr. *Gildon's Rehearsal* or *Bays the Younger*, did more harm to me than to Mr. *Rowe*; though upon the Faith of an honest Man,

Man, I paid him double, for abusing both him and Mr. Pope.

Heaven pardon me for publishing the *Trials of Sodomy* in an *Elzevir* Letter! but I humbly hope, my printing Sir *Richard Blackmore's Essays* will atone for them. I beg that you will take what remains of these last, (which is near the whole Impression, Presents excepted) and let my poor Widow have in exchange the sole Propriety of the Copy of *Madam Mascaranny*.

[Here Mr. Pemberton interrupted, and would by no means consent to this Article, about which some Dispute might have arisen unbecoming a dying Person, if Mr. Lintott had not interposed and Mr. Curll vomited.]

What this poor unfortunate Man spoke afterwards, was so indistinct, and in such broken Accents, (being perpetually interrupted by Vomitings) that the Reader is intreated to excuse the Confusion and Imperfection of this Account.

Dear Mr. Pemberton, I beg you to beware of the Indictment at *Hicks's Hall*, for publishing *Rocheſter's* bawdy Poems; that Copy will otherwise be my best Legacy to my dear Wife, and helpless Child.

The Case of Impotence was my best Support, all the last long Vacation.

[In this last Paragraph Mr. Curll's Voice grew more free, for his Vomitings abated upon
B his

his Dejections, and he spoke what follows from his Close-stool.]

For the Copies of Noblemen's and Bishop's *Last Wills and Testaments*, I solemnly declare I printed them not with any Purpose of Defamation; but meerly as I thought those Copies lawfully purchased from *Doctors Commons*, at *One Shilling* a piece. Our Trade in Wills turning to small Account, we may divide them blindfold.

For Mr. *Mauwaring's Life*, I ask Mrs. *Oldfield's* Pardon: Neither *His*, nor my Lord *Halifax's* Lives, though they were of service to their Country, were of any to me: But I was resolved since I could not print their Works while they liv'd, to print their Lives after they were dead.

While he was speaking these Words Mr. *Oldmixon* enter'd. *Ah! Mr. Oldmixon* (said poor Mr. *Curll*) *to what a Condition have your Works reduced me! I die a Martyr to that unlucky 'Preface. However, in these my last Moments, I will be just to all Men; you shall have your third Share of the Court Poems, as was stipulated. When I am dead, where will you find another Bookseller? Your Protestant Packet might have supported you, had you writ a little less scurrilously; there is a Mean in all things.*

Here Mr. *Lintott* interrupted. Why not find another Bookseller, Brother *Curll*? and then took Mr. *Oldmixon* aside and whisper'd him:
Sir,

Poisoning of Edmund Curll. 27

Sir, As soon as Curll is dead, I shall be glad to talk with you over a Pint at the Devil.

Mr. Curll now turning to Mr. Pemberton, told him, he had several *Taking Title-Pages* that only wanted Treatises to be wrote to them; and earnestly desired that when they were writ, his Heirs might have some Share of the Profit of them.

After he had said this, he fell into horrible Gripings, upon which Mr. Lintott advis'd him to repeat the Lord's Prayer. He desir'd his Wife to step into the Shop for a *Common Prayer Book*, and read it by the Help of a Candle without Hesitation. He clos'd the Book, fetch'd a Groan, and recommended to Mrs. Curll to give Forty Shillings to the Poor of the Parish of St. *Dunstan's*, and a *Week's Wages* advance to each of his Gentlemen-Authors, with some small Gratuity in particular to Mrs. *Centlivre*.

The poor Man continued for some Hours with all his disconsolate Family about him in Tears, expecting his final Dissolution; when of a sudden he was surprizingly relieved by a plentiful foetid Stool, which obliged them all to retire out of the Room. Notwithstanding, it is judged by Sir *Richard Blackmore*, that the Poison is still latent in his Body, and will infallibly destroy him by slow Degrees, in less than a Month. It is to be hoped, the other Enemies of this wretched Stationer will not further pursue their Revenge, or shorten this small Period of his miserable Life.

his Dejections, and he spoke what follows from his Close-stool.]

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A FURTHER
ACCOUNT
Of the most
Deplorable Condition
O F
Mr. EDMUND CURLL,
Bookseller.

THE Publick is already acquainted with the Manner of Mr. *Curll's* Impositionment, by a faithful tho' unpolite Historian of *Grubstreet*. I am but the Continuer of his History; yet I hope a due Distinction will be made between an undignify'd Scribler of a Sheet and half, and the Author of a Three-penny stich'd Book, like my self.

* *Wit* (saith Sir *Richard Blackmore*) proceeds from a Concurrence of regular and exalted Ferments, and an Affluence of Animal Spirits rectify'd and refin'd to a Degree of Purity. On the contrary, when the igneous Particles rise with the vital Liquor, they produce an

* *Blackmore's Essays. Vol. I.*

abstract-

abstraction of the rational Part of the Soul, which we commonly call *Madness*. The Verity of this Hypothesis, is justify'd by the Symptoms with which the unfortunate Mr. *Edmund Curll*, Bookseller, hath been afflicted ever since his swallowing the Poison at the *Swan Tavern* in *Fleetstreet*. For tho' the *Neck* of his *Retort*, which carries up the Animal Spirits to the Head, is of an extraordinary length; yet the said Animal Spirits rise muddy, being contaminated with the inflammable Particles of this uncommon Poison.

The Symptoms of his Departure from his usual Temper of Mind, were at first only *speaking civilly to his Customers, singeing a Pig with a new purchased Libel, and refusing Two-and-Nine-Pence for Sir Richard Blackmore's Essays*.

As the poor Man's Frenzy encreas'd, he began to *void his Excrements in his Bed, read Rochester's bawdy Poems to his Wife, gave Oldmixon a slap on the Chops, and wou'd have kiss'd Mr. Pemberton's A— by Violence*.

But at last he came to such a pass, that he wou'd *dine upon nothing but Copper-Plates, took a Clyster for a whipt Syllabub, and made Mr. Lintott eat a Suppository for a Raddish with Bread and Butter*.

We leave it to every tender Wife to imagine, how sorely all this afflicted poor Mrs. *Curll*: At first she privately put a *Bill* into several Churches, desiring Prayers of the Congregation for a *wretched Stationer* distemper'd in Mind. But when she was sadly convinc'd that his Mis-

fortune was publick to all the World, she writ the following Letter to her good Neighbour Mr. *Lintott*.

A true Copy of Mrs. Curll's Letter to Mr. Lintott.

Worthy Mr. Lintott.

‘ **Y**OU, and all the Neighbours know too
 ‘ well, the Frenzy with which my poor
 ‘ Man is visited. I never perceived he was out
 ‘ of himself till that melancholy Day that he
 ‘ thought he was poison’d in a Glass of Sack;
 ‘ upon this, he ran a Vomiting all over the
 ‘ House, nay, in the new-wash’d Dining-room.
 ‘ Alas! this is the greatest Adversity that ever
 ‘ befel my poor Man, since he lost *one Testicle*
 ‘ at School by the bite of a black Boar. Good
 ‘ Lord! if he should die, where should I dis-
 ‘ pose of the *Stock*? unless Mr. *Pemberton* or
 ‘ you would help a distressed Widow; for God
 ‘ knows he never published any Books that
 ‘ lasted above a Week, so that if we wanted
 ‘ *daily Books*, we wanted *daily Bread*. I can
 ‘ write no more, for I hear the Rap of Mr.
 ‘ *Curll’s Ivory-headed Cane* upon the Counter.
 ‘ — Pray recommend me to your *Pastry-Cook*,
 ‘ (who furnishes you yearly with Tarts in ex-
 ‘ change for your Papers) for Mr. *Curll* has
 ‘ disoblig’d ours, since his Fits came upon him;
 ‘ — before that, we generally liv’d upon bak’d
 ‘ Meats. — He is coming in, and I have but
 ‘ just time to put his *Son* out of the way for
 ‘ fear

Condition of Edmund Curll. 31

' fear of Mischief: So wishing you a merry
' *Easter*, I remain your

Most humble Servant,

C. Curll.

' P. S. As to the Report of my poor Husband's
' stealing a *Calf*, it is really groundless, for he
' always binds in *Sheep*.

But return we to Mr. *Curll*, who all *Wednesday* continued outrageously mad. On *Thursday* he had a *lucid Interval*, that enabled him to send a general Summons to all *his Authors*. There was but one Porter who cou'd perform this Office, to whom he gave the following Bill of Directions where to find 'em. This Bill, together with Mrs. *Curll's* Original Letter, lie at Mr. *Lintott's* Shop to be perus'd by the Curious.

*Instructions to a Porter how to find Mr Curll's
Authors.*

' **A**T a Tallow-chandlers in *Petty France*,
' half way under the blind Arch: Ask
' for the *Historian*.

' At the Bedsted and Bolster, a Musick-house
' in *Morefields*, two Translators in a Bed to-
' gether.

‘ At the *Hercules* and *Still* in *Vinegar-yard*,
 ‘ a School-master with Carbuncles on his Nose.

‘ At a Blacksmith’s Shop in the *Friars*, a
 ‘ Pindarick Writer in red Stockings.

‘ In the Calendar Mill Room at *Exeter-*
 ‘ Change, a Composer of Meditations.

‘ At the Three *Tobacco-Pipes* in *Dog* and
 ‘ *Bitch* Yard, one that has been a Parson, he
 ‘ wears a blue Camblet-coat trim’d with black :
 ‘ my best Writer against *Reveal’d Religion*.

‘ At Mr. *Summers* a Thief-catchers, in
 ‘ *Lewknors* Lane, the Man that wrote against
 ‘ the Impiety of Mr. *Rowe*’s Plays.

‘ At the Farthing Pye House in *Tooting*
 ‘ Fields, the young Man who is writing my
 ‘ new *Pastorals*.

‘ At the Laundresses, at the Hole in the
 ‘ Wall in *Curfitors* Alley, up three pair of Stairs,
 ‘ the Author of my *Church History* —— if his
 ‘ Flux be over —— you may also speak to the
 ‘ Gentleman who lies by him in the Flock Bed,
 ‘ my *Index-maker*.

‘ The *Cook’s Wife* in *Buckingham* Court ;
 ‘ bid her bring along with her the *Similes* that
 ‘ were lent her for her next new Play.

‘ Call

‘ Call at *Budge Row* for the Gentleman you
‘ use to go to in the *Cockloft*; I have taken a-
‘ way the *Ladder*, but his Landlady has it in
‘ keeping.

‘ I don’t much care if you ask at the *Mint*
‘ for the old Beetle-brow’d Critick, and the
‘ purblind Poet at the Alley over-against St.
‘ *Andrews Holbourn*. But this as you have
‘ time.

All these Gentlemen appear’d at the Hour appointed, in Mr. *Curll*’s Dining Room, two excepted; one of whom was the Gentleman in the *Cockloft*, his Landlady being out of the way, and the *Gradus ad Parnassum* taken down; the other happened to be too closely watch’d by the Bailiffs.

They no sooner enter’d the Room, but all of them shew’d in their Behaviour some *Suspicion* of each other; some turning away their Heads with an Air of Contempt; others squinting with a Leer that shew’d at once *Fear* and *Indignation*, each with a haggard abstracted Mien, the lively Picture of *Scorn*, *Solitude*, and *short Commons*. So when a Keeper feeds his hungry Charge of Vultures, Panthers, and of *Lybian* Leopards, each eyes his Fellow with a fiery Glare: High hung, the bloody Liver tempts their Maw. Or as a Housewife stands before her Pales, surrounded by her Geese; they fight, they hiss, they gaggle, beat their Wings, and Down is scatter’d as the Winter’s
B 5 Snow,

Snow, for poor Grain of Oat, or Tare, or Barley. Such Looks shot through the Room transverse, oblique, direct; such was the stir and din, 'till *Curll* thus spoke, (but without rising from his Close-stool.)

' *Whores* and *Authors* must be paid beforehand, to put them in good Humour; therefore here is half a Crown a piece for you to drink your own Healths, and Confusion to Mr. *Addison*, and all other successful Writers.

' Ah Gentlemen! What have I not done, what have I not suffer'd, rather than the World should be depriv'd of your *Lucubrations*; I have taken involuntary Purges, I have been vomited, three times have I been can'd, once was I hunted, twice was my Head broke by a Grenadier, twice was I tofs'd in a Blanket; I have had Boxes on the Ear, Slaps on the Chops; I have been frightened, pump'd, kick'd, slander'd, and beshitten. — I hope Gentlemen, you are all convinc'd that this Author of Mr. *Lintott's* could mean nothing else but starving you, by poisoning me. It remains for us to consult the best and speediest Methods of Revenge.

He had scarce done speaking, but the *Historian* propos'd a History of his Life. The *Exeter-Exchange-Gentleman* was for penning Articles of his Faith. Some pretty smart *Pindarick*, (says the Red-Stocking Poet) would effectually do his Business. But the *Index-maker* said there was nothing like an *Index* to his *Homer*.

After

After several Debates they came to the following Resolutions.

' *Resolv'd*, That every Member of this Society, according to his several Abilities, shall contribute some way or other to the Defamation of Mr. *Pope*.

' *Resolv'd*, That towards the Libelling of the said *Pope*, there be a Sum employ'd not exceeding Six Pounds Sixteen Shillings and Nine Pence (not including Advertisements.)

' *Resolv'd*, That he has on purpose, in several Passages, perverted the true ancient *Heathen* Sense of *Homer*, for the more effectual Propagation of the *Popish* Religion.

' *Resolv'd*, That the Printing of *Homer's Battles* at this Juncture, has been the Occasion of all the Disturbances of this Kingdom.

' *Ordered*, That Mr. *Barnivelt* be invited to be a Member of this Society, in order to make further Discoveries.

' *Resolv'd*, That a number of effective *Errata's* be rais'd out of *Pope's Homer* (not exceeding 1746,) and that every Gentleman who shall send in one Error, for his Encouragement shall have the whole Works of this Society gratis.

‘ *Resolv’d*, That a Sum not exceeding Ten
 ‘ Shillings and Six-pence be distributed among
 ‘ the Members of this Society for *Coffee* and
 ‘ *Tobacco*, in order to enable them the more
 ‘ effectually to defame him in *Coffee-Houses*.

‘ *Resolv’d*, That towards the further lessening
 ‘ the Character of the said *Pope*, some Persons
 ‘ be deputed to abuse him at Ladies *Tea-*
 ‘ *Tables*, and that in consideration our Authors
 ‘ are not *well dress’d* enough, Mr. C——y and
 ‘ Mr. Ke——l be deputed for that Service.

‘ *Resolv’d*, That a *Ballad* be made against
 ‘ Mr. *Pope*, and that Mr. *Oldmixon*, Mr.
 ‘ *Gildon*, and Mrs. *Centlivre*, do prepare and
 ‘ bring in the same.

‘ *Resolv’d*, That above all, some effectual
 ‘ Ways and Means be found to encrease the
 ‘ Joint Stock of the Reputation of this Society,
 ‘ which at present is exceeding low, and to
 ‘ give their Works the greater Currency;
 ‘ whether by raising the Denomination of the
 ‘ said Works by counterfeit Title Pages, or
 ‘ mixing a greater Quantity of the fine Metal
 ‘ of other Authors, with the Alloy of this
 ‘ Society.

‘ *Resolv’d*, That no Member of this Society
 ‘ for the future mix *Stout* in his *Ale* in a Morn-
 ‘ ing, and that Mr. B—— remove from the
 ‘ *Hercules* and *Still*.

‘ *Re-*

‘ *Resolv’d*, That all our Members, (except
‘ the *Cook’s Wife*) be provided with a sufficient
‘ Quantity of the *vivifying Drops*, or *Byfield’s*
‘ *Sal Volatile*.

‘ *Resolv’d*, That Sir R—— B——— be
‘ appointed to endue this Society with a large
‘ Quantity of *regular and exalted Ferments*, in
‘ order to *enliven* their *cold Sentiments* (being
‘ his true Receipt to make Wits.)

These Resolutions being taken, the Assembly was ready to break up, but they took so near a-part in Mr. Curll’s Afflictions, that none of them could leave him without giving him some Advice to reinstate him in his Health.

Mr. Gildon was of opinion, That in order to drive a *Pope* out of his *Belly*, he should get the Mummy of some deceas’d *Moderator* of the *General Assembly* in *Scotland*, to be taken inwardly as an effectual Antioder against *Anti-christ*; but Mr. Oldmixon did conceive that the *Liver* of the Person who administered the Poison, boil’d in Broth, would be a more certain Cure.

While the Company were expecting the Thanks of Mr. Curll, for these demonstrations of their Zeal, a whole Pile of Sir *Richard’s Essays* on a sudden fell on his Head; the Shock of which in an Instant brought back his Delirium. He immediately rose up, over-turn’d the Close stool, and besht the *Essays* (which may probably

probably occasion a *second Edition*) then without putting up his Breeches, in a most furious Tone he thus broke out to his Books, which his distemper'd Imagination represented to him as alive, coming down from their Shelves fluttering their Leaves, and flapping their Covers at him.

Now *G-d damn all Folio's, Quarto's, Octavo's and Duodecimo's!* ungrateful Varlets that you are, who have so long taken up my House without paying for your Lodging? — Are you not the beggarly Brood of fumbling *Journeymen*; born in *Garrets*, among *Lice* and *Cobwebs*, nurs'd up on *Grey Peas*, *Bullocks Liver*, and *Porter's Ale*? — Was not the first Light you saw, the *Farthing-candle* I paid for? Did you not come before your Time into *dirty Sheets* of brown Paper? — And have not I cloath'd you in double *Royal*, lodg'd you handsomely on *decent Shelves*, lac'd your *Backs* with *Gold*, equipt you with splendid *Titles*, and sent you into the World with the Names of *Persons of Quality*? Must I be *always* plagu'd with you? Why flutter ye your Leaves, and flap your Covers at me? *Damn ye all, ye Wolves in Sheeps Cloathing*; *Rags ye were, and to Rags ye shall return*. Why hold you forth your *Texts* to me, ye paltry *Sermons*? Why cry ye — at every Word to me, ye *bawdy Poems*? — To my Shop at *Tunbridge* ye shall go, by *G* — and thence be drawn like the rest of your Predecessors, bit by bit, to the *Passage-House*; For in this present Emotion of my Bowels, how
do

Condition of Edmund Curll. 39

do I compassionate those who have great need,
and nothing to wipe their Breech with?

Having said this, and at the same Time re-
collecting that his own was yet unwiped, he a-
bated of his Fury, and with great Gravity, ap-
ply'd to that Function the unfinish'd Sheets of
the Conduct of the Earl of N— —m.



A Strange



A Strange but True

RELATION

H O W

EDMUND CURLL,
of Fleetstreet, Stationer,

*Out of an extraordinary Desire of
Lucre, went into Change Alley, and was
converted from the Christian Religion by cer-
tain Eminent Jews: And how he was cir-
cumcis'd and initiated into their Mysteries.*

AVARICE (as Sir Richard in the Third
Page of his Essays hath elegantly observ'd)
is an inordinate Impulse of the Soul towards
the amassing or heaping together a Superfluity
of Wealth without the least Regard of applying
it to its proper Uses.

And how the Mind of Man is possessed with
this Vice, may be seen every Day both in the
City and Suburbs thereof. It has been always
esteemed by Plato, Puffendorf and Socrates,

as the darling Vice of old Age: But now our young Men are turn'd Usurers and Stock-jobbers; and, instead of lusting after the real Wives and Daughters of our rich Citizens, they covet nothing but their Money and Estates. Strange Change of Vice! when the Concupiscence of Youth is converted into the Covetousness of Age, and those Appetites are now become V E N A L which should be V E N E R E A L.

In the first Place, let us shew you how many of the ancient Worthies and Heroes of Antiquity have been undone and ruin'd by this Deadly Sin of Avarice.

I shall take the Liberty to begin with *Brutus*, that noble *Roman*. Does not *Ætian* inform us that he received Fifty Broad Pieces for the Assassination of that renowned Emperor *Julius Cesar*, who fell a Sacrifice to the *Jews*, as *Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey* did to the *Papists*?

Did not *Themistocles* let in the *Goths* and *Vandals* into *Carthage* for a Sum of Money, where they barbarously put out the other Eye of the famous *Hannibal*? As *Herodotus* hath it in his ninth Book upon the *Roman Medals*.

Even the great *Cato* (as the late *Mr. Addison* hath very well observ'd) though otherwise a Gentleman of good Sense, was not unfully'd by this pecuniary Contagion: For he sold *Athens* to *Artaxerxes Longimanus* for a hundred *Rix-Dollars*, which in our Money will amount to two *Talents* and thirty *Sestertii*, according to *Mr. Demouiver's* Calculation. See *Hesiod* in his 7th Chapter of Feasts and Festivals.

Actuated

Actuated by the same Diabolical Spirit of Gain, *Scylla* the Roman Consul shot *Alcibiades* the Senator with a Pistol, and robb'd him of several *Bank Bills* and *Chequer Notes* to an immense Value; for which he came to an untimely End, and was deny'd *Christian Burial*. Hence comes the Proverb *incidat in Scyllam*.

To come near to our own Times, and give you one modern Instance (tho' well known and often quoted by Historians, viz. *Echard*, *Dionysius Halicarnassæus*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, and others) 'Tis that, I mean, of the famous *Godfrey* of *Bulloigne*, one of the great Heroes of the Holy War, who rob'd *Cleopatra* Queen of *Egypt* of a Diamond Necklace, Ear-Rings, and a *Tompion's* Gold Watch (which was given her by *Mark Antony*) all these things were found in *Godfrey's* Breeches Pocket, when he was kill'd at the Siege of *Damascus*.

Who then can wonder after so many great and illustrious Examples that Mr. *Edmund Curll* the Stationer, should renounce the *Christian Religion* for the *Mammon* of Unrighteousness, and barter his precious Faith for the filthy Prospect of Lucre in the present Fluctuation of *Stocks*.

It having been observed to Mr. *Curll* by some of his ingenious Authors, (who I fear are not over-charg'd with any Religion) what immense Sums the *Jews* had got by *Bubbles*, &c. he immediately turned his Mind from the Business in which he was educated, but thriv'd little, and resolv'd to quit his Shop, for *Change Alley*. Whereupon falling into Com-
pany

Company with the *Jews* at their Club at the Sign of the *Cross* in *Cornhill*, they began to tamper with him upon the^o most important Points of the *Christian Faith*, which he for some time zealously, and like a good *Christian* obstinately defended. They promised him *Paradise*, and many other Advantages *hereafter*, but he artfully insinuated that he was more inclinable to listen to *present Gain*. They took the Hint, and promis'd him that immediately upon his Conversion to their Persuasion he should become as rich as a *Jew*.

They made use likewise of several other Arguments, to wit,

That the wisest Man that ever was, and inasmuch the richest, beyond all peradventure, was a *Jew*, videlicet *Solomon*.

That *David*, the Man after God's own Heart, was a *Jew* also. And most of the Children of *Israel* are suspected for holding the same Doctrine.

This Mr. *Curll* at first strenuously deny'd, for indeed he thought them *Roman Catholicks*, and so far was he from giving way to their Temptations, that to convince them of his *Christianity* he call'd for a *Pork-Grisking*.

They now promis'd if he would poison his Wife and give up his *Grisking*, that he should marry the rich *Ben Meymon's* only Daughter. This made some Impression on him.

They then talk'd to him in the *Hebrew* Tongue, which he not understanding, it was observ'd had very great Weight with him.

They

They, now perceiving that his *Godliness* was only *Gain*, desisted from all other Arguments, and attack'd him on his weak side, namely that of *Avarice*.

Upon which *John Mendez* offer'd him an Eighth of an advantagious Bargain for the *Apostles Creed*, which he readily and wickedly renounced.

He then sold the *Nine and thirty Articles* for a *Bull*; but insisted hard upon *Black-Puddings*, being a great Lover thereof.

Joshua Parrara engag'd to let him share with him in his *Bottomrye*, upon this he was persuaded out of his *Christian Name*; but he still adher'd to *Black-Puddings*.

Sir Gideon Lopez tempted him with *Forty Pound* Subscription in *Ram's Bubble*; for which he was content to give up the *Four Evangelists*, and he was now compleated a perfect *Jew*, all but *Black-Pudding* and *Circumcision*; for both of which he would have been glad to have had a Dispensation.

But on the 17th of *March*, *Mr. Curll* (unknown to his Wife) came to the Tavern afore-said. At his Entrance into the Room he perceived a meagre Man, with a fallow Countenance, a black forky Beard, and long Vestment. In his Right Hand he held a large Pair of Sheers, and in his Left a red hot Searing-Iron. At Sight of this, *Mr. Curll's* Heart trembled within him, and feign would he retire; but he was prevented by six Jews, who laid Hands upon him, and unbuttoning his Breeches threw

threw him upon the Table, a pale pitiful Spectacle.

He now intreated them in the most moving Tone of Voice to dispense with that *unmanly* Ceremonial, which if they would consent to, he faithfully promis'd that he would eat a Quarter of *Paschal Lamb* with them the next *Sunday* following.

All these Protestations availed him nothing, for they threatned him that all Contracts and Bargains should be void unless he would submit to bear all the *outward* and *visible* Signs of *Judaism*.

Our Apostate hearing this, stretched himself upon his Back, spread his Legs, and waited for the Operation; but when he saw the High-Priest take up the *Cleft Stick*, he roared most unmercifully, and swore several Christian Oaths, for which the *Jews* rebuked him.

The Savour of the *Effluvia* that issued from him, convinced the Old *Levite* and all his Assistants that he needed no present *Purgation*, wherefore without farther *anointing* him he proceeded in his Office; when by an unfortunate Jerk upward of the impatient Victim, he lost five times as much as ever Jew did before.

They finding that he was too much circumcised, which by the *Levitical Law* is worse than not being circumcised at all, refused to stand to any of their Contracts: Wherefore they cast him forth from their Synagogue; and he now remains a most piteous, woful and miserable Sight at the Sign of the *Old Testament* and *Dial* in *Fleet-street*, his Wife, (poor Woman)

is

is at this Hour lamenting over him, wringing her Hands and tearing her Hair; for the barbarous Jews still keep, and expose at *Jonathan's* and *Garraway's*, the Memorial of her Loss, and her Husband's Indignity.

P R A Y E R. (*To save the Stamp.*)

K E E P us, we beseech thee, from the Hands of such barbarous and cruel Jews, who albeit they abhor the Blood of Black Puddings, yet thirst they vehemently after the Blood of White ones. And that we may avoid such like Calamities, may all good and well-disposed Christians be warn'd by this unhappy Wretch's woful Example to abominate the heinous Sin of Avarice, which sooner or later will draw them into the cruel Clutches of Satan, Papists, Jews, and Stock-jobbers. Amen.



G O D's



G O D's Revenge

A G A I N S T

P U N N I N G.

*Shewing the miserable Fates of Persons
addicted to this Crying Sin, in
Court and Town.*

Manifold have been the Judgments which Heav'n from Time to Time, for the Chastisement of a Sinful People, has inflicted on whole Nations. For when the Degeneracy becomes Common, 'tis but Just the Punishment should be General: Of this kind, in our own unfortunate Country, was that destructive Pestilence, whose Mortality was so fatal, as to sweep away, if Sir *William Petty* may be believ'd, Five Millions of Christian Souls, besides Women and Jews.

Such also was that dreadful Conflagration ensuing, in this famous metropolis of *London*, which consumed, according to the Computation of Sir *Samuel Morland*, 100000 Houses, not to mention Churches and Stables.

Scarce

Scarce had this Unhappy Nation recover'd these Funest Difasters, when the Abomination of Play-houses rose up in this Land: From hence hath an Inundation of Obscenity flow'd from the Court, and overspread the Kingdom: Even Infants disfigured the Walls of holy Temples with exorbitant Representations of the Members of Generation; nay, no sooner had they learnt to Spell, but they had Wickedness enough to Write the Names thereof in large Capitals; an Enormity, observ'd by Travellers to be found in no Country but *England*.

But when Whoring and Popery were driven hence by the Happy *Revolution*; still the Nation so greatly offended, that *Socinianism*, *Arianism* and *Whistonism* triumph'd in our Streets, and were in a manner become Universal.

And yet still, after all these Visitations, it has pleas'd Heaven to visit us with a Contagion more Epidemical, and of consequence more Fatal: This was foretold to Us, First, By that unparallel'd Eclipse in 1714: Secondly, By the dreadful Coruscation in the Air this present Year: And Thirdly, By the Nine Comets seen at once over *Soho-Square*, by Mrs. *Katherine Wadlington*, and Others; a Contagion that first crept in amongst the First Quality, descended to their Footman, and infused itself into their Ladies; I mean the woful Practice of P U N N I N G. This does occasion the Corruption of our Language, and therein of the Word of God translated into our Language; which certainly every sober Christian must Tremble at.

Now

Now such is the Enormity of this Abomination, that our very Nobles not only commit *Punning* over Tea, and in Taverns, but even on the *Lord's-Day*, and in the Kings Chappel: Therefore to deter Men from this evil Practice, I shall give some True and Dreadful Examples of God's Revenge against *Punsters*.

The Right Honourable ——— (but it is not safe to insert the Name of an eminent Nobleman in this Paper, yet I will venture to say that such a one has been *seen*; which is all we can say, considering the largeness of his Sleeves:) This young Nobleman was not only a flagitious *Punster* himself, but was accessory to the Punning of others, by Consent, by Provocation, by Connivance, and by Defence of the Evil committed; for which the Lord mercifully spared his Neck, but as a Mark of Reprobation *wryed his Nose*.

Another Nobleman of great Hopes, no less guilty of the same Crime, was made the Punisher of himself with his own Hand, in the Loss of 500 Pounds at Box and Dice; whereby this unfortunate young Gentleman incurr'd the heavy Displeasure of his aged Grand-mother.

A Third of no less illustrious Extraction, for the same Vice, was permitted to fall into the Arms of a *Dalilah*, who may one Day cut off his curious Hair, and deliver him up to the *Philistines*.

Colonel F——, an ancient Gentleman of grave Deportment, gave into this Sin so early in his Youth, that whenever his Tongue en-

C

deavours

deavours to speak Common Sense, he Hesitates so as not to be understood.

Thomas Pickle Gentleman, for the same Crime, banish'd to *Minorca*.

Muley Hamet, from a healthy and hopeful Officer in the Army, turn'd a miserable Invalid at *Tilbury-Fort*.

— *Eustace* Esq; for the Murder of much of the King's *English* in *Ireland*, is quite depriv'd of his Reason, and now remains a lively Instance of Emptiness and Vivacity.

Poor *Daniel Button*, for the same Offence, depriv'd of his Wits.

One *Samuel* an *Irishman*, for his forward Attempt to *Pun*, was stunted in his Stature, and hath been visited all his Life after with Bulls and Blunders.

George Simmons, Shoe-maker at *Turnstile* in *Holborn*, was so given to this Custom, and did it with so much Success, that his Neighbours gave out he was a Wit. Which Report coming among his Creditors, no body would trust him; so that he is now a Bankrupt, and his Family in a miserable Condition.

Divers eminent Clergymen of the University of *Cambridge*, for having propagated this Vice, became great Drunkards and Tories.

From which Calamities, the Lord in his Mercy defend us All. &c, &c.



T H E
W O N D E R F U L
W O N D E R o f W O N D E R S.

T H E R E is a certain Person lately arrived at this City, whom it is very proper the World should be informed of. His Character may, perhaps, be thought very Inconsistent, Improbable, and Unnatural; however I intend to draw it with the utmost Regard to Truth. This I am the better qualified to do, because he is a sort of *Dependant* upon our Family, and *almost* of the same *Age*; tho' I cannot directly say, I have ever *seen* him. He is a Native of this Country, and hath lived long among us, but what appears wonderful, and hardly credible, was never seen *before*, by any Mortal.

It is true, indeed, he always chuses the *lowest* Place in Company, and contrives it so, to keep *out of Sight*. It is reported, however, that in his younger Days he was frequently *exposed to View*, but always against his Will, and was sure to *smart* for it.

As to his Family, he came into the World a Younger Brother, being of *six* Children, the

in order of (1) Birth; of which the eldest is now *Head* of the House, the second and third carry *Arms*; but the two Youngest are only *Footmen*: Some indeed, add, that he hath likewise a Twin-Brother, who lives *over-against* him, and keeps a (2) *Viſtualling-House*: He has the Reputation to be a *close, griping, squeezing* Fellow; and that when his Bags are *full*, he is often *Needy*; yet, when the Fit takes him, as fast as he gets, he *lets it fly*.

When in *Office*, no one *dischargeth* himself, or *does his Business* better. He hath sometimes *strained hard* for an Honest Livelihood, and never got a *Bit*, till every Body else had *done*.

One Practice appears very blameable in him, that every Morning he privately frequents *unclean Houses*, where any modest Person would blush to be seen. And altho' this be generally known, yet the World, as Censorious as it is, is so kind to overlook this Infirmary in him. To deal Impartially, it must be granted, that he is too great a Lover of himself, and very often consults his own *Ease* at the Expence of his best Friends. But this is one of his *blind Sides*; and the best of Men I fear are not without *them*.

He hath been constituted by the *higher Powers* in the Station of *Receiver-General*, in which Employment some have censured him for playing *fast and loose*. He is likewise *Overseer* of the *Golden Mines*, which he daily inspects when his Health will permit him.

He was long bred under a (3) *Master of Arts*, who instilled good *Principles* in him, but these
were

were soon *Corrupted*. I know not whether this deserves mention, that he is so very Capricious, as to take it for an equal Affront to talk either of *kissing* or *kicking* him, which hath occasion'd a Thousand Quarrels: However no body was ever so great a Sufferer for Faults which he neither was, nor possibly could be guilty of.

In his *Religion* he has thus much of the Quaker, that he stands *always covered*, even in the Presence of the King; in most other Points, a perfect (4) *Idolater*, altho' he endeavours to *conceal* it; for he is known to offer daily Sacrifices to certain *Subterraneous Nymphs*, whom he worships in an *humble Posture*, *prone on his Face*, and *stript stark Naked*, and so leaves his *Offerings behind him*, which the (5) *Priests* of those Goddesses are careful enough to remove upon certain Seasons, with the utmost Privacy at *Midnight*, and from thence maintain'd themselves and Families. In all *urgent Necessities* and *Pressures* he applies himself to these Deities, and sometimes even in the *Streets* and *High-ways*, from an Opinion that those Powers have an Influence in all Places, altho' their peculiar Residence is in Caverns under Ground. Upon these *Occasions* the fairest Ladies will not refuse to *lend* their *Hands* to assist him: For, altho' they are ashamed to have him *seen* in their Company, or even so much as to hear him *Named*; yet it is well known, that he is one of their *constant Followers*.

In *Politicks*, he always submits to what is *uppermost*, but he peruses Pamphlets on both

Sides with great Impartiality, tho' seldom till every *Body* else have done with them.

His *Learning* is of a mixed kind, and he may properly be called a *Helluo librorum*, or another *Jacobus de Voragine*; tho' his *Studies* are chiefly confined to *School-men*, *Commentators*, and *German Divines*, together with *Modern Poetry* and *Criticks*: And he is an *Atomick* Philosopher, strongly maintaining a *Void* in *Nature*, which he seems to have fairly proved by many *Experiments*.

I shall now proceed to describe some peculiar Qualities, which in several Instances seem to distinguish this Person from the common Race of other Mortals.

His *Grandfather* was a Member of the *Rump* Parliament, as the *Grandson* is of the *Present*, where he often *rises*, sometimes *grumbles* but never *speaks*. However, he lets nothing pass *willingly*, but what is *well digested*. His *Courage* is indisputable, for he will take the boldest Man alive *by the Nose*.

He is generally the *first a Bed* in the Family, and the *last up*, which is to be lamented, because when he happens to *rise before* the rest, it hath been thought to forebode some *good Fortune* to his *Superiors*.

As *Wisdom* is acquired by *Age*, so by every new (6) *Wrinkle* in his *Face*, he is reported to gain some *new Knowledge*.

In him we may observe the true Effects and Consequences of *Tyranny* in a State: For, as he is a great *Oppressor* of all *below* him, so there is no *Body* more *oppressed* by those *above* him:

him : Yet in this Time, he hath been so highly in Favour, that many *Illustrious Persons* have been entirely indebted to *him* for their *Preferments*.

He hath discovered from his own Experience the true *Point* wherein all human Actions, Projects, and Designs do chiefly *terminate* ; and how *mean* and *sordid* they are at the *Bottom*.

It behoves the Publick to keep him *quiet*, for his *frequent Murmurs* are a certain Sign of *intestine Tumults*.

No Philosopher ever lamented more the *Luxury*, for which these Nations are so justly taxed ; it hath been known to cost him (7) *Tears of Blood* : For in his own Nature he is far from being *Profuse*, tho' indeed, he never stays a Night at a Gentleman's House, without *leaving something behind him*.

He receives with great Submission whatever his Patrons think fit to give him ; and when they lay *heavy Burthens* upon him, which is frequently enough, he gets rid of them as soon as he can ; but not without *some Labour* and *much Grumbling*.

He is a perpetual *Hanger-on* ; yet no Body knows how to be *without him*. He patiently suffers himself to be *kept under*, but loves to be well used, and in that Case will sacrifice his *Vitals* to give you *Ease* ; and he has hardly one Acquaintance for whom he hath not been *Bound* ; yet, as far as we can find, was never known to *lose* any thing by it.

He is observ'd to be very (8) *unquiet* in the Company of a *Frenchman* in *New Cloaths*, or a young *Coquett*.

He is, in short, the Subject of much *Mirth* and *Raillery*, which he seems to take well enough, tho' it hath not been observ'd that ever any good *Thing* came from himself.

There is so general an Opinion of his Justice, that sometimes very *hard Cases* are left to his Decision: And while he *sits* upon them, he carries himself exactly *even between both sides*, except where some *knotty Point* arises, and then he is observed to *lean* a little to the *Right* or *Left* as the *Matter* inclines him, but his Reasons for it are so manifest and convincing, that every Man approves them.

POSTSCRIPT.

Gentle Reader,

THO' I am not insensible how many Thousand Persons have been, and still are, with great *Dexterity* handling this Subject, and no less aware of what infinite Rheams of Paper have been laid out upon it; however in my Opinion, no Man living has touch'd it with greater *Nicety*, and more delicate Turns, than our Author. But because there is some intended *Obscurity* in this Relation, and *Curiosity*, inquisitive of Secrets, may possibly not enter into the Bottom and Depth of the Subject, 'twas thought not improper to take
off

off the Veil, and gain the Reader's Favour by enlarging his Insight. *ARS enim non habet Inimicum nisi ignorantem.* 'Tis well known, that it has been the Policy of all Times, to deliver down Important Subjects by Emblem and Riddle, and not to suffer the Knowledge of Truth to be derived to us in plain and simple Terms, which are generally as soon forgot as conceived. For this Reason, the Heathen Religion is mostly couched under Mythology. For the like Reason (this being a FUNDAMENTAL in its kind) the Author has thought fit to wrap up his Treasure in clean Linnen, which it is our Business to lay open, and set in a due Light; for I have observed, upon any accidental Discovery, the least Glimpse has given great Diversion to the eager Spectator, as many Ladies could testify, were it proper, or the Case would admit.

The politest Companies have vouchsafed to smile at the bare Name, and some People of Fashion have been so little scrupulous of bringing it in Play, that, it was the usual saying of a Knight and a Man of good Breeding, That whenever he rose, his A--se rose with him.

(1) *He alludes to the Manner of our Birth, the Head and Arms appearing before the Posteriors and the two Feet, which he calls the Footmen.*

(2) *Viſtualling-Houſe.] The Belly, which receives and digeſts our Nouriſhment.*

(3) *Maſter of Arts.] Perſius, Maſter Artis, Ingenique Largitor Venter.*

(4) *Idolater.] Alludes to the Sacrifices offered by the Romans to the Goddeſs Cloacina.*

(5) *Prieſts.] Gold finders, who perform their Office in the Night-time: but our Author further ſeems to have an Eye to the Cuſtom of the Heathen Prieſts ſtealing the Offerings in the Night; of which ſee more in the Story of Bell and the Dragon.*

(6) *Wrinkle.] This refers to a Proverb — You have one Wrinkle in your Aſſe more than you had before.*

(7) *Tears of Blood.] Hæmorrhoids, according to the Phyſicians, are a frequent Conſequence of Intemperance.*

(8) *Unquiet.] Their Tails being generally obſerved to be moſt reſtleſs.*





THE
W O N D E R

Of all the Wonders, that
ever the World won-
der'd at.

For all Persons of Quality and
Others.

NE.W.L.Y arriv'd at this City the famous
Artist *John Emanuel Schoitz*, who to
the great Surprise and Satisfaction of
all Spectators, is ready to do the following
Wonderful Performances, the like before never
seen in this Kingdom.

He will heat a Bar of Iron red hot, and
thrust it into a Barrel of Gunpowder before
all the Company, and yet it shall not take fire.

He lets any Gentleman charge a Blunder-
buss, with the same Gunpowder, and twelve
Leaden Bullets, which Blunderbuss the said
Artist discharges full in the Face of the said
Company, without the least hurt, the Bullets
sticking in the Wall behind them.

He takes any Gentleman's own Sword, and runs it through the said Gentleman's Body, so that the Point appears bloody at the back, to all the Spectators; then he takes out the Sword, wipes it clean, and returns it to the owner, who receives no manner of hurt.

He takes a Pot of Scalding Oyl, and throws it by great Ladles full directly at the Ladies, without spoiling their Cloaths or burning their Skins.

He takes any Person of Quality's Child from two Years Old to six, and lets the Child's own Father or Mother take a Pike in their Hands; then the Artist takes the Child in his Arms and tosses it upon the Point of the Pike, where it sticks to the great Satisfaction of all Spectators; and is then taken off without so much as a hole in his Coat.

He mounts upon a Scaffold just over the Spectators, and from thence throws down a great Quantity of large Tiles and Stones, which fall like so many Pillows, without so much as discomposing either Perukes or Head-dresses.

He takes any Person of Quality up to the said Scaffold, which Person pulls off his Shoes, and leaps nine Foot directly down on a Board prepar'd on Purpose, full of sharp Spikes six Inches long, without hurting his Feet, or damaging his Stockings.

He places the said Board on a Chair, upon which a Lady sits down with another Lady in her Lap, while the Spikes instead of entering into the under Lady's flesh, will feel like a Velvet Cushion.

He

He takes any Person of Quality's Footman, tyes a Rope about his bare Neck, and draws him up by Pullies to the Cieling, and there keeps him hanging as long as his Master or the Company pleases, the said Footman to the Wonder and Delight of all Beholders, with a Pot of Ale in one Hand and a Pipe in the other; and when he is let down, there will not appear the least Mark of the Cord about his Neck.

He bids a Lady's Maid put her finger into a Cup of clear Liquor like Water, upon which her Face and both her Hands are immediately wither'd, like an Old Woman of fourscore, her Belly swells as if she were in a Week of her Time, and her Legs are as thick as Mill-posts; but upon putting her finger into another Cup, she becomes as Young and Handsome as she was before.

He gives any Gentleman leave to drive forty Twelve-penny Nails up to the Head in a Porter's backside, and then places the said Porter on a Loadstone Chair, which draws out every Nail, and the Porter feels no Pain.

He likewise draws the Teeth of half a Dozen Gentlemen, mixes and jumbles them in a Hat, gives any Person leave to blindfold him, and returns each their own, and fixes them as well as ever.

With his Fore-finger and Thumb he thrusts several Gentlemen's and Lady's Eyes out of their Heads, without the least Pain, at which time they see an unspeakable Number of beautiful Colours, and after they are entertain'd to
the

the full, he places them again in their proper Sockets, without any Damage to the sight.

He lets any Gentleman drink a Quart of hot melted Lead, and by a Draught of prepared Liquor, of which he takes part himself, he makes the said Lead pass through the said Gentleman before all the Spectators, without any Damage: After which it is produced in a Cake to the Company.

With many other Wonderful Performances of Art, too tedious here to mention.

The said Artist has perform'd before most Kings and Princes in *Europe* with great Applause.

He Performs every Day (except *Sundays*) from Ten of the Clock to One in the Forenoon; and from Four till Seven in the Evening, at the New Inn in *Smithfield*.

The first Seat a *British* Crown, the second a *British* Half Crown, and the lowest a *British* Shilling.

N. B. The best Hands in Town are to play at the said Show.





TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE
The MAYOR and ALDERMEN
of the City of LONDON:

The Humble Petition

Of the *Colliers, Cooks, Cook-Maids,
Blacksmiths, Jackmakers, Brasiers,
and Others,*

SHEWETH,

THAT whereas certain *Virtuosi* Disaffected to the Government, and to the Trade and Prosperity of this Kingdom, taking upon them the Name and Title of the CATOPTRICAL VICTUALLERS, have presumed, by Gathering, Breaking, Folding, and Bundling up the *Sun-Beams*, by the help of certain *Glasses*, to Make, Produce, and Kindle up several New *Focus's* or Fires within these His Majesty's Dominions, and thereby to Boil, Bake, Stew, Fry and Dress all sorts of Viſtuals and Provisions, to Brew, Distil Spirits, Smelt Oars, and in general, to perform
all

all the Offices of Culinary Fires; and are endeavouring to procure to themselves the Monopoly of this their said Invention. We beg leave humbly to represent to your Honours,

That such Grant or Patent will utterly Ruin and reduce to Beggery your Petitioners, their Wives, Children, Servants, and Trades on them depending; there being nothing left to them, after the said Invention, but Warming of Cellars and Dressing of Suppers in the Winter-time. That the abolishing so considerable a Branch of the Coasting Trade as that of the Colliers, will destroy the *Navigation* of this Kingdom. That whereas the said *Catoptrical Viſtuallers* talk of making use of the *Moon* by Night, as of the *Sun* by Day, they will utterly ruin the numerous Body of *Tallow-Chandlers*, and impair a very considerable branch of the *Revenue* which arises from the *Tax* upon Tallow and Candles.

That the said *Catoptrical Viſtuallers* do profane the Emanations of that Glorious Luminary the *Sun*, which is appointed to *Rule the Day*, and not to *Roast Mutton*. And we humbly conceive, It will be found contrary to the known Laws of this Kingdom, to Confine, Foreſtall, and Monopolize the Beames of the Sun. And whereas the said *Catoptrical Viſtuallers* have undertaken by Burning-Glaſſes made of Ice, to Roast an Ox upon the *Thames* next Winter: We conceive all such Practices to be an Encroachment upon the Rights and Privileges of the *Company of Watermen*.

That

That the Diversity of Exposition of the several Kitchens in this great City, whereby some receive the Rays of the Sun sooner, and others later, will occasion great Irregularity as to the *Time of Dining* of the several Inhabitants, and consequently great Uncertainty and Confusion in the dispatch of Business: And to those who, by reason of their Northern Exposition, will be still forced to be at the Expences of Culinary Fires, it will reduce the Price of their Manufacture to such Inequality as is inconsistent with common Justice: And the same Inconveniency will affect *Landlords* in the *Value* of their *Rents*.

That the Use of the said Glasses will Oblige Cooks and Cook-maids to study Opticks and Astronomy, in order to know the due Distances of the said *Focus's* or Fires, and to adjust the Position of their Glasses to the several Altitudes of the Sun, varying according to the Hours of the Day, and the Seasons of the Year; which Studies, at these Years, will be highly Troublesome to the said Cooks and Cook-Maids, not to say any thing of the utter Incapacity of some of them to go through with such difficult Arts; or (which is still a greater Inconveniency) it will throw the whole Art of *Cookery* into the Hands of Astronomers and Glass-Grinders, Persons utterly unskill'd in other parts of that Profession, to the great Detriment of the *Health* of His Majesty's good Subjects.

That it is known by Experience, That Meat Roasted with Sun-Beams is extremely unwholesome;

some ; witness several that have dy'd suddenly after eating the Provisions of the said *Catoptrical Viſtuallers* ; forasmuch as the Sun-Beams taken inwardly, render the Humours too Hot and Aduſt, occasion great Sweatings, and dry up the Rectual Moisture.

That Sun beams taken *inwardly*, shed a Malignant Influence upon the *Brain*, by their natural Tendency towards the *Moon* ; and produce Madness and Distraction at the time of the Full Moon. That the constant use of so great Quantities of this *Inward Light*, will occasion the Growth of *Quakerism*, to the Danger of the *Church* ; and *Poetry*, to the Danger of the *State*.

That the Influences of the Constellations, through which the Sun passes, will with his Beams, be convey'd into the *Blood* ; and when the Sun is amongst the Horned Signs, may produce such a Spirit of *Uncastity*, as is dangerous to the Honour of your Worships Families.

That Mankind living much upon the Seeds and other Parts of Plants, these being impregnated with the Sun Beams, may *vegetate* and *grow* in the Bowels, a Thing of more dangerous Consequence to human Bodies than Breeding of Worms ; and this will fall heaviest upon the Poor, who live upon Roots ; and the Weak and Sickly, who live upon Barley and Rice-Gruel, &c. for which we are ready to produce to your Honours the Opinions of Eminent Physicians, That the Taste and Property of the Viſtuals is much alter'd to the worse by the said
Solar

Solar Cookery, the Fricasfles being depriv'd of the *Haut Gout* they acquire by being dress'd over Charcoal.

Lastly, Should it happen by an Eclipse of an extraordinary Length, that this City should be depriv'd of the Sun-Beams for several Months; how will His Majesty's Subjects subsist in the Interim, when common Cookery, with the Arts depending upon it, is totally lost?

In Consideration of these, and many other Inconveniencies, your Petitioners humbly pray, That your Honours would either totally prohibit the Confining and Manufacturing the *Sun-Beams* for any of the useful Purposes of Life, or in the ensuing Parliament procure a *Tax to be laid* upon them, which may answer both the Duty and Price of *Coals*, and which we humbly conceive cannot be less than Thirty Shillings *per Yard Square*, reserving the sole Right and Privilege of the *Catoptrical Cookery* to the *Royal Society*, and to the Commanders and Crew of the Bomb-Vessels, under the Direction of Mr. *Whiston*, for finding out the Longitude, who by Reason of the Remoteness of their Nations, may be reduc'd to Streights for want of Firing.

And we likewise beg that your Honours, as to the forementioned Points, would hear the Reverend Mr. *Flamsteed*, who is the Legal Officer appointed by the Government to *look after the Heavenly Luminaries*, whom we have constituted our Trusty and Learned Solicitor.

R E A S O N S



REASONS

Humbly Offer'd

By the Company exercising the
Trade and Mistry of UPHOLDERS,
against Part of the BILL,
*For the better Viewing, Searching
and Examining Drugs, Medicines,
&c. 1724.*

B E I N G call'd upon by several Retailers
and Dispensers of *Drugs* and *Medicines*
about Town, to use our Endeavours a-
gainst the Bill now depending, *for Viewing,*
&c. In regard of our common Interest, and in
Gratitude to the said Retailers and Dispensers
of Medicines (which we have always found to
be very effectual) we presume to lay the fol-
lowing Reasons before the Publick, against the
said Bill.

That the Company of Upholders *are far
from being averse to the giving of Drugs and
Medicines in general, provided they may be*
of

of such Qualities as we require, and administer'd by such Persons in whom our Company justly repose the greatest Confidence: And provided they tend to the Encouragement of Trade, and the Consumption of the *Woollen Manufacture* of this Kingdom.

We beg Leave to observe, that *there hath been no Complaint from any of the Nobility, Gentry and Citizens whom we have attended.* Our Practice, which consists chiefly in outward Applications, having been always so effectual, that none of our Patients have been oblig'd to undergo a second Operation. Excepting one Gentlewoman; who, after her first Burial, having burthen'd her Husband with a new Brood of posthumous Children, her second Funeral was by us perform'd without any further Charges to the said Husband of the deceas'd. And we humbly hope, that one single Instance of this Kind (a Misfortune owing meerly to the Avarice of a Sexton in cutting off a Ring) will not be imputed to any Want of Skill, or Care, in our Company.

We humbly conceive, that the *Power by this Bill lodged in the Censors of the College of Physicians*, to restrain any of His Majesty's Subjects from dispensing, and well-disposed Persons from taking what Medicines they please, *is a manifest Encroachment on the Liberty and Property of the Subjects.*

As the Company exercising the Trade and Mystery of Upholders, have an undisputed Right in and upon the *Bodies* of all and every the Subjects of the Kingdom; we conceive
the

the passing of this Bill, though not absolutely depriving them of their said Right, might keep them *out of Possession* by unreasonable *Delays*, to the great Detriment of our Company and their numerous Families.

We hope it will be consider'd that there are Multitudes of necessitous Heirs and penurious Parents, Persons in pinching Circumstances, with numerous Families of Children, Wives that have lived long, many robust aged Women with great Jointures, elder Brothers with bad Understandings, single Heirs of great Estates, whereby the Collateral Line are for ever excluded, Reversionary Patents, and Reversionary Promises of Preferments, Leases upon Single Lives, and Play-debts upon joint Lives, and that the Persons so aggrieved have no Hope of being speedily relieved any other Way, than by the dispensing of *Drugs* and *Medicines* in the Manner they *now are* ; Burying *alive* being judg'd repugnant to the known Laws of this Kingdom.

That there are many of the Deceased, who by certain mechanical Motions and Powers are carried about Town, who would have been put into our Hands long before this Time by any other well order'd Government ; By want of a due *Police* in this Particular, our Company have been great Sufferers.

That frequent *Funerals* contribute to preserve the Genealogies of Families and the Honours conferred by the Crown, (which are no where so well illustrated as on this solemn Occasion ;) to maintain *necessitous Clergy*, to enable

enable the *Clerks* to appear in decent Habits to officiate on *Sundays*, to feed the great Retinue of *sober* and *melancholy Men* who appear at the said Funerals, and who must starve without constant and regular Employment. Moreover we desire it may be remember'd that by the passing of this Bill the Nobility and Gentry will have their *old Coaches* lie upon their Hands, which are now employed by our Company.

And we further hope that frequent Funerals will not be discouraged (as is by this Bill proposed) it being the only Method left of *carrying* some People to Church.

We are afraid that by the Hardships of this Bill our Company will be reduced to leave their Business here, and *practise* at York and Bristol, *where the free Use of bad Medicines will be still allowed.*

It is therefore hoped that no specious Pretence whatsoever will be thought sufficient to introduce an Arbitrary and unlimited Power for People to live (in Defiance of Art) as long as they can by the Course of Nature, to the Prejudice of our Company, and the Decay of Trade.

That as our Company are like to suffer in some measure by the Power given to Physicians to dissect the Bodies of Malefactors, we humbly hope that the Manufacture of Cases for Skeletons will be reserved solely to the Coffin-makers.

We likewise humbly presume that the Interests of the several Trades and Professions which
depend

depend upon ours, may be regarded ; such as that of the Makers of Hearses, Coaches, Coffins, Epitaphs, and Bell-ropes, Stone-cutters, Feather-men and Bell-ringers ; and especially the Manufacturers of Crape ; and the Makers of *Snuff*, who use great Quantities of old Coffins, and who, consider'd in the Consumption of their Drugs, employ by far the greatest Number of Hands of any Manufacture of the Kingdom.





Annus Mirabilis:

O R,

The Wonderful Effects of the approaching Conjunction of the Planets *Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn.*

By MART. SCRIBLERUS, *Philomath.*
A Well-Wisher to the Mathematicks.

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora - - -*

I SUPPOSE every Body is sufficiently surpriz'd of, and duly prepar'd for the famous Conjunction to be celebrated the 29th of this Instant *December, 1722*, foretold by all the Sages of Antiquity, under the Name of the *Annus Mirabilis*, or the *Metamorphostical* Conjunction; a Word which denotes the mutual Transformation of Sexes, (the Effect of that Configuration of the Celestial Bodies) the human Males being to be turn'd into Females, and the human Females into Males.

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The *Egyptians* have represented this great Transformation by several significant Hieroglyphicks, particularly one very remarkable. There are carv'd upon an Obelisk, a *Barber* and a *Midwife*; the Barber delivers his *Razor* to the Midwife, and she her *Swadling Cloaths* to the Barber. Accordingly *Thales Milesius* (who, like the rest of his Countrymen, borrow'd his Learning from the *Egyptians*) after having computed the Time of this famous Conjunction, *Then*, says he, *shall Men and Women mutually exchange the Pangs of Shaving and Child-bearing.*

Anaximander modestly describes this Metamorphosis in Mathematical Terms: *Then*, says he, *shall the negative Quantity of the Women be turn'd into positive, their — into +; (i. e.) their Minus into Plus.*

Plato not only speaks of this great Change, but describes all the Preparations towards it. “ Long before the bodily Transformation (says he) Nature shall begin the most difficult Part of her Work, by changing the *Ideas* and *Inclinations* of the two Sexes; Men shall turn effeminate, and Women manly; Wives shall domineer, and Husbands obey; Ladies shall ride a Horseback, dress'd like *Cavaliers*; Princes and Nobles appear in *Night-rails* and *Petticoats*; Men shall squeak upon Theatres with *Female* Voices, and Women corrupt *Virgins*; Men shall knot and cut Paper; and even the *Northern* People, ἀστέρα κντεῖν οὐρανῷ: A Phrase (which for Modesty's Sake

" I forbear to translate) which denotes a Vice
" too frequent amongst us". So far *Plato*.

That the Ministry foresaw this great Change, is plain from the *Callico-Act*; whereby it is now become the Occupation of the Women all over *England*, to convert their useless Female Habits into Beds, Window-Curtains, Chairs, and Joint-stools; *undressing* themselves (as it were) *before their Transformation*.

The Philosophy of this Transformation will not seem surprizing to People, who search into the *Bottom* of Things. Madam *Bourignon*, a devout *French* Lady, has shewn us, how Man was at first created Male and Female in one Individual, having the Faculty of Propagation within himself: A Circumstance necessary to the State of Innocence, wherein a Man's Happiness was not to depend upon the Caprice of another. It was not till after he had made a *faux pas*, that he had his Female Mate. Many such Transformations of Individuals have been well attested; particularly one by *Montaigne*, and another by the late Bishop of *Salisbury*. From all which it appears, that this System of Male and Female has already undergone, and may hereafter suffer several Alterations. Every Smatterer in Anatomy knows, that a Woman is but an introverted Man; a new Fusion and *Flatus* will turn the hollow Bottom of a Bottle into a Convexity; but I forbear, (for the Sake of my *Modest Men-Readers*, who are in a few Days to be Virgins.)

In some Subjects, the smallest Alterations will do: some Men are sufficiently spread a-

bout the Hips, and contriv'd with that Female Softness, that they want only the Negative Quantity to make them Buxom Wenches; and there are Women who are, as it were, already the *Ebauche* of a good sturdy Man. If Nature could be puzzl'd, it will be how to bestow the redundant Matter of the exuberant Bubbies that now appear about Town, or how to roll out the short dapper Fellows into well-fiz'd Women.

This great Conjunction will begin to operate on *Saturday* the 29th Instant. Accordingly, about Eight at Night, as *Senexino* shall begin at the Opera, *Si videte, Did you but see?* He shall be observed to make an *unusual Motion*; upon which the Audience will be affected with a *red Suffusion* over their Countenance: And because a strong Succession of the Muscles of the Belly is necessary towards performing this great Operation, both Sexes will be thrown into a *profuse involuntary Laughter*; Then (to use the modest Terms of *Anaximander*) *shall negative Quantity be turn'd into positive, &c.* Time never beheld, nor will it ever assemble, such a Number of *untouch'd Virgins* within those Walls! but alas! such will be the Impatience and Curiosity of People to act in their new Capacity, that many of them will go to pot that *very Night*. To prevent the Disorders that may happen upon this Occasion, is the chief Design of this Paper.

Gentlemen have begun already to make use of this Conjunction to compass their filthy Purposes. They tell the Ladies forsooth, that
it

it is only parting with a perishable Commodity ; hardly of so much Value as a Callico Under-petticoat, since, like its Mistress, it will be useless in the Form it is now in. If the Ladies have no Regard to the Dishonour and Immorality of the Action, I desire they will consider that Nature, who never destroys her own Productions, will exempt big-belly'd Women till the time of their Lying-in ; so that not to be transform'd, will be the same as to be pregnant. If they don't think it worth while to defend a Fortress that is to be demonish'd in a few Days, let them reflect that it will be a melancholy thing Nine Months hence, to be brought to Bed of a Bastard ; a posthumous Bastard as it were, to which the *Quondam* Father can be no more than a *dry Nurse*.

This wonderful Transformation is the Instrument of Nature, to balance Matters between the Sexes. The Cruelty of scornful Mistresses shall be return'd ; The slighted Maid shall grow into an imperious Gallant, and reward her Undoer with a big Belly, and a Bastard, &c.

It is hardly possible to imagine the Revolutions that this wonderful Phænomenon will occasion over the Face of the Earth. I long impatiently to see the Proceedings of the Parliament of *Paris*, as to the Title of Succession to their Crown ; this being a Case not provided for by the *Salique* Law. There will be no preventing Disorders amongst Friars and Monks ; for certainly Vows of Chastity don't bind but under the Sex in which they were made. The same will hold good with Marria-

ges, tho' I think it will be a Scandal amongst Protestants for Husbands and Wives to part, since there remains still a possibility to perform the *Debitum Conjugale* by the Husband being *femme Couverte*. I submit it to the Judgment of the Gentlemen of the Long Robe, whether this Transformat ion does not discharge all Suits of *Rapes*?

The Pope must undergo a new groping; but the false Prophet *Makomet* has contriv'd Matters well for his Successors; for as the Grand Signior has now a great many fine Women, he will then have as many fine young Gentlemen at his Devotion.

These are surprizing Scenes, but I beg leave to affirm, that the solemn Operations of Nature are Subjects of Contemplation, not of Ridicule; therefore I make it my earnest Request to the merry Fellows, and giggling Girls about Town, that they would not put themselves in a high Twitter, when they go to visit a *General Lying-in* of his first Child; his *Officers* serving as Midwives, Nurses and Rockers dispensing Caudle; or if they behold the *Reverend Prelates* dressing the Heads and airing the Linnen at Court, I beg they will remember that these Offices must be fill'd with People of the greatest Regularity, and best Characters. For the same Reason, I am sorry that a certain Prelate, who notwithstanding his Confinement, still preserves his healthy, chearful Countenance, cannot come in time to be a *Nurse at Court*.

I like-

I likewise earnestly intreat the *Maids of Honour*, (then *Ensigns* and *Captains* of the *Guards*) that, at their first setting out, they have some Regard to their former Station; and do not run wild through all the infamous Houses about Town. That the present *Grooms of the Bed Chamber* (then *Maids of Honour*) would not eat Chalk and Lime in their Green-Sickness: And in general, that the Men would remember that they are become *Retromingent*, and not by Inadvertency lift up against Walls and Posts.

Petticoats will not be burdensome to the *Clergy*; but Balls and Assemblies will be indecent for some Time.

As for you, *Coquettes*, *Bawds*, and *Chambermaids*, (the future *Ministers*, *Plenipotentiaries* and *Cabinet-Counsellors* to the Princes of the Earth,) manage the great *Intrigues* that will be committed to your Charge, with your usual Secrecy and Conduct; and the Affairs of your Master will go better than ever.

O ye *Exchange Women*! (our Right Worshipful *Representatives* that are to be) be not so griping in the Sale of your Ware as your Predecessors, but consider that the Nation, like a spend-thrift Heir, has run out: Be likewise a little more continent in your *Tongues* than you are at present, else the Length of Debates will spoil your Dinners.

You Housewifely good Women, who now preside over the *Confectionary*, (henceforth *Commissioners* of the *Treasury*) be so good as

to displace the *Sugar-Plumbs* of the Government with a more impartial and frugal Hand.

Ye Prudes and censorious old Maids, (the Hopes of the *Bench*) exert but your usual Talent of *finding Faults*, and the Laws will be strictly executed; only I would not have you proceed upon such *slender Evidences* as you have done hitherto.

It is from you, eloquent Oyster-Merchants of *Billingsgate*, (just ready to be call'd to the *Bar*, and quoin'd like your Sister-Serjeants,) that we expect the shortening the Time, and lessening the Expences of Law-Suits: For I think you are oblig'd to bring your Debates to a *short Issue*; and even Custom will restrain you from taking the *Oyster*, and leaving only the *Shell* to your Clients.

O ye Physicians, who in the Figure of old Women are to clean the *Tripe* in the Markets; scour is as effectually as you have done that of your Patients, and the Town will fare most deliciously on *Saturdays*.

I cannot but congratulate human Nature, upon this happy Transformation; the only Expedient left to restore the Liberties and Tranquility of Mankind; which is so evident, that it is almost an Affront to common Sense to insist upon the Proof of it. If there can be any such stupid Creature who doubts it, I desire he will make but the following obvious Reflection: There are in *Europe* alone, at present, about a Million of sturdy Fellows, under the Denomination of *standing Forces*, with Arms in their Hands: That those are Masters of the Lives,
Liberties

Liberties and Fortunes of all the rest, I believe no body will deny. It is no less true in Fact, that Reams of Paper, and above a square Mile of Skins of Vellum have been employ'd to no Purpose, to settle Peace amongst those Sons of Violence. Pray, who is he that will say unto them, *Go and disband your selves?* But lo! by this Transformation it is done at once, and the *Halcyon* Days of publick Tranquility return. For neither the military Temper nor Discipline can taint the soft Sex for a whole Age to come. *Bellaque matribus invisa, Wars odious now to Mothers*, will not grow immediately palatable in their *Paternal* State.

Nor will the Influence of this Transformation be less in *Family* Tranquility, than it is in *National*. Great Faults will be amended, and Frailties forgiven, on both Sides. A Wife who has been disturb'd with late Hours, and choak'd with the Haugout of a Sor, will remember her Sufferings, and avoid the Temptation; and will, for the same Reason, indulge her Mate in his Female Capacity in some Passions, which she is sensible from Experience are natural to the Sex. Such as Vanity of fine Cloaths, being admir'd &c. And now tenderly must she use her Mate under the Breeding Qualms and Labour-Pains, which she hath felt her self? In short, all unreasonable Demands upon Husbands must cease, because they are already satisfy'd from natural Experience that they are impossible. That the Ladies may govern the Affairs of the World, and the Gentlemen those

of their Household, better than either of them have hitherto done, is the hearty desire of,

Their Most Sincere

Well-Wisher,

M. S.

ADVERTISEMENT S.

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A N



A N
E S S A Y

Of the Learned

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,
Concerning the ORIGINE of
SCIENCES.

*Written to the most Learned Dr. — F.R.S.
from the Deserts of NUBIA.*

AMONG all the Enquiries which have
have been pursu'd by the Curious and
Inquisitive, there is none more worthy
the search of a Learned Head, than the Source
from whence we derive those Arts and Sciences
which raise us so far above the Vulgar, the
Countries in which they rose, and the Channels
by which they have been convey'd. As they
who first brought them amongst us travell'd
into the remotest Parts of the Earth to attain
D 6. them,

them, I may boast of some advantages by the same means; since I write this from the Deserts of *Æthiopia*, from those Plains of Sand which have buried the Pride of Invading Armies, with my Foot perhaps at this instant ten Fathom over the Grave of *Cambyfes*, a Solitude to which neither *Pythagoras* nor *Apollonius* ever penetrated.

It is universally agreed, that Arts and Sciences took their Rise among the *Ægyptians* and *Indians*; but from whom *they* first receiv'd them, is yet a Secret. The highest Period of Time to which the Learned attempt to trace them, is from the beginning of the *Assyrian Monarchy*, when their Inventors were worshipp'd as Gods. It is therefore necessary to go backward into Times even more remote, and to gain some knowledge of their History, from whatever dark and broken Hints may any way be found in ancient Authors concerning them.

Nor *Troy* nor *Thebes* were the first of Empires; we have mention, tho' not Histories, of an earlier warlike People call'd the *Pygmæans*. I cannot but persuade my self, from those Accounts of * *Homer*, *Aristotle* and others, that their History, Wars and Revolutions were then a part of the Study of the Learned, from the very Air in which those Authors speak of them, as of things universally known. And tho' all we directly hear is of their Military Atchievements, in the brave defence of their Country from the annual Invasions of a Powerful Enemy,

* Il. 3. *Hom.*

yet I cannot doubt but that they excell'd as much in the Arts of peaceful Government, tho' there remain no Traces of their Civil Institutions. Empires as great have been swallow'd up in the wreck of Time, and such sudden Periods have been put to them, as occasion a Total Ignorance of their Story. And if I should conjecture that the like happen'd to this Nation, from a general extirpation of the People by those Flocks of Monstrous Birds, wherewith Antiquity agrees they were continually infested; it ought not to seem more incredible, than that one of the *Baleares* was wasted by Rabbits, * *Smynthe* by Mice, and of late † *Bermudas* almost depopulated by Rats. Nothing is more natural to imagine, than that the few survivors of that Empire retired into the depths of their Deserts, where they liv'd undisturb'd, 'till they were found out by *Osyris* in his Travels to instruct Mankind.

He met, says § *Diodorus*, in *Æthiopia*, a sort of little Satyrs, who were hairy one half of their Body, and whose leader *Pan* accompany'd him in his Expedition for the civilizing of Mankind. Now of this great Personage *Pan*, we have a very particular Description in the ancient Writers, who unanimously agree to represent him, *shaggy Bearded, Hairy all over, half a Man, and half a Beast, and walking erect, with a Staff*, (the Posture in which his race are to this Day shown among us). And since the chief thing to which he apply'd himself was the *civilizing of Mankind*, it should seem that the first Principles of Science must be re-

* *Eustathius in Hom. Il. 1.* † *Speede, in Bermudas.*
§ *L. 1. ch. 18. Diod.*

ceiv'd from this People, to whom the *Gods* were by * *Homer* said to resort *twelve Days every Year*, for the Conversation of its Wife and Just Inhabitants.

If from *Ægypt* we proceed to take a View of *India*, we shall find that their Knowledge also deriv'd itself from the same Source. To that Country did these Noble Creatures accompany *Bacchus* in his Expedition, under the Conduct of *Silenus*, who is also describ'd to us with the very same Marks and Qualifications. Mankind is ignorant, saith † *Diodorus*, whence *Silenus* derived his Birth, through his great Antiquity; but he had a *Tail on his Loins*, as likewise had all his Progeny, in sign of their descent. Here then they settled a Colony, which to this Day subsists with the same Tails. From this time they seem to have communicated themselves only to those Men who retir'd from the Converse of their own Species, to a more uninterrupted Life of Contemplation. I am much inclin'd to believe that in the midst of those Solitudes they instituted the so much celebrated Order of *Gymnosophists*. For whoever observes the scene and manner of their Life, will easily find them to have imitated with all exactness imaginable, the Manners and Customs of their Masters and Instructors. They are said to dwell in the thickest Woods, to go naked, to suffer their Bodies to be over-run with Hair, and their Nails to grow to a prodigious length. § *Plutarch* says, they eat

* Il. 1st. † L. 3. ch. 69. *Diod.*

§ *Plutarch* in his first Orat. on Alexander's Fortune.

what they could get *in the Fields*, their Drink was *Water*, and their *Bed* made of *Leaves* or *Moss*. And * *Herodotus* tells us, that they esteem'd it a great exploit to *kill very many Ants or creeping Things*.

Hence we see that the two Nations which contend for the Origine of Learning, are the same that have ever most abounded with this ingenious Race. Tho' they have contested which was first blest with the rise of Science, yet have they conspir'd in being grateful to their common Masters. *Ægypt* is well known to have worshipp'd them of old in their *own Images*; and *India* may be credibly suppos'd to have done the same, from that adoration which they paid in latter times to the *Tooth* of one of these hairy Philosophers, as it should seem in just Gratitude to the *Mouth* from which they receiv'd their Knowledge.

Pass we now over into *Greece*, where we find *Orpheus* returning out of *Ægypt*, with the same intent as *Osyris* and *Bacchus* made their Expeditions. From this Period it was, that *Greece* first heard the Name of *Satyrs*, or own'd them for *Semi dei*. And hence it is surely reasonable to conclude, that he brought some of this wonderful Species along with him, who also had a leader of the line of *Pan*, of the same Name, and expressly call'd *King* by † *Theocritus*. If thus much be allow'd, we easily account for two of the strangest reports in all Antiquity. One, that the Tradition of *Beasts* following the Mu-

* *Herod. L. 1.* † *Παν Αναξ, Theo. Id. 1st.*

sick of *Orpheus* (which has been interpreted of his taming Savage Tempers) will thus have a *literal Application*. The other, which we most insist upon, is, that the Love which these Sages bear to the Females of our Kind affords a Solution of all those Fables of the *Gods compressing Women in Woods under bestial appearances*. I am sensible it may be objected, that they are said to have been compress'd in the Shape of different Animals; but to this we answer, that Women under such apprehensions hardly know what shape they have to deal with.

From what has been last said, 'tis highly credible that to this ancient and generous Race the World is indebted, if not for the *Heroes*, at least for the acutest *Wits* of Antiquity. One of the most remarkable instances, is that great mimic Genius * *Æsop*, for whose extraction from these *Sylvestres Homines* we may gather an Argument from *Planudes*, who says, that *Æsop* signifies the same thing as *Æthiop*, the Original Nation of our People. For a second Argument we may offer the description of his Person, which was *short, deform'd*, and almost *Savage*, insomuch that he might have liv'd in the Woods, had not the benevolence of his Temper made him rather adapt himself to our Manners, and come to Court in wearing Apparel. The third Proof is his acute and satirical Wit; and lastly, his great Knowledge in the *Nature of Beasts*, together with the natural Pleasure he took to speak of them upon all Occasions.

* *Vit. Æsop. initio.*

The next instance I shall produce is * *Socrates*. First, it was a Tradition that he was of an uncommon Birth from the rest of Men; Secondly, he had a Countenance confessing the Line he sprung from, being *bald*, *flat-nos'd*, with *prominent Eyes*, and a *downward look*: Thirdly, he turn'd certain Fables of *Æsop* into Verse, probably out of his respect to Beasts in general, and love to his Family in particular.

In process of time, the Women, with whom these Sylvans would have lovingly cohabited, were either taught by Mankind, or induc'd by an abhorrence of their Shapes, to shun their embraces; so that our Sages were necessitated to mix with Beasts; This by degrees occasion'd the Hair of their Posterity to grow higher than their Middles; It arose in one Generation to their Arms, in the Second it invaded their Necks, in the Third it gain'd the ascendant of their Heads, 'till the degenerate Appearance in which the Species is now immers'd, became compleated. Tho' we must here observe, that there were a few who fell not under the common Calamity, there being some unprejudic'd Women in every Age, by virtue of whom a Total extinction of the Original Race was prevented: And it is remarkable also, that even where they were mix'd, the Defection from their Nature was not intire; there still appear'd marvellous Qualities among them, as was manifest in those who follow'd *Alexander* in *India*. How did they attend his Army and survey his Order!

* Vid. *Plato* and *Xenophon*.

How did they cast themselves into the same forms for March or for Combat! What an imitation was there of all his Discipline! the ancient true remains of a warlike Disposition, and of that Constitution which they enjoy'd while they were a Monarchy.

To proceed to *Italy*: At the first appearance of these wild Philosophers, there were some of the least mix'd, who vouchsafed to converse with Mankind; which is evident from the Name of * *Fauns*, a *fando*, or *speaking*. Such was he who coming out of the Woods, in hatred to Tyranny, encourag'd the *Roman* Army to proceed against the *Hetruscans* who would have restor'd *Tarquin*. But here, as in all the Western Parts of the World, there was a great and memorable *Æra* in which they began to be *Silent*. This we may place something near the time of *Aristotle*, when the Number, Vanity and Folly of Human Philosophers encreas'd, by which Men's Heads became too much puzzled to receive the Wisdom of these ancient Sylvans; the Questions of that Academy were too numerous to be consistent with their ease to answer; and too intricate, extravagant, idle, or pernicious, to be any other than a derision and scorn unto them. From this Period, if ever we hear of their giving Answers, it is only when *caught*, *bound*, and *constrain'd*, in like manner as was that Ancient *Grecian* Prophet, *Proteus*.

Accordingly we read in † *Sylla's* Time, of such a Philosopher taken near *Dyrrachium*,

* *Livy.* † *Plutarch in Vit. Sylla.*

who wou'd not be persuaded to 'give them a Lecture by all they cou'd say to him, and only shew'd his Power in *Sounds* by Neighing like a Horse.

But a more successful attempt was made in *Augustus's* reign by the Inquisitive Genius of the great *Virgil*, whom, together with *Varus*, the Commentators suppose to have been the true Persons, who are related in the 6th Bucolick to have caught a Philosopher, and doubtless a genuine one, of the Race of the old *Silenus*. To prevail upon him to be communicative (of the importance of which *Virgil* was well aware) they not only ty'd him fast, but allur'd him likewise by making him a Present of a comely Maiden call'd *Ægle*, which made him sing both merrily and instructively. In this Song we have their *Doctrine* of the *Creation*, the same in all probability as was taught so many Ages before in the great *Pygmean* Empire, and several Hieroglyphical Fables under which they couch'd or embellish'd their Morals. For which reason I look upon this Bucolick as an inestimable Treasure of the most ancient Science.

In the Reign of *Constantine* we hear of another, taken in a Net, and brought to *Alexandria*, round whom the People flock'd to hear his Wisdom; but as *Ammianus Marcellinus* reporteth, he proved a dumb Philosopher, and only instructed by *Action*.

The last we shall speak of who seemeth to be of the true Race, is said by St. *Jerome* to have met St. * *Antony* in a Desert, who en-

* *Vit. St. Ant.*

quiring,

quiring the Way of him, he shew'd his understanding, and Courtesy by pointing, but wou'd not answer, for he was a dumb Philosopher also.

These are all the Notices which I am at present able to gather of the appearance of so great and learned a People in *your side* of the World. But if we return to their ancient native Seats, *Africa* and *India*, we shall there find even in Modern times, the Traces of their Original Conduct and Valour.

In *Africa* (as we read among the indefatigable Mr. *Purchas's* Collections) a Body of them whose Leader was inflam'd with Love for a Woman, by martial Powers and Stratagem won a Fort from the *Portuguese*.

But I must leave all others at present to celebrate the Praise of two of their unparallell'd Monarchs in *India*. The one was *Perimal the Magnificent*, a Prince most Learned and Communicative, to whom in *Malabar* their excess of Zeal dedicated a Temple, rais'd on Seven hundred Pillars, not inferior in * *Maffæus's* Opinion to those of *Agrippa* in the *Pantheon*. The other *Hanimant the Marvellous* his Relation and Successor, whose Knowledge was so great, as made his followers doubt if even that Wise Species cou'd arrive at such Perfection; and therefore they rather imagin'd him and his Race a sort of *Gods* form'd into *Apes*. His was the *Tooth* which the *Portuguese* took in *Bisnagar* 1559, for which the *Indians* offer'd, according to † *Linschotten*, the immense Sum

* *Maff. l. 1.* † *Linschot. ch. 44.*

of Seven hundred thousand Ducats. Nor let me quit this Head without mentioning with all due respect *Oran Outang* the Great, the last of this Line; whose unhappy Chance it was to fall into the Hands of *Europeans*. *Oran Outang*, whose Value was not known to us, for he was a mute Philosopher: *Oran Outang*, by whose dissection the Learned Dr. *Tyson* has added a Confirmation to this System, from the resemblance between the *Homo Sylvestris* and our *Humane Body* in those Organs by which the rational Soul is exerted.

We must now descend to consider this People, as sunk into the *bruta Natura*, by their continual Commerce with Beasts. Yet even at this time, what Experiments do they not afford us of relieving some from the Spleen, and others from Imposthumes, by occasioning Laughter at proper Seasons? With what readiness do they enter into the imitation of whatever is remarkable in Humane Life? and what surprizing Relations have *Le Comte* and others given of their Appetites, Actions, Conceptions, Affections, Varieties of Imaginations, and Abilities capable of pursuing them? If under their present low circumstances of *Birth* and *Breeding*, and in so short a Term of Life as is now allotted them, they so far exceed all Beasts, and equal many Men; what Prodigies may we not conceive of those, who were *Nati melioribus annis*, those Primitive *Longæval* and *Antideluvian Man-Tegers*, who first taught Sciences to the World?

This Account, which is entirely my own, I am proud to imagine has traced Knowledge from

from a Fountain correspondent to several Opinions of the Ancients, tho' hitherto undiscover'd, both by them and the Moderns. And now what shall I say to Mankind in the Thought of this great Discovery? What, but that they should abate of their Pride, and consider that the Authors of our Knowledge are among *Beasts*: That these, who were our elder Brothers by a Day in the Creation, whose Kingdom was like the Scheme of *Plato* govern'd by Philosophers, who flourish'd with Learning in *Æthiopia* and *India*, are now undistinguish'd from, and known only by the same Appellation, as the *Man Teger*, and the *Monkey*!

As to *Speech*, I make no question that there are Remains of the First and less corrupted Race, in their Native Deserts, who yet have the Power of it. But the vulgar Reason given by the *Spaniards*, "that they will not speak" for fear of being set to Work," is alone a sufficient one, considering how exceedingly all other Learned Persons affect their *Ease*. A Second is, That these observant Creatures having been Eye-Witnesses of the *Cruelty* with which that Nation treated their Brother *Indians*, find it necessary not to show themselves to be *Men*, that they may be protected not only from Work, but from Cruelty also. Thirdly, They cou'd at best take no delight to converse with the *Spaniards*, whose grave and sullen Temper is so averse to that natural and open *Chearfulness*, which is generally observ'd to accompany all true Knowledge.

But

But now were it possible, that any way cou'd be found out to draw forth their Latent Qualities, I cannot but think it wou'd be highly serviceable to the Learned World, both in respect of recovering past Knowledge, and promoting the Future. Might there not be found certain gentle artful Methods, whereby to endear us to them? Is there no Nation in the World, whose natural turn is adapted to engage their Society, and win them by a *sweet Similitude of Manners*? Is there no Nation where the Men might allure them by a distinguishing Civility, and in a manner *fascinate* them by *assimilated Motions*? No Nation, where the Women with easy freedoms, and the gentlest Treatment, might oblige the loving Creatures to *sensible returns* of Humanity? The Love I bear my Native Country, prompts me to wish this Nation might be *Great Britain*, but alas! in our present wretched divided Condition, how can we hope that *Foreigners* of so great Prudence, will *freely declare* their Sentiments, in the midst of violent *Parties*, and at so vast a distance from their Friends, Relations, and Country? The Affection I bear our Neighbour-State, wou'd incline me to wish it were *Holland* — *Sed levâ in parte Mamillæ Nil salit Arcadico*. 'Tis from *France* then we must expect this Restoration of Learning, whose late Monarch took the Sciences under his Protection, and rais'd them to so great a Height. May we not hope their Emiffaries will some time or other have Instructions, not only to invite Learned Men into their Country, but

but Learned Beasts, the true ancient Man-Tegers, I mean of *Æthiopia* and *India*? Might not the Talents of each Kind of these be adapted to the Improvement of the several Sciences? The Man-Tegers to instruct Heroes, States-men and Scholars? Baboons to teach the Courtiers, Ceremony and Address? Monkeys, the Art of pleasing in Conversation and agreeable Affectations, to Ladies and their Lovers? The Apes of less learning, Comedians and Dancing Masters? The Marmosets Court Pages, and young *English* Travellers. But the distinguishing each Kind, and allotting them to their proper Business, I leave to the Inquisitive, and penetrating Genius, of the *Jesuits* in their respective Missions.

Vale & Fruere.

M. S.



VIRGILIUS



VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:
S E U

MARTINI SCRIBLERI

Summi Critici

CASTIGATIONUM in ÆNEIDEM
S P E C I M E N:

ÆNEIDEM totam, Amice Lector, innumerabilibus pœne
mendis scaturientem, ad pristinum sensum revocabi-
mus. In singulis ferè versibus spurix occurrunt lecti-
ones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vul-
gatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium usque Criticorum in
hunc diem existentes. Interea adverte oculos, & his
paucis frui. At si quæ sint in hisce castigationibus,
de quibus non satis liquet, syllabarum quantitates,
περὶ ἑξ ὁμωνα nostra Libro ipsi præsigenda, ut consulas,
moneo.

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI, VERS. I.

A R M A Virumque cano, Trojæ qui pri-
mus ab *oris*
Italiam, *fato* profugus, Lavinaque
venit

Litora : multum ille & terris *jactatus* & alto,
Vi superum —

Arma Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab
Aris

Italiam, *flatu* profugus, *Latinaque* venit
E Litora :

Litora : multum ille & terris *vexatus*, &
alto,

Vi superum —

Ab *aris*, nempe Hercæi Jovis, vide lib. 2.
vers. 512, 550. — *Flatu*, ventorum Æoli, ut
sequitur — *Latina* certè littora cum Æneas
aderat, *Lavina* non nisi postea ab ipso nomina-
ta, Lib. 12. vers. 193. — *Factatus*, terris non
convenit.

II. VERS. 52.

— Et quisquis *Numen* Junonis adoret ?

— Et quisquis *Numen* Junonis adoret ?
Longè melius, quam ut antea, *Numen*.
Et procul dubiò sic Virgilius.

III. VERS. 86.

— Venti velut *agmine facto*
Qua data porta ruunt —

— Venti velut *aggere fracto*
Qua data porta ruunt —
Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. VERS. 117.

Fidumque vehebat *Orontem*.

Fortemque vehebat *Orontem*,

Non

Non *fidum*, quia Epitheton *Achatæ* notissimum, *Oronti* nunquam datur.

V. VERS. 119.

Excuitur, pronusque *magister*
Volvitur in caput ———

— Excuitur : pronusque *magis tēr*
Volvitur in caput ——

Aio Virgilium aliter non scripſiſſe, quod planè confirmatur ex ſequentibus — *Aſt illum ter fluctus ibidem Torquet* ——

VI. VERS. 112.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto
Arma virum ——

Armi hominum: Ridicule antea *Arma virum*, quæ ex ferro conflata, quomodo poſſunt *natare*?

VII. VERS. 151.

Atque rotis *ſummas* leviter perlabitur undas.

Atque rotis *ſpumas* leviter perlabitur *udas*. *Summas*, & *leviter perlabi*, pleonaſmus eſt: Mirifice altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem & celeritatem exprimit; ſimili modo Noſter de Camilla, *Æn.* 11. —— *intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret*, &c. hyperbolicè.

VIII. VERS. 154.

Jamque *faces* & *saxa* volant, *furor* arma
ministrat.

Jam *fæces* & *saxa* volant, *fugiuntque* *Mini-*
stri : Uti solent, instanti periculo — *Fæces*, *fa-*
cibus longe præstant ; quid enim nisi *fæces* jac-
tarent vulgus sordidum ?

IX. VERS. 170.

Fronte sub adversa *scopulis* *pendentibus* an-
trum,

Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque *sedilia* saxo.

Fronte sub adversa *populis* *prudentibus* an-
trum.

Sic malim, longe potius quam *scopulis* *penden-*
tibus :

Nugæ ! Nonne vides versu sequenti *dulces a-*
guas ad potandum & *sedilia* ad discumbendum
dari ? In quorum usum ? quippe *prudentium*.

X. VERS. 188.

— Tres littore *cervos*

Prospicit errantes : hos *tota armenta* sequun-
ter

A tergo —



— Tres

— Tres litore *corvos*

Aspicit errantes : hos *agmina tota* sequuntur
A tergo — *Cervi*, lectio vulgata, absurditas
notissima : hæc Animalia in *Africa* non in-
veniri, quis nescit ? At motus & ambulan-
di ritus *Corvorum* quis non agnovit hoc
loco ? *Litore*, locus ubi errant *Corvi*, uti
Noster alibi,

Et sola secum sicca spaciatur arena.

Omen præclarissimum, immo et *agminibus*
Militum frequenter observatum, ut patet
ex Historicis.

XI. VERS. 748.

*Arcturum, pluviasque Hyades, geminos-
que Triones.*

Error gravissimus. Corrige, — *septemque*
Triones.

XII. VERS. 631.

Quare agite O juvenes, *teſtis* succedite no-
ſtris.

Leſtis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis orati-
one, & quæ unica voce & *Torum* & *Mensam*
exprimebat : Hanc lectionem probe confirmat
appellatio O *Juvenes* ! Duplicem hunc sen-
sum alibi etiam Maro lepidè innuit, *Æn.* 4.
v. 19.

Huic uni forsan potui succumbere *culpæ* :

Anna ? fatebor enim——

Corrige, *Huic uni* [*Viro* scil.] potui succumbere ; Culpas

Anna ? fatebor enim, &c.

Vox succumbere quam eleganter ambigua !

LIBER SECUNDUS. VERS. I.

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique
ora tenebant,

Inde toro *Pater* Æneas sic orsus ab alto :

Concubuerunt omnes, intentèque ora tenebant ;
Inde toro *satur* Æneas sic orsus ab alto.

Concubuerunt, quia toro Æneam vidimus accumbentem : quin & altera ratio, scil. *Conticuerunt* & ora tenebant, tautologice, dictum. In Manuscripto perquam rarissimo in Patris Musæo, legitur, ore gemebant ; sed magis ingeniosè quam verè. — *Satur* Æneas, quippe qui jam a prandio surrexit : *Pater* nihil ad rem attinet.

VERS. 3.

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.

Infantum regina jubes renovare dolorem. Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus scriptum fuisse. Hoc satis constat ex perantiqua illa Britannorum Cantilena vocata *Chevy Chace*, cujus autor hunc locum sibi ascivit in hæc verba,

The Child may rue that is unborn.

VERS.

VERS. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, & lamentabile regnum.
Eruerint Danaï —

Trojanas ut *Oves* & lamentabile regnum *Diruerint* — Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquissimis illis temporibus *oves* & armenta divitiarum regum fuere. Vel fortasse *Oves Paridis* innuit, quas super Idam nuperissime pascebat, & jam in vindictam pro Helenæ raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, aliisque ducibus, meritò occisas.

VERS. 5.

—— Quæque ipse *miserrima vidi*,
 Et quorum pars magna fui.

— Quæque ipse *miserrimus audi*,
 Et quorum pars magna fui —

Omnia tam *audita* quam *visa* recta distinctione enarrare hic Æneas profitetur: Multa quorum nox ea fatalis sola conscia fuit, Vir probus & pius tanquam *visa* referre non potuit.

VERS. 7.

— Quis talia *fando*
 Temperet a lacrymis?

— Quis talia *flendo*,
 Temperet in lacrymis? — Major enim doloris indicatio, ab'que modo lacrymare? quam solummodo a lacrymis non temperare.

VERS. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* cœlo
Præcipitat, suadentque *cadentia* sydera
somnia.

Et jam nox *lumina* cœlo
Præcipitat, suadentque *latentia* sydera som-
nia.

Lectio, *humida*, vespertinum rorem solum
innuere videtur: magis mi arridet *Lumina*,
quæ *latentia* postquam *præcipitantur*, Auroræ
adventum annunciant.

VERS. II.

Sed si tantus amor *casus* cognoscere *nostros*,
Et *breviter* Trojæ *supremum* audire laborem,
Sed si tantus amor *curas* cognoscere *noctis*,
Et *brevi ter* Trojæ *Superumque* audire labores.

Curæ Noctis (scilicet noctis Excidii Trojani)
magis compendiosè (vel ut dixit ipse *breviter*)
totam belli catastrophem denotat, quam diffusa
illa & indeterminata lectio, *casus nostros*. —
Ter audire gratum fuisse Didoni, patet ex libro
quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacosque iterum demens*
audire labores Exposcit: *Ter* enim pro sæpe
usurpatur. *Trojæ*, *superumque labores*, rectè,
quia non tantum homines sed & Dii sese his la-
boribus immiscuerunt. Vide Æn. 2. vers. 610,
&c.

VERS.

VERS. 13.

Quamquam animus meminisse horret, *luctus-*
que refugit,

Incipiam.

Quamquam animus meminisse horret, *luctus-*
que resurgit. Resurgit multò proprius dolorem
renascentem notat, quam ut hactenus, *refugit.*

VERS. 14.

Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi,

Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis,
Instar montis *Equum*, divina Palladis arte,
Ædificant — — &c.

Traçti bello, fatisque repulsi.

Traçti & *Repulsi*, Antithesis perpulchra! *at-*
tracti frigide & vulgaritèr.

Equum jam *Trojanum*, (ut vulgus loquitur)
adeamus: quem si *Equam Græcam* vocabis
Lector, minimè pecces: Solæ enim femellæ
utero gestant. — Uterumque *armato milite*
complent — Uteroque *recusso Insonuere ca-*
væ — *Atque* utero *sonitum quater arma de-*
dere. — *Inclusos* utero *Danaos*, &c. Vox *feta*
non convenit maribus, — *Scandit fatalis machi-*
na muros, Foeta *armis* — Palladem Virginem,
Equo mari fabricando invigilare decuisse, quis
putat? Incredibile prorsus! Quamobrem existi-
mo veram *Equæ* lectionem passim restituendam,
nisi ubi forte, metri causa, *Equum* potius
quam *Equam*, *Genus* pro *Sexu*, dixit Maro.
Vale! dum hæc paucula corriges, majus opus
moveo.

M. S.



It cannot Rain but it Pours :

O R,

LONDON strow'd with Rarities.

B E I N G,

An ACCOUNT of the Arrival of a White Bear, at the House of Mr. Ratcliff in Bishopsgate-Street: As also of the Faustina, the celebrated Italian Singing Woman; And of the Copper-Farthing Dean from Ireland.

And Lastly,

Of the wonderful Wild Man that was nursed in the Woods of Germany by a Wild Beast, hunted and taken in Toyls; how he behaveth himself like a dumb Creature, and is a Christian like one of us, being call'd Peter; and how he was brought to Court all in Green, to the great Astonishment of the Quality and Gentry. 1726.

WE shall begin with a Description of *Peter* the Savage, deferring our other Curiosities to some following Papers.

Romulus and Remus, the two famous wild Men of Antiquity, and *Orsin* that of the Moderns, have been justly the Admiration of all Mankind: Nor can we presage less of this wild Youth, as may be gather'd from that famous and well known Prophecy of *Lilly's*, which being now accomplish'd, is most easily interpreted.

When

*When Rome shall wend to Benevento,
And Espagne breaking the Assiento;
When Eagle Split shall fly to China,
And Christian Folks adore Faustina:
Then shall an Oak be brought to Bed,
Of Creature neither taught nor fed;
Great Feats shall be achieve —*

The Pope is now going to *Benevento*; the *Spaniards* have broke their Treaty; the Emperor Trades to *China*; and *Lilly*, were he alive, must be convinced, that it was not the Empress *Faustina* that was meant in the Prophecy.

It is evident by several Tokens about this wild Gentleman, that he had a Father and Mother like one of us; but there being no Register of his Christning, his Age is only to be guessed at by his Stature and Countenance, and appeareth to be about Twelve or Thirteen. His being so young was the Occasion of the great Disappointment of the Ladies, who came to the Drawing Room in full Expectation of some Attempt upon their Chastity: So far is true, that he endeavour'd to Kiss the young Lady *W——le*, who for that reason is become the Envy of the Circle; this being a Declaration of Nature, in favour of her superior Beauty.

Aristotle saith, That Man is the most Mimick of all Animals; which Opinion of that great Philosopher is strongly confirm'd by the Behaviour of this wild Gentleman, who is endow'd

with that Quality to an extream Degree. He receiv'd his first Impressions at Court: His Manners are, first to lick People's Hands, and then turn his Breech upon them; to thrust his Hand into every body's *Pocket*; to climb over People's *Heads*; and even to make use of the *Royal Hand*, to take what he has a mind to. At his first Appearance he seiz'd on the Lord Chamberlain's Staff, and put on his Hat before the King; from whence some have conjectur'd, that he is either descended from a Grandee of *Spain*, or the Earls of *Kingsale* in *Ireland*. However, these are manifest Tokens of his innate Ambition; he is extreamly tenacious of his own Property, and ready to invade that of other People. By this mimick Quality he discover'd what wild Beast had nurs'd him: Observing Children to ask Blessing of their Mothers, one Day he fell down upon his Knees to a Sow, and mutter'd some Sounds in that humble Posture.

It has been commonly thought, that he is *Ulrick's* natural Brother, because of some resemblance of Manners, and the officious Care of *Ulrick* about him; but the Superiority of the Parts and Genius in *Peter*, demonstrates this to be impossible.

Though he is ignorant both of ancient and modern Languages, (that Care being left to the ingenious Physician, who is entrusted with his Education) yet he distinguishes Objects by certain Sounds fram'd to himself, which *Mr. Rothenberg*, who brought him over, understands perfectly. Beholding one Day the Shambles
with

with great Fear and Astonishment, ever since he calls Man by the same Sound which expresseth Wolf. A young Lady is a Peacock, old Women Mag-pyes and Owls; a Beau with a *Toupee*, a Monkey; Glafs, Ice; Blue, Red, and Green Ribbons, he calls Rainbows; an Heap of Gold a Turd. The first Ship he saw, he took to be a great Beast swimming on her Back, and her Feet tied above her: The Men that came out of the Hold he took to be her Cubs, and wonder'd they were so unlike their Dam. He understands perfectly the Language of all Beasts and Birds, and is not, like them, confin'd to that of one Species. He can bring any Beast what he calls for, and no doubt is much miss'd now in his Native Woods, where he us'd to do good Offices among his Fellow-Citizens, and serv'd as a Mediator to reconcile their Differences. One Day he warn'd a Flock of Sheep that were driving to the Shambles, of their Danger, and upon uttering some Sounds, they all fled. He takes vast Pleasure in Conversation with Horses; and going to the *Meuse* to converse with Two of his intimate Acquaintances in the King's Stable, as he pass'd by, he Neighed to the Horse at *Charing-Cross*; being as it were surpriz'd to see him so high, he seem'd to take it ill that the Horse did not answer him; but I think no body can undervalue his Understanding for not being skill'd in Statuary.

He expresseth his Joy most commonly by Neighing; and whatever the Philosophers may talk of their Risibility, Neighing is a more noble

noble Expression of that Passion than Laughing, which seems to me to have something Silly in it ; and besides, is often attended with Tears. Other Animals are sensible they debase themselves, by mimicking Laughter ; and I take it to be a general Observation, that the top Felicity of Mankind is to imitate Monkeys and Birds : Witness *Harlequins*, *Scaramouches* and *Masquerades* ; on the other Hand, Monkeys, when they would look extreamly silly, endeavour to bring themselves down to Mankind. Love he expresseth by the Cooing of a Dove, and Anger by the Croaking of a Raven, and it is not doubted but that he will serve in Time as an Interpreter between us and other Animals.

Great Instruction is to be had from this wild Youth in the Knowledge of Simples ; and I am of Opinion, that he ought always to attend the Censors of the College in their Visitation of Apothecaries Shops.

I am told that the new *Set* of *Herb-eaters* intend to follow him into the Fields, or to beg him for a Clerk of their Kitchen : And that there are many of them now thinking of turning their Children into Woods to Graze with the Cattle, in hopes to raise a healthy and moral Race, refin'd from the Corruptions of this Luxurious World.

He sings naturally several pretty Tunes of his own Composing, and with equal Facility, in the *Chromatick*, *Inharmonick*, and *Diatonick* Stile, and consequently must be of infinite Use to the Academy, in judging of the Merits of their Com-

Composers, and is the only Person that ought to decide betwixt *Cuzzoni* and *Faustina*.

I cannot omit his first Notion of Cloaths, which he took to be the natural Skins of the Creatures that wore them, and seem'd to be in great Pain for the pulling off a Stocking, thinking the poor Man was a Fleaing.

I am not ignorant that there are disaffected People, who say he is a *Pretender*, and no genuine wild Man. This Calumny proceeds from the false Notions they have of wild Men, which they frame from such as they see about the Town, whose Actions are rather absurd than wild; therefore it will be incumbent on all young Gentlemen, who are ambitious to excel in this Character, to Copy this true Original of Nature.

The Senses of this wild Man are vastly more acute than those of a tame One; he can follow the Track of a Man, or any other Beast of Prey. A Dog is an Ass to him for finding Troubles; his Hearing is more perfect, because his Ears not having been confin'd by Bandages, he can move them like a Drill, and turn them towards the Sonorous Object.

Let us pray the Creator of all Beings, Wild and Tame, that as this wild Youth, by being brought to Court, has been made a Christian; so such as are at Court, and are no Christians, may lay aside their Savage and Rapacious Nature, and return to the Meekness of the Gospel.

An



An INFALLIBLE
S C H E M E
To Pay the
P U B L I C K D E B T
O F
I R E L A N D in Six Months.

THE great Distress of this unhappy *Country*, is too visible to all, except those who have Power to redress it.

We may observe thro' the whole Nation one universal Complaint of the Decay of Trade, the Oppression of Landlords, and the Deficiency of Money; and yet I cannot find among all the Schemes proposed to lessen these Evils, any one in particular, which seems likely to succeed.

But, what is still an Addition to this melancholy Prospect of Affairs, is the unbounded
Luxury

Luxury and *Extravagance*, both in Apparel and Entertainments, which Persons of all Ranks and Degrees run into at present, tho' in general we labour under such Hardships and Poverty.

We are affected in a quite different Manner from all the Nations upon Earth; for, with others, *Wealth* is the Mother of *Luxury*, but with us *Poverty* has the very same Effect: With others, *Scarcity* is the Parent of Industry, but with us it is the Nurse of *Idleness* and *Vice*.

We labour to imitate our neighbouring Kingdoms in nothing but their Extravagance, without having the same plentiful Aids of *Commerce*, or applying ourselves to the Study of *Fair-dealing* to maintain it. So that, in short, by our own ill Management, we are brought to so low an Ebb of Wealth and Credit, that our Condition seems incapable of any Relief.

But as I have the Interest of this misguided People very much at Heart, I do not intend this Essay as a Detection of their present Grievances, but as a Remedy against them. And for that Purpose I have labour'd to find out such a *Scheme* as will discharge our publick Debt with all possible Ease and Pleasure to the Subject, and in so short a Time, that we may neither complain of being oppress'd with long continued Taxes, (as some unreasonable People often presume to do) nor quite despair of being once more in a thriving Condition.

Let us consider what those *Vices* are, which at present prevail most among us; and I believe, upon Enquiry, they will be found *Perjury*, *Fornication*, *Drunkennes*, *Swearing*, *Slander*,
Inf-

Infidelity, Fraud, Blasphemy, and many others. Would it not then be worthy of our Consideration, whether a moderate Tax upon every particular *Vice*, instead of laying an additional Duty upon *Wine, Hops*, and other Commodities, wou'd not supply us with a sufficient Sum in a very short Time? Such a Tax must of Necessity yield a vast Revenue, and prove the most infallible, and indeed the only Scheme for our Prosperity, if it shall be thought proper to be continued.

But, before I proceed to Particulars, it may not be amiss to premise, that this Tax is not designed for any one County or Province in this Kingdom, but to extend itself universally over the whole Nation; because different Vices may flourish in different Counties, as different Plants in their different Soils; as *Perjury* in one, *Theft* in another, *Disimulation* and *Flattery* in another, *Rapine* in another, and so of the rest: However, I take *Theft* to be our peculiar *staple Vice*.

And least any Disputes may hereafter arise about the Nature of *Perjury*, the Intention of the *Act* in this particular, or what Persons are to be subject to this Tax, I must here also premise, that every *Lie* confirmed by an Oath, is undoubtedly *Perjury*, whether before a *Magistrate*, or behind a *Counter*. And, therefore we do not doubt, but the Trading Part of our People, will be great Benefactors to the Publick, in this particular Article, as well as many others.

Theft

These two Things being premis'd, let us suppose that in this large Country, 5000 Persons are guilty of this Infirmity each Day. Which Computation must be allow'd very moderate, if we recollect that this Number is not above a four hundredth Part of the Inhabitants of this Kingdom, who are generally computed to amount to *Two Millions*. And if we further consider what strong Inducements our Natives have to practise it, from its being often so exceeding beneficial; if we consider the great Use made of it in all Sorts of *Traffick*; the great Demands for it in *Law-suits*; the great Advantage of it in *Elections*, and the undeniable Profit of it in all *Prosecutions*, we shall think the Number of 5000 still more reasonable.

Let us then suppose every one of this Number to be perjurd, only once every Day, (which is a very favourable Supposition) and subject only to a Tax of Sixpence for each Offence; for which Sum, perhaps, he may procure either the Death of an Enemy, an Estate for his Friend, or a Fortune for himself, (all which are esteem'd very desirable) the Tax will be too inconsiderable to make any one murmur, and yet will yield the Sum of 125 *l. per Day*, towards discharging our National Debt.

Besides, this Tax, tho' very low, may in Reality be very profitable for Mankind; for *Attornies*, *Sollicitors*, *Usurers*, *Butchers*, and other honest Traders, will scarce think it answerable to the Expence of Time, to forswear themselves for any Profit from One Penny to Six Pence inclusive,

clusive, (as now customary) but will at least, for every Transgression, expect to gain sufficient to defray the Tax.

However, I would have all sworn *Constables*, and all *Collectors* of this and many other Taxes, entirely exempted from any Penalty as privileged Persons; because, by that Means they will be enabled to be very serviceable in their several Stations.

Fornication, as the World is at present, would furnish the Publick with a large Sum, even at a very moderate Tax; for it is now made an essential Part of the polite Gentleman's Character, and he that has prevail'd on the greatest Number, proportionably rises in Reputation.

Let us then compute that in the several Parts of this Nation, 5000 *per Day* were liable to be taxed for this general Vice, only at two Shillings: The Sum arising from this to the publick Good, will amount to 500 *l. per Day*, and in Six Months to almost one Third of our National Debt.

I know it may be here objected, that I have computed upon too small a Number, and that I might justly account rather upon Twenty or Thirty Thousand *per Day*, in the several Counties of this Kingdom: But, tho' I own this Objection to be very strong, if we were to consider the Opportunities of *Wakes*, *Patron-Days*, *Hay-making Seasons*, *May-Days*, *Religious Pilgrimages to Holy Wells*, *Balls* publick and private, and many other commodious Scenes for that kind of Entertainment; yet I would rather chuse to err on the right Side in too small, than too great a Computation.

I know the *Popish* Clergy will make strong Remonstrances against this Tax; and plead, that it is design'd to oppress them; that all Nations of the Earth allow them a *Toleration* in this particular Point, as they are *frail* Mortals, and sworn to *Celibacy*; and what is still worse, that such a Tax would be the most effectual Means to drain them of their whole Revenues; but as I would not have such pious Persons justly complain of the least Rigour, I shall readily agree to their being exempted.

Drunkeness I would only Tax at Six Pence, because it might be prejudicial to *His Majesty's Revenue*, to discourage it, and consequently subject the Proposer to Penalties.

Let us then compute, that only Twenty Thousand Persons, (which is but one hundredth Part of the People in this Kingdom) were daily liable to be tax'd, the Amount would be 500 *l.* per Day. And how extreamly moderate this Computation is, may appear to any one who considers, that besides the usual Opportunities of *Taverns* and *private Houses*, there are *Elections*, *Fairs*, *Mayor's Feasts*, *University Treats*, *Corporation Dinners*, *Christmas Regales*, *Weddings* and *Christnings*, both in Town and Country, and many other irresistible Inducements to this manly Vice, which would, perhaps, if nicely calculated, daily furnish us with two Thirds more than our computed Number, and by that Means greatly conduce to the Publick Good.

But, however, I would by all Means exempt all Country *Justices of the Peace*, whether *Squires*

Squires or *Parsons*; because it would be unseemly to see such honourable and reverend Personages insulted by meaner Officers, as often as they might be discover'd in such a Condition.

Swearing would be a most universal Benefit in this Case; because, at present, it serves to season the Discourse of all Ranks and Degrees of Men. It is the principal Ingredient and Decoration of all modern *Jokes*, *Gibes*, *Quarrels*, *Love-Speeches*, *Disputes*, *Threats* and *Promises*, and consequently capable of affording an incredible Revenue.

However, let us suppose 40000 Persons per Day, liable to the Tax of Six Pence only for each Offence of this Kind; which, considering the great Number of *Markets*, *Coffee-Houses*, *Shambles*, *Barracks*, and *Gaming-Houses* in this Kingdom, is a very inconsiderable Number; yet even this Article will furnish us with 1000 *l.* per Day, which would amount to near two Thirds of the publick Debt.

Our Laws have amerced each Offence in this way at One Shilling, ordering one half to the Informer, and the other to the Poor, which, in my humble Opinion, was very ill concerted for if the *Legislature* did really intend that the Law should be punctually enforced, they ought to have divided the whole *Mulct* between the Informer and the *Justice*, without any regard to the Poor, and then, they might be assured it would be vigorously executed.

I am already apprehensive, that all military Persons will expect an Exemption from Tax on this Account; because they may plead Precedent

cedents for many Generations, may alledge the Power of Custom, the Decency and Comeliness of it, when properly mingled with other Discourse, or that the censorious World would perhaps suspect they knew nothing of *God* at all, if they did not sometimes mention his Name; and many other Reasons of equal Weight: But though these Remonstrances are very just, yet as this is the only Means by which, some think a Standing Army can conduce to the national Good, it will be hard to exempt them.

However, as the military Power would infallibly be liable to this Tax in all its Branches, by which Means they might be utterly impoverish'd, I believe it may not be improper to allow all *Foot-Soldiers* and *Field Officers*, all young *Ensigns*, spruce *Cornets*, naval *Captains*, *Cabin-Boys* and *Quarter-Masters*, forty or fifty Oaths a Day, entirely free from any Tax or Penalty.

As for *Slander*, supposing only twenty thousand *per Day*, taxed at Six Pence for every Offence, this Article would daily afford the Publick (at the lowest reasonable Computation) five hundred Pounds.

And, as this is a favourite Talent, we might have ventur'd to tax it much higher; but I would not seem to discourage so charitable a Disposition, especially where it may promote the Interest of my Country.

As to the *Ladies*, I have been always too great an Admirer of theirs, to desire any Restriction should be laid on their Pleasure, either private or publick; and therefore I would have them

them tax'd only half as much as the Men for every little Error of this Kind; because *Slander*, in Men, is a Talent unnatural and acquired, and generally practis'd to ingratiate themselves with the opposite Sex; whereas this genteel Failing in *Females*, is innate, and impossible to be restrain'd; which is a Case that demands our utmost Compassion.

I think all *Drawing-Rooms*, *Assemblies*, and all Places of publick Resort for Ladies, ought to be exempt from any Penalty, because it is so material a Part of the Discourse and Amusement of those Places, that to tax them for each Offence, would be in Effect, to enjoin them perpetual Silence; which, if it were possible, would be too great a Misfortune, both to themselves, and the World, to be exacted from them.

Infidelity and *Blasphemy* would furnish us with a considerable Sum; and as they are not originally of our own Growth, but annually imported from neighbouring Kingdoms, they ought to be subject to some Duty, which in few Years would probably be a vast Addition to the publick Revenue. Yet as this Traffick is principally carried on by young *Lawyers*, and *travelling Squires*, any Attempt to tax it would certainly meet with too vigorous an Opposition. But on condition it might pass into a Law, I would gladly exempt both *Lawyers* of all Ages, *Subalterns*, and *Field-Officers*, young *Heirs*, *Dancing-Masters*, *Pick-Pockets*, and *Players*.

Let us now only consider the several Sums arising from the Tax on our *Vices*, as we have before

to pay the Publick Debts. 121

before computed them, and the Justness and Infallibility of this Scheme must appear demonstrably.

l.

The publick Debt of this Nation is } 300000
about — —

And the Tax			l.	}	per Day.
For Perjury,	—	—	125		
Fornication,	—	—	500		
Drunkenness,	—	—	500		
Swearing,	—	—	1000		
Slander,	—	—	500		
			2625		

Total *per Day* 2625

which in 182 Days, or half a Year, will amount to 477,750*l.* which is considerably more than our National Debt.

But, lest by the universal Poverty of our People, which is much to be fear'd, or by their growing more virtuous, which never can be reasonably apprehended, this daily Income should fall short of what we have computed, I must humbly beg Leave to offer some other Improvements of this Scheme, which will undoubtedly answer all Deficiencies.

And for this Purpose, what if a severe Tax was laid on all manner of Persons who presum'd to marry 'till they were full Forty Years old? If any should prove Fool-hardy enough to transgress a Law so calculated for the Happiness of Men, each Offence would be of signal Benefit

F

to

to the Publick ; and if providentially it should prove an effectual Restraint, there must of Necessity be fewer Children in each Family, and of Consequence the Number of Beggars and Wretches in this Kingdom must proportionably decrease. And what would still be more material, perhaps, in one Age, if this beneficial Act should be continued, the greatest part of this Country would require to be new peopled from *E——d* ; a Circumstance greatly to be wish'd ; because such an Accident would probably cure that Nation of its inveterate Antipathy to the Inhabitants of this, at least for some Generations.

As for the Scheme to tax Batchelors, which has lately been propos'd to the House by one of its Honourable Members, I must beg leave to think it highly improper ; because Batchelors, of all Ranks and Degrees, are real Benefactors to the Publick, by not furnishing it either with *Beggars*, or *Oppressors of Beggars*, one of which must infallibly be the Consequence of Marriage in this Country.

I would also earnestly request, that all young *Clergymen*, who, with more Passion than Prudence, shall dare to marry before they are benefic'd, may be liable to a most severe Tax, equal to a Prohibition ; because such Offenders must inevitably multiply *Beggars*, live in *Contempt*, and die in *Poverty*.

These, and many other Expedients, might easily be found upon any Emergency to furnish considerable Sums for the National Debt.

But

But as there will remain about 177,750*l.* over and above our publick Debt, I will allow One Hundred Thousand Pounds of it for Sallaries, to such Persons as shall be appointed Collectors, and I hope this will be a reasonable Provision, tho' generally above one half of every Tax is expended in paying proper Officers to collect it. The Overplus may be deposited in the Treasury for any other pious Use.

And if this Scheme should be so fortunate as to succeed, as I have no Reason to doubt from the present Disposition of the H—— of C——s, all those Noblemen who shall be appointed Commissioners, will have excellent Opportunities of promoting their *Nephews, Cousins, Footmen, Fosterers, Valets*, and other valuable Dependants, to good Incomes, and Places of Trust and Credit. But I would, by all Means, have none but *Englishmen* nominated to be Tax-Gatherers; because we may rationally suppose, that they will be entirely free from Prejudice, in Favour of the Natives of this Kingdom.

Thus would a moderate Tax upon our *Vices* apparently contribute to save this Nation from utter Ruin. Many Persons who have not the least Excuse for their Irregularities at present, (except the commendable Publick-spirited Contempt for Religion) might then plead in their own Defence, that their Immoralities had preserved their Country. And by this Means we might be furnish'd with a Multitude of *Patriots*, who probably would never prove so in any other Respect.

But I must humbly beg leave to dissent from that religious Gentleman, the excellent Author of the *Fable of the Bees*; though, perhaps, such a Particularity of Opinion may injure my Character with several of my Lay-brethren of most Professions; and I must publickly declare, that there can be no other Method half so good as mine, to make *Private Vices Publick Benefits*.





A M O D E S T
P R O P O S A L
F O R

*Preventing the Children of poor People
in Ireland, from being a Burden
to their Parents or Country, and
for making them Beneficial to the
Publick.*

O- IT is a melancholly Object to those, who
walk through this great Town or travel in
the Country, when they see the *Streets*, the
Roads and *Cabbin-doors* crowded with *Beggars*
of the Female Sex, followed by three, four, or
six Children, *all in Rags*, and importuning
every Passenger for an Alms. These *Mothers*
instead of being able to work for their honest
livelyhood, are forced to employ all their time
in Stroling to beg Sustenance for their *helpless*
F 3 *Infants,*

Infants, who, as they grow up, either turn *Thieves* for want of Work, or leave their *dear Native Country*, to fight for the Pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the *Barbadoes*.

I think it is agreed by all Parties, that this prodigious number of Children in the Arms, or on the Backs, or at the *Heels* of their *Mothers*, and frequently of their *Fathers*, is in the *present deplorable state of the Kingdom*, a very great additional Grievance; and therefore whoever could find out a fair, cheap and easy method of making these Children sound and useful Members of the Common-wealth, would deserve so well of the Publick, as to have his Statue set up for a Preserver of the Nation.

But my Intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the Children of *professed Beggars*, it is of a much greater Extent, and shall take in the whole Number of Infants at a certain Age, who are born of Parents in effect as little able to support them, as those who demand our Charity in the Streets.

As to my own Part, having turned my Thoughts, for many Years, upon this important Subject, and maturely weighed the several *Schemes for no Projectors*, I have always found them grossly mistaken in their Computation. It is true, a Child *just dropt from its Dam*, may be supported by her Milk, for a Solar Year with little other Nourishment, at most not above the Value of two Shillings, which the Mother may certainly get, or the Value in *Scraps*, by her lawful Occupation of Begging; and it is exactly at one Year Old that I propose to provide for them

them in such a Manner, as, instead of being a Charge upon their *Parents*, or the *Parish*, or *wanting Food and Raiment* for the rest of their Lives, they shall, on the Contrary, contribute to the Feeding, and partly to the Cloathing of many Thousands.

There is likewise another great Advantage in my Scheme, that it will prevent those *voluntary Abortions*, and that horrid Practice of *Women murdering their Bastard Children*, alas! too frequent among us, Sacrificing the *poor innocent Babes*, I doubt, more to avoid the Expence than the Shame, which would move Tears and Pity in the most Savage and inhuman breast.

The number of Souls in this Kingdom being usually reckoned one Million and a half. Of these I calculate there may be about two hundred thousand Couple whose Wives are Breeders; from which number I substract thirty Thousand Couples, who are able to maintain their own Children, although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under *the present Distresses of the Kingdom*; but this being granted, there will remain an hundred and seventy thousand Breeders. I again substract fifty Thousand, for those Women who miscarry, or whose Children die by accident, or disease within the Year. There only remain an hundred and twenty thousand Children of poor Parents annually born: The question therefore is, How this number shall be reared, and provided for? which, as I have already said, under the present Situation of Affairs, is utterly impossible by all the Methods

rhods hitherto proposed; for we can *neither employ them in Handicraft or Agriculture*; we neither build Houses, (I mean in the Country) nor cultivate Land: They can very seldom pick up a Livelihood *by Stealing* 'till they arrive at six years old; except where they are of towardly parts; although, I confess, they learn the Rudiments much earlier; during which time they can however be properly looked upon only as *Probationers*; as I have been informed by a principal Gentleman in the County of *Cavan*, who protested to me, that he never knew above one or two Instances under the Age of six, even in a Part of the Kingdom *so renowned for the quickest Proficiency in that Art*.

I am assured by our Merchants, that a Boy or a Girl before twelve Years old, is no saleable Commodity, and even when they come to this Age, they will not yield above three Pounds, or three Pounds and half a Crown at most, on the Exchange; which cannot turn to Account either to the Parents or Kingdom, the Charge of Nutriment and Rags having been at least four times that Value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own Thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least Objection.

I have been assured by a very knowing *American* of my Acquaintance in *London*, that a young healthy Child well Nursed, is, at a Year old, a most delicious nourishing and wholesome Food, whether *Stewed, Roasted, Baked, or Boiled*; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a *Fricassee*, or a *Ragoust*.

I do

I do therefore humbly offer it to *publick Consideration*, that of the Hundred and twenty thousand Children, already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for Breed, whereof only one fourth Part to be Males; which is more than we allow to *Sheep, black Cattle, or Swine*, and my Reason is, that these Children are seldom the Fruits of Marriage, a *Circumstance not much regarded by our Savages*, therefore, one Male will be sufficient to serve four Females. That the remaining Hundred thousand may, at a Year old, be offered in Sale to the *Persons of Quality and Fortune*, through the Kingdom, always advising the Mother to let them Suck plentifully in the last Month, so as to render them Plump, and Fat for a good Table. A Child will make two Dishes at an Entertainment for Friends, and when the Family dines alone, the fore or hind Quarter will make a reasonable Dish, and seasoned with a little Pepper or Salt will be very good Boiled on the fourth Day, especially in *Winter*.

I have reckoned upon a Medium, that a Child just born will weigh 12 Pounds, and in a solar Year, if tolerably nursed, encreaseth to 28 Pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very *proper for Landlords*, who, as they have already devoured most of the Parents, seem to have the best Title to the Children.

Infant's flesh will be in Season throughout the Year, but more plentiful in *March*, and a little before and after; for we are told by a grave Author, an eminent *French Physician*, that *Fish* being:

being a prolifick Dyet, there are more Children born in *Roman Catholick Countries* about nine Months after *Lent*, than at any other Season; therefore reckoning a Year after *Lent*, the Markets will be more glutted than usual, because the Number of *Popish Infants*, is at least three to one in this Kingdom, and therefore it will have one other Collateral Advantage, by lessening the Number of *Papists* among us.

I have already computed the Charge of nursing a Beggar's Child (in which List I reckon all *Cottagers*, *Labourers*, and four fifths of the *Farmers*) to be about two Shillings *per Annum*, Rags included; and I believe no Gentleman would repine to give Ten Shillings for the *Carcass of a good fat Child*, which, as I have said, will make four Dishes of excellent Nutritive Meat, when he hath only some particular Friend, or his own Family to dine with him. Thus the Squire will learn to be a good Landlord, and grow popular among his Tenants, the Mother will have Eight Shillings neat Profit, and be fit for Work 'till she produces another Child.

Those who are more thrifty (*as I must confess the Times require*) may flea the Carcass; the Skin of which, Artificially dressed, will make admirable *Gloves for Ladies*, and *Summer Boots for fine Gentlemen*.

As to our City of *Dublin*, Shambles may be appointed for this purpose, in the most convenient Parts of it, and Butchers we may be assured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the Children alive, and
dressing

dressing them hot from the Knife, as we do roasting Pigs.

A very worthy Person, a true Lover of his Country, and whose Virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased, in discoursing on this matter, to offer a Refinement upon my Scheme. He said, that many Gentlemen of this Kingdom, having of late destroyed their Deer, he conceived that the Want of Venison might be well supply'd by the Bodies of young Lads and Maidens, not exceeding fourteen Years of Age, nor under twelve; so great a Number of both Sexes in every Country being now ready to starve for want of Work and Service: And these to be disposed of by their Parents if alive, or otherwise by their nearest Relations. But with due deference to so excellent a Friend, and so deserving a Patriot, I cannot be altogether in his Sentiments; for as to the Males, my *American* Acquaintance assured me from frequent Experience, that their Flesh was generally Tough and Lean, like that of our School-boys, by continual Exercise, and their Taste disagreeable, and to fatten them would not answer the Charge. Then as to the Females, it would, I think with humble Submission, be a Loss to the Publick, because they soon would become Breeders themselves: And besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous People might be apt to Censure such a Practice, (although indeed very unjustly) as a little bordering upon Cruelty, which, I confess, hath always been with me the strongest Objection against any Project, how well soever intended.

But in order to justify my Friend, he confessed, that this Expedient was put into his Head by the famous *Sallmanaazor*, a Native of the Island *Formosa*, who came from thence to *London*, above twenty Years ago, and in Conversation told my Friend, that in his Country, when any young Person happened to be put to Death, the Executioner sold the Carcass to *Persons of Quality*, as a prime Dainty, and that, in his Time, the Body of a plump Girl of fifteen, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the Emperor, was sold to his Imperial Majesty's *prime Minister of State*, and other great *Mandarins* of the Court, in *Joints from the Gibbet*, at four hundred Crowns. Neither indeed can I deny, that if the same Use were made of several plump young Girls in this Town, who, without one single Groat to their Fortunes, cannot stir abroad without a Chair, and appear at a *Play-house*, and *Assemblies* in foreign Fineries, which they never will pay for; the Kingdom would not be the worse.

Some Persons of a desponding Spirit are in great Concern about that vast Number of poor People, who are Aged, Diseased, or Maimed, and I have been desired to employ my Thoughts what Course may be taken, to ease the Nation of so grievous an Incumbrance. But I am not in the least Pain upon that Matter, because it is very well known, that they are every Day *dying*, and *rotting*, by *Cold* and *Famine*, and *Filth*, and *Vermin*, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the younger Labourers, they are now in almost as hopeful a Condition.

They

They cannot get Work, and consequently pine away for want of Nourishment, to a degree, that if at any Time they are accidentally hired to common Labour, they have not Strength to perform it, and thus the Country and themselves are happily delivered from the Evils to come.

I have too long digressed, and therefore shall return to my Subject, I think the Advantages by the Proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest Importance.

For *First*, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen *the Number of Papists*, with whom we are Yearly over-run, being the principal Breeders of the Nation, as well as our most dangerous Enemies, and who stay at home on purpose with a Design *to deliver the Kingdom to the Pretender*, hoping to take their Advantage by the Absence of *so many good Protestants*, who have chosen rather to leave their Country, than stay at home, and pay Tithes against their Conscience, to an *Episcopal Curate*.

Secondly, The poorer Tenants will have something valuable of their own, which by Law may be made liable to Distress, and help to pay their Landlord's Rent, their Corn and Cattle being already seized, and *Money a Thing unknown*.

Thirdly, Whereas the Maintenance of an hundred thousand Children, from two Years old,

old, and upwards, cannot be computed at less than Ten Shillings a Piece *per Annum*, the Nation's Stock will be thereby encreased fifty thousand Pounds *per Annum*, besides the Profit of a new Dish, introduced to the Tables of all *Gentlemen of Fortune* in the Kingdom, who have any Refinement in Taste, and the Money will circulate among our Selves, the Goods being entirely of our own Growth and Manufacture.

Fourthly, The constant Breeders, besides the Gain of eight Shillings *Sterling per Annum*, by the Sale of their Children, will be rid of the Charge of maintaining them after the first Year.

Fifthly, This Food would likewise bring great *Custom to Taverns*, where the Vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best Receipts for dressing it to Perfection; and consequently have their Houses frequented by all the *fine Gentlemen*, who justly value themselves upon their Knowledge in good Eating; and a skilful Cook, who understands how to oblige his Guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please.

Sixthly, This would be a great Inducement to Marriage, which all wise Nations have either encouraged by Rewards, or enforced by Laws and Penalties. It would encrease the Care and Tenderness of Mothers towards their Children, when they were sure of a Settlement for Life, to the poor Babes, provided in some Sort by the Publick, to their annual Profit instead of

Expence;

Expence ; we should soon see an honest Emulation among the married Women, *which of them could bring the fattest Child to the Market.* Men would become as *fond* of their Wives, during the Time of their Pregnancy, as they are now of their *Mares* in Foal, their *Cows* in Calf, or *Sows* when they are ready to farrow, nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a Practice) for fear of a Miscarriage.

Many other Advantages might be enumerated. For Instance, the Addition of some thousand Carcasses in our Exportation of Barrel'd Beef : The Propagation of *Swines Flesh*, and Improvement in the Art of making good *Bacon*, so much wanted among us by the great Destruction of *Pigs*, too frequent at our Tables, which are no way comparable in Taste, or Magnificence to a well grown, fat Yearly Child, which roasted whole will make a considerable Figure at a *Lord Mayor's Feast*, or any other publick Entertainment. But this, and many others, I omit, being studious of Brevity.

Supposing that one thousand Families in this City, would be constant Customers for Infants Flesh, besides others who might have it at *merry Meetings*, particularly at *Weddings* and *Christenings*, I compute that *Dublin* would take off Annually about twenty thousand Carcasses, and the rest of the Kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining eighty Thousand.

I can think of no one Objection, that will possibly be raised against this Proposal, unless it should

should be urged, that the Number of People will be thereby much lessened in the Kingdom. This I freely own, and 'twas indeed one principal Design in offering it to the World. I desire the Reader will observe, that I calculate my Remedy for *this one individual Kingdom of IRELAND*, and for no Other that ever was, is, or, I think, ever can be upon Earth. Therefore let no Man talk to me of other Expedients: Of taxing our Absentees at five Shillings a Pound: Of using neither Cloaths, nor Household Furniture, except what is of our own Growth and Manufacture: Of utterly rejecting the Materials and Instruments that promote Foreign Luxury: Of curing the Expensiveness of Pride, Vanity, Idleness, and Gaming in our Women: Of introducing a Vein of Parsimony, Prudence and Temperance: Of learning to love our Country, wherein we differ even from LAPLANDERS, and the Inhabitants of TOPINAMBOO: Of quitting our Animosities, and Factions, nor act any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very Moment their City was taken: Of being a little cautious not to sell our Country and Consciences for nothing: Of teaching Landlords to have at least one Degree of Mercy towards their Tenants. Lastly, Of putting a Spirit of Honesty, Industry, and Skill into our Shop keepers, who, if a Resolution could now be taken to buy only our Native Goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us in the Price, the Measure, and the Goodness,

nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair Proposal of just Dealing, though often and earnestly invited to it.

Therefore I repeat, let no Man talk to me of these and the like Expedients, 'till he hath at least some Glimpse of Hope, that there will ever be some hearty and sincere Attempt to put *them in Practice.*

But, as to my self, having been wearied out for many Years with offering vain, idle, visionary Thoughts, and at length utterly despairing of Success, I fortunately fell upon this Proposal, which, as it is wholly new, so it hath something Solid and Real, of no Expence and little Trouble, full in our own Power, and whereby we can incur no Danger in *disobliging* ENGLAND. For this kind of Commodity will not bear Exportation, the Flesh being of too tender a Consistence, to admit a long Continuance in Salt, *although perhaps I could name a Country, which would be glad to eat up our whole Nation without it.*

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own Opinion, as to reject any Offer, proposed by wise Men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual. But before something of that Kind shall be advanced in Contradiction to my Scheme, and offering a better, I desire the Author or Authors, will be pleased maturely to consider two Points. *First*, As Things now stand, how they will be able to find Food and Raiment for a hundred Thousand useles Mouths and Backs. And *Secondly*, There being a round Million of Creatures in
Humane

Humane Figure, throughout this Kingdom, whose whole Subsistence put into a common Stock, would leave them in Debt two Millions of Pounds *Sterling*, adding those, who are Beggars by Profession, to the Bulk of Farmers, Cottagers and Labourers, with their Wives and Children, who are Beggars in Effect; I desire those Politicians, who dislike my Overture, and may perhaps be so bold to attempt an Answer, that they will first ask the Parents of these Mortals, Whether they would not at this Day think it a great Happiness to have been sold for Food at a Year old, in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual Scene of Misfortunes, as they have since gone through, by the *Oppression of Landlords*, the Impossibility of paying Rent without Money or Trade, the Want of common Sustenance, with neither House nor Cloaths to cover them from the Inclemencies of the Weather, and the most inevitable Prospect of intailing the like, or greater Miseries upon their Breed for ever.

I profess in the Sincerity of my Heart, that I have not the least Personal Interest in endeavouring to promote this necessary Work, having no other Motive than the *Publick Good of my Country*, by advancing our Trade, providing for Infants, relieving the Poor, and giving some Pleasure to the Rich. I have no Children, by which I can propose to get a single Penny; the youngest being nine Years Old, and my Wife past Child-bearing.



A
VINDICATION
OF THE
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland,
THE
Lord CARTERET,
From the CHARGE of favouring
*Tories, High - Church - Men, and
Jacobites.*

IN order to treat this important Subject with the greatest Fairness and Impartiality, perhaps it may be convenient to give some Account of his Excellency, in whose Life and Character there are certain Particulars which might suggest a very just Suspicion of some Truth in the Accusation he lies under.

He is descended from two noble, ancient, and most loyal Families, the *Carterets* and the *Granvilles*, too much distinguished, I confess,
for

for what they acted, and what they suffered in defending the former Constitution in Church and State, under King *Charles* the Martyr; I mean that very Prince, on Account of whose Martyrdom a *Form of Prayer with Fasting* was enjoyn'd by *Act of Parliament*, to be used on the *Thirtieth Day* of *January* every Year, to implore the Mercies of God, that the Guilt of that sacred and innocent Blood, &c. might not be visited on us or our Posterity, as we may read at large in our *Common-Prayer-Books*, which Day hath been solemnly kept, even within the Memory of many Men now alive.

His Excellency the present Lord, was educated in the University of *Oxford*; from thence, with a Singularity scarce to be justified, he carried away more *Greek*, *Latin*, and *Philosophy*, than properly became a Person of his Rank; indeed, much more of each, than most of those who are forc'd to live by their Learning, will be at the unnecessary Pains to load their Heads with.

This was the Rock he split on upon his first Appearance in the World, just got clear of his Guardians. For as soon as he came to Town, some Bishops and Clergymen, and other Persons most eminent for Learning and Parts, got him among them, from whom, though he were fortunately dragg'd by a Lady and the Court, yet he could never wipe off the Stain, nor wash out the Tincture of his University Acquirements and Disposition.

To this another Misfortune was added, That it pleas'd God to endow him with great natural

tural Talents, Memory, Judgment, Comprehension, Eloquence, and Wit; and to finish the Work, all these were fortify'd, even in his Youth, with the Advantages received by such Employments, as are best fitted, both to exercise and polish the Gifts of Nature and Education, having been Ambassador in several Courts, when his Age would hardly allow him to take a Degree, and made Principal Secretary of State at a Period, when, according to Custom, he ought to have been busied in losing his Money at a Chocolate-house, or in other Amusements, equally laudable and epidemick among Persons of Honour.

I cannot omit another weak Side in his Excellency, for it is known, and can be proved upon him, that *Greek* and *Latin* Books might be found every Day in his Dressing-Room, if it were carefully searched; and there is Reason to suspect, that some of the said Books have been privately convey'd to him by *Tory* Hands. I am likewise assured, that he hath been taken in the very Fact of reading the said Books, even in the midst of a Session, to the great Neglect of publick Affairs.

I own, there may be some Grounds for this Charge, because I have it from good Hands, that when his Excellency is at Dinner with one or two Scholars at his Elbows, he grows a most insupportable and unintelligible Companion to all the fine Gentlemen round the Table.

I cannot deny, that his Excellency lies under another great Disadvantage; for besides all the Accomplishments abovementioned, having that
of

of a most comely and graceful Person, he hath, during the Prime of Youth, Spirits and Vigour, in a most exemplary Manner led a regular, domestick Life, discover'd a great Esteem, Friendship and Love for his Lady, as well as a true Affection for his Children: And when he is dispos'd to admit an entertaining Evening Companion, he doth not always enough reflect whether the Person may possibly in former Days have lain under the Imputation of a *Tory*? Nor at such Times do the natural or affected Fears of *Popery* and the *Pretender* make any Part of the Conversation: I presume, because neither *Homer*, *Plato*, *Aristotle*, nor *Cicero*, have made any mention of them.

These I freely acknowledge to be his Excellency's Failings; yet, I think, it is agreed by Philosophers and Divines, that some Allowance ought to be given to human Infirmary, and the Prejudices of a wrong Education.

I am well aware how much my Sentiments differ from the orthodox Opinion of one or two principal Patriots; for these have decided the Matter directly against me, by declaring, that no Person, who was ever known to lie under the Suspicion of one single *Tory* Principle, or who had been once seen at a great Man's Levee in the *worst of Times*, should be allow'd to come within the Verge of the Castle; much less to bow in the Anti-Chamber, appear at the *Assemblies*, or dance at a Birth-Night. However, I dare assert, that this Maxim hath been often controul'd, and that, on the contrary, a considerable Number of *early Penitents* have

have been received into Grace, who are now an Ornament, Happiness, and Support to the Nation.

Neither do I find any Murmuring on some other Points of greater Importance, where this favourite Maxim is not so strictly observed.

To instance only in one. I have not heard that any Care hath hitherto been taken to discover whether * *Madam Violante* be a *Whig* or *Tory* in her Principles, or even that she hath ever been offer'd the Oaths to the Government; on the contrary, I am told, that she openly professeth herself to be a *High-Flyer*; and it is not improbable, but by her *Outlandish* Name she may also be a *Papist* in her Heart: Yet we see this illustrious and dangerous Female openly caress'd by principal Persons of both Parties, who contribute to support her in a splendid Manner, without the least Apprehensions from a *Grand Jury*. And as *Hobbs* wisely observes, so much Money being equivalent to so much Power, it may deserve considering with what Safety such an Instrument of Power ought to be trusted in the Hands of an *Alien*, who hath not given any legal Security for her good Affection to the Government.

I confess there is one Evil, which I could wish our Friends would think proper to redress. There are many *Whigs* in this Kingdom of the old-fashion'd Stamp, of whom we might make very good Use; they bear the same Loyalty with us, to the *Hanoverian* Family, in the Person of King *George the Second*; the same Abhorrence of the *Pretender*, with the Confe-

* *A famous Rope-dancer.*

quents

quents of *Popery* and *Slavery*; and the same Indulgence to *tender Consciences*; but having nothing to ask for themselves, and consequently the more Leisure to think for the Publick; they are often apt to entertain Fears and melancholy Prospects concerning the State of their Country, the Decay of Trade, the Want of Money, the miserable Condition of the People, with other Topicks of like Nature, all which do equally concern both *Whig* and *Tory*, who, if they have any Thing to lose, must be equally Sufferers. Perhaps one or two of these melancholy Gentlemen will sometimes venture to publish their Thoughts in Print: Now, I can by no Means approve our usual Custom of cursing and railing at this Species of Thinkers, under the Names of *Tories*, *Jacobites*, *Papists*, *Libellers*, *Rebels*, and the like.

This was the utter Ruin of that poor, angry, bustling, well-meaning Mortal *Pistorides*, who lies equally under the Contempt of both Parties, with no other Difference than a Mixture of *Pity* on one Side, and of *Aversion* on the other.

How hath he been pelted, pester'd and pounded by one single Wag, who promiseth never to forsake him living or dead!

I was much pleased with the Humour of a *Surgeon* in this Town, who, having in his own Apprehension received some great Injustice from the Earl of *Galloway*, and despairing of Revenge, as well as Relief, declared to all his Friends, that he had set apart a hundred Guinea to purchase the Earl's Carcass from the Sexton
whenever

whenever I should die, to make a Skeleton of the Bones, stuff the Hide, and shew them for three Pence; and thus get Vengeance for the Injuries he had suffer'd by the Owner.

Of the like Spirit too often is that implacable Race of Wits, against whom there is no Defence but Innocence and Philosophy, neither of which is likely to be at Hand, and therefore the Wounded have no where to fly for a Cure, but to downright Stupidity, a crazed Head, or a profligate Contempt of Guilt and Shame.

I am therefore sorry for that other miserable Creature * *Traulus*, who altho' of somewhat a different Species, yet seems very far to out-do even the Genius of *Pistorides* in that miscarrying Talent of Railing without Consistency or Discretion, against the most innocent Persons, according to the present Situation of his Gall and Spleen. I do not blame an *honest* Gentleman for the bitterest Invectives against one to whom he professeth the greatest Friendship, provided he acts in the Dark, so as not to be discovered; but in the midst of *Caresses*, *Visits*, and *Invitations*, to run into the Streets, or to as publick a Place, and without the least pretended Incitement, sputter out the basest and falsest Accusations, then to wipe his Mouth, come up smiling to his Friend, shake him by the Hand, and tell him in a Whisper, it was *all for his Service*: This Proceeding I am bold to think a great Failure in Prudence, and I am

* L—d V—t A—n, who spoke against the Libel in the Privy Council, and likewise in the House of Lords.

afraid lest such a Practitioner, with a Body so open, so foul, and so full of Sores, may fall under the Resentment of an incens'd political Surgeon, who is not in much Renown for his Mercy upon great Provocation, who without waiting for his Death, will flay and dissect him alive, and to the View of Mankind lay open all the disorder'd Cells of his Brain, the Venom of his Tongue, the Corruption of his Heart, and Spots and Flatuluses of his Spleen — and all this for three Pence.

In such a Case, what a Scene would be laid open? And to drop my Metaphor, what a Character of our mistaken Friend might an angry Enemy draw and expose? Particularizing that unnatural Conjunction of Vices and Follies so inconsistent with each other in the same Breast: Furious and fawning, scurrilous and flattering, cowardly and provoking, insolent and abject; most profligately false, with the strongest Professions of Sincerity; positive and variable, tyrannical and slavish.

In vain would his Excusers endeavour to palliate his Enormities, by imputing them to Madness, because it is well known, that Madness only operates by inflaming and enlarging the good or evil Dispositions of the Mind; for the Curators of *Bedlam* assure us, that some Lunatics are Persons of Honour, Truth, Benevolence, and many other Virtues, which appear in their highest Ravings, although after a wild incoherent Manner, while others on the contrary discover in every Word and Action the utmost Baseness and Depravity of human Minds, which

infallibly

infallibly they possessed in the same Degree, although perhaps under a better Regulation, before their Entrance into that *Academy*.

But it may be objected, that there is an Argument of much more Force to excuse the Overflowings of that Zeal which our *Friend* shews or means for our Cause. And it must be confessed, that the *easy and smooth Fluency of his Elocution bestowed on him by Nature, and cultivated by continual Practice*, added to the *Comelyness of his Person, the Harmony of his Voice, the Gracefulness of his Manner, and the Decency of his Dress*, are Temptations too strong for such a Genius to resist upon any publick Occasion of making them appear with *universal Applause*. And if good Men are sometimes acculed of loving their *jest* better than their *Friend*, surely to gain the Reputation of the first *Orator* in the Kingdom, no Man of Spirit would scruple to lose all the *Friends* he had in the World.

It is usual for Masters to make their Boys de-claim on both Sides of an Argument; and as some kinds of Assemblies are called the *Schools of Principles*, I confess nothing can better improve political School-Boys, than the Art of making plausible or implausible Harangues against the very Opinion for which they resolve to determine.

So Cardinal *Perron*, after having spoke for an Hour to the Admiration of all his Hearers, to prove the Existence of God, told some of his Intimates, that he could have spoken another Hour, and much better, to prove the contrary.

To return from this long Digression: If Persons in high Stations have been allow'd to chuse Mistresses, without Regard even to Difference in Religion, yet never incurred the least Reflection on their Loyalty or their Protestantism; shall the chief Governour of a great Kingdom be censured for chusing a *Companion*, who may formerly have been suspected for differing from the *Orthodox* in some speculative Opinions of Persons and Things, which cannot affect the fundamental Principles of a sound *Whig*?

But let me suppose a very possible Case. Here is a Person sent to govern *Ireland*, whose unfortunate weak Side it happens to be, for several Reasons abovemention'd, that he hath encouraged the Attendance of *one* or *two* Gentlemen distinguished for their Taste, their Wit, and their Learning; who have taken the Oaths to his Majesty, and pray heartily for him; yet, because they may perhaps be stigmatized as *quondam* Tories by *Pistorides* and his Gang, his Excellency must be forced to banish them under the Pain and Peril of displeasing the Zealots of his own Party, and thereby be put into a worse Condition than every common Good-fellow; who may be a sincere *Protestant*, and a loyal Subject; and yet rather chuse to drink fine Ale at the *Pope's Head*, than muddy at the *King's*.

Let me then return to my Supposition. It is certain, the High-flown Loyalists in the *present* Sense of the Word, have their Thoughts, and Studies, and Tongues, so entirely diverted by political Schemes, that the Zeal of their

Prin-

Principles hath eaten up their Understandings; neither have they Time from their Employments, their Hopes, and their hourly Labours, for acquiring new Additions of Merit; to amuse themselves with philological Converse, or Speculations which are utterly ruinous to all Schemes of rising in the World: What must then a Great Man do, whose ill Stars have fatally perverted him to a Love, and Taste, and Possession of Literature, Politeness, and good Sense? Our thorough-sped Republick of *Whigs*, which contains the Bulk of all *Hopers*, *Pretenders*, *Expectors* and *Possessors*, are, beyond all Doubt, most *highly useful* to Princes, to Governors, to great Ministers, and to their Country; but at the same Time, and by necessary Consequence, the most disagreeable Companions to all who have that unfortunate Turn of Mind peculiar to his Excellency, and perhaps to five or six more in a Nation.

I do not deny it possible, that an Original or Profelyte Favourer of the Times might have been born to these useless Talents, which in former Ages qualified a Man to be a Poet, or a Philosopher. All I contend for is, that where the true Genius of Party once enters, it *sweeps the House clean*, and leaves Room for many *other Spirits* to take joint Possession, 'till the *last State of that Man is exceedingly better than the first*.

I allow it a great Error in his Excellency, that he adheres so obstinately to his old unfashionable academick Education: Yet so perverse is human Nature, that the usual Remed-

dies for this Evil in others, have produced a contrary Effect in him ; to a Degree that I am credibly informed, he will, as I have already hinted, in the Middle of a Session, quote Passages out of *Plato* and *Pindar* at his own Table to some *Book-learn'd* Companion without Blushing, even when Persons of *great Stations* are by.

I will venture one Step farther, which is, freely to confess, that this mistaken Method of educating Youth in the Knowledge of ancient Learning and Language, is too apt to spoil their *Politicks* and *Principles* ; because, the Doctrine and Examples of the Books they read, teach them Lessons *directly contrary in every Point* to the *present Practice* of the World : And accordingly, *Hobbes* most judiciously observes, that the Writings of the *Greeks* and *Romans* made young Men imbibe Opinions, against *absolute Power* in a *Prince*, or even in a first *Minister*, and to embrace Notions of *Liberty* and *Property*.

It hath been therefore a great Felicity to these Kingdoms, that the Heirs to Titles and large Estates have a Weakness in their Eyes, and a Tenderness in their Constitutions, are not able to bear the Pain and Indignity of Whipping, and, as the Mother rightly expresses it, could never take to their Books ; yet are well enough qualified to sign a Receipt for half a Year's Rent, to put their Name (*rightly spelt*) to a Warrant, and to read Pamphlets against *Religion* and *High-Flying* ; whereby they fill their Niches, and carry themselves through the
World

World with that Dignity which best becomes a Senator, and a *Squire*.

I could heartily wish his Excellency would be more condescending to the *Genius* of the Kingdom he governs, to the Condition of the Times, and to the Nature of the Station he fills. Yet if it be true, what I have read in old *English* Story-Books, that one *Agefilaus* (no Matter to the Bulk of my Readers whether I spell the Name right or wrong) was caught by the *Parson of the Parish*, riding on a Hobby-Horse with his Children; that *Socrates* a *Heathen* Philosopher was found dancing by himself at Fourscore; that a King called *Cæsar Augustus* (or some such Name) used to play with Boys, whereof some might possibly be Sons of *Tories*; and forget their *Christian* Names, and whether they were Poets or Generals,) often play'd at Duck and Drake with smooth Stones on a River: Now, I say, if these Facts be true, (and the Book where I found them is in Print) I cannot imagine why our most zealous Patriots may not a little indulge his Excellency, in an Infirmary which is not mortally Evil, provided he gives no publick Scandal (which is by all Means to be avoided :) I say, why he may not be indulged twice a Week to converse with one or two particular Persons, and let him and them conn over their old *exploded* Readings together, after Mornings spent in hearing and prescribing Ways and Means from and to his *most obedient* Politicians for the Welfare of the Kingdom; although the said particular Person or Persons

may not have made so publick a Declaration of their political Faith in all its Parts, as the Business of the Nation requires; still submitting my Opinion to that *happy Majority*, which I am confident is *always in the right*; by whom the *Liberty* of the Subject hath been so frequently, so strenuously, and so successfully asserted; who by their wise Councils have made *Commerce* to flourish, *Money* to abound, *Inhabitants* to increase, the *Value* of *Lands* and *Rents* to rise, and the whole Island put on a new Face of *Plenty* and *Prosperity*.

But in order to clear his Excellency more fully from this Accusation of shewing his Favours to *High-flyers*, *Tories* and *Jacobites*, it will be first Person of a *Tory* ^{Particulars} Denomination, whom his Excellency gave any Marks of his Favour, was Doctor *Thomas Sheridan*. It is to be observed, that this happened so early in his Excellency's Government, as it may be justly supposed he had not been informed of that Gentleman's Character upon so *dangerous* an Article. The Doctor being well known and distinguish'd for his Skill and Success in the Education of Youth, beyond most of his Profession for many Years past; was recommended to his Excellency on the Score of his Learning, and particularly for his Knowledge in the *Greek* Tongue, whereof it seems his Excellency is a great Admirer, although for what Reasons I could never imagine. However it is agreed on all Hands, that his Lordship was too easily prevail'd on by the Doctor's Request, or indeed rather

rather from the Bias of his own Nature, to hear a Tragedy acted in that *unknown* Language by the Doctor's Lads, which was written by some *Heathen* Author ; but whether it contained any *Tory* or *High-Church* Principles, must be left to the Consciences of the *Boys*, the *Doctor*, and his Excellency ; the only Witnesses in this Case whose Testimonies can be depended upon.

It seems, his Excellency (a Thing never to be sufficiently wonder'd at) was so pleas'd with his Entertainment, that some Time after he gave the Doctor a Church Living, to the Value almost of one Hundred Pounds a Year, and made him one of his Chaplains, from an *antiquated* Notion, that good Schoolmasters ought to be encouraged in every Nation professing Civility and Religion. Yet his Excellency did not venture to make this bold Step without strong Recommendations from Persons of undoubted Principles *fitted to the Times* ; who thought themselves bound in Justice, Honour and Gratitude, to do the Doctor a good Office in Return for the Care he had taken of their Children, or those of their Friends. Yet the Catastrophe was terrible ; for the Doctor in the Height of his Felicity and Gratitude, going down to take Possession of his Parish, and furnished with a few led Sermons, whereof, as it is to be supposed, the Number was very small, having never served a Cure in the Church ; he stopp'd at *Cork* to attend on his Bishop, and going to Church on the *Sunday* following, was, according to the usual Civility of Country Cler-

gymen, invited by the Minister of the Parish to supply the Pulpit. It happened to be the first of *August*; and the first of *August* happened that Year to light upon a *Sunday*: And it happened, that the Doctor's Text was in these Words; *Sufficient unto the Day is the Evil thereof*. And lastly, it happened, that some one Person of the Congregation, whose Loyalty made him watchful upon every Appearance of Danger to his Majesty's Person and Government, when Service was over, gave the Alarm. Notice was immediately sent up to Town, and by the Zeal of one Man, of no large Dimensions of Body or Mind, such a Clamour was raised, that we in *Dublin* could apprehend no less than an Invasion by the *Pretender*, who must be landed in the South. The Result was, that the Doctor must be struck out of the Chaplains List, and appear no more at the Castle. Yet, whether he were then, or be at this Day a *Whig* or a *Tory*, I think is a Secret; only it is manifest, that he is a zealous *Hanoverian*, at least in Poetry, and a great Adorer of the present Royal Family thro' all its Branches; his Friends likewise assert, that he had preached this same Sermon often, under the same Text; that not having observed the Words 'till he was in the Pulpit, and had opened his Notes, as he is a Person a little abstracted, he wanted Presence of Mind to change them: And that in the whole Sermon there was not a Syllable relating to Government or Party, or to the Subject of the Day.

In

In this Incident there seems to have been an Union of Events that will probably never happen again to the End of the World, or at least, like the grand Conjunction in the Heavens, which, I think, they say can arrive but once in twenty Thousand Years.

The second Gentleman (if I am right in my Chronology) who under the Suspicion of a *Tory* received some Favour from his Excellency, is Mr. *James Stopford*, very strongly recommended by the most eminent *Whig* in *England*, on the Account of his Learning and Virtue, and other Accomplishments: He had pass'd the greatest Part of his Youth in close Study, or in travelling; and was either not at home, or not at Leisure to trouble his Thoughts about Party, which I allow to be a great Omission; tho' I cannot honestly place him in the List of *Tories*, and therefore think his Excellency may be fairly acquitted for making him Vicar of *Finglass*, worth about one Hundred and fifty Pounds a Year.

The third is Doctor *Patrick Delany*, this Divine lies under some Disadvantage; having in his Youth received many Civilities from a certain Person † then in a very high Station here, for which Reason I doubt the Doctor never *drunk his Confusion* since; and what makes the Matter desperate, it is now too late; unless our Inquisitors will be content with drinking *Confusion* to his *Memory*. The aforesaid emi-

† Sir Constantine Phipps, Lord Chancellor of Ireland when *Queen Anne* died.

nent Person who was a Judge of all Merit but *Party*, distinguished the Doctor among other Juniors in our University, for his Learning, Virtue, Discretion, and good Sense; but the Doctor was then in too good a Situation at his College to hope or endeavour at a better Establishment from one who had no Power to give it him.

Upon the present Lord Lieutenant's coming over, the Doctor was named to his Excellency by a Friend, among other Clergymen of Distinction, as Persons whose Characters it was proper his Excellency should know: And by the Truth of which the Giver would be content to stand or fall in his Excellency's Opinion; since not one of those Persons were in particular Friendship with the Gentlemen who gave in their Names. By this and some other Incidents, particularly the Recommendation of the late Archbishop of *Dublin*, the Doctor became known to his Excellency, whose fatal Turn of Mind towards *heathenish* and *outlandish* Books and Languages, finding, as I conceive, a like Disposition in the Doctor, was the Cause of his becoming so domestick as we are told he is, at the Castle of *Dublin*.

Three or four Years ago, the Doctor, grown weary of an Academick Life, for some Reasons best known to the Managers of the Discipline in that learned Society (which it may not be for their Honour to mention) resolved to leave it, although by the Benefit of his Pupils, and his Senior-fellowship with all its Perquisites, he received every Year between nine Hundred and a Thousand Pounds. And a small North-
ern

ern Living, in the University's Donation, of somewhat better than a hundred Pounds a Year, falling at the same Time with the Chancellorship of *Christ-Church* to about equal Value, in the Gift of his Excellency, the Doctor ventured into the World in a very scanty Condition, having squander'd away all his annual Income in a manner, which although perhaps proper enough for a Clergyman without a Family, will not be for the Advantage of his Character to discover either on the *Exchange*, or at a Banker's Shop.

About two Months ago, his Excellency gave the Doctor a Prebend in *St. Patrick's Cathedral*, which being of near the same Value with either of the two former will add a third Part to his Revenues, after he shall have paid the great Incumbrances upon it; so that he may now be said to possess of Church Preferments, in scattered Tythes, three hundred Pounds a Year, instead of the like Sum of infallible Rents from a senior Fellowship with the Offices annexed; besides the Advantage of a free Lodging, and some other Easements. But since the Doctor hath not in any of his Writings, his Sermons, his Actions, his Discourse, or his Company, discovered one single Principle of either *Whig* or *Tory*; and that the Lord Lieutenant still continues to admit him, I shall boldly pronounce him *one of us*; but like a new *Free-Mason*, who hath not yet learned all the Dialect of the Mystery. Neither can he justly be accused of any *Tory* Doctrines, except perhaps some among those few, with which that
wicked

wicked Party was charged during the Height of their Power, but have been since transferred for the most *solid Reasons* to the *whole Body* of our firmest Friends. I have now done with the Clergy, and upon the strictest Examination, have not been able to find above one of that Order, against whom any *Party-Suspicion* can lie, which is the unfortunate Gentleman Dr. *Sheridan*, who by mere Chance-medly shot his own Fortune dead with a single Text.

As to the Laity, I can hear of but one Person of the *Tory Stamp*, who since the Beginning of his Excellency's Government, did ever receive any solid Mark of his Favour, I mean Sir *Arthur Acheson*, reported to be an acknowledged *Tory*, and, what is almost as bad, a *Scholar* into the Bargain. It is whisper'd about as a certain Truth, that this Gentleman is to have a Grant of a certain Barrack upon his Estate within two Miles of his own House, for which the Crown is to be his Tenant, at the Rent of sixty Pounds *per Annum*; he being only at the Expence of about *five hundred Pounds*, to put the House in Repair, build Stables, and other Neccessaries. I will place this *invidious* Mark of Beneficence, conferred on a *Tory* in a fair Light, by computing the Costs and necessary Defalcations; after which it may be seen how much Sir *Arthur* will be annually a clear Gainer by the Publick, notwithstanding his *unfortunate* Principles, and his Knowledge in *Greek and Latin*.

the Lord Lieutenant.

159

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
For Repairs, &c. 500 <i>l.</i> the Interest whereof, <i>per Ann.</i> — } 30 0 0			
For all Manner of Poultry to furnish the Troopers, but which the said Troopers must be at the Labour of catching, valued <i>per Ann.</i> — — — } 5 0 0			
For straggling Sheep — — — 8 0 0			
For Game destroyed five Miles round 6 0 0			
	49	0	0
Rent paid to Sir <i>Arthur</i> — — — 60 0 0			
	49	0	0
Deduct — — — 49 0 0			
Remains clear 11 0 0			

Thus, if Sir *Arthur Acheson* shall have the good Fortune to obtain a Grant of this Barrack, he will receive neat Profit annually from the Crown Eleven Pounds *Sterling*, to help him in entertaining the Officers, and making Provision for his younger Children.

It is true, there is another Advantage to be expected, which may fully compensate the Loss of Cattle and Poultry; by multiplying the Breed of Mankind, and particularly of good *Protestants*, in a Part of the Kingdom half depopulated by the wild Humour among the Farmers thereof leaving their Country. But I am not so skilful in *Arithmetick*, as to compute the Value.

I have

I have reckoned one *per Cent.* below the legal Interest for the Money that Sir *Arthur* must expend: And valued the Damage in the other Articles very moderately. However, I am confident he may with good Management be a *Saver* at least; which is a *prodigious Instance of Moderation* in our Friends towards a professed *Tory*, whatever Merit he may pretend by the Unwillingness he hath shewn to make his Excellency uneasy in his Administration.

Thus I have with the utmost Impartiality collected every single Favour, (further than personal Civilities) conferred by his Excellency on *Tories*, and reputed *Tories*, since his first Arrival hither, to this present 13th Day of *April*, in the Year of our Lord 1730, giving all Allowance possible to the Arguments on the other Side of the Question.

And the Account will stand thus.

Disposed of Preferments and Employments to *Tories*, or reputed *Tories*, by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant in about the Space of six Years,

To Doctor <i>Thomas Sheridan</i> in a	}	100	0	0
Rectory near <i>Kinsale</i> , <i>per Ann.</i>				
To Sir <i>Arthur Acheson</i> , Baronet,	}	11	0	0
a Barrack, <i>per Ann.</i>				
		111	0	0

Give

Give me Leave now to compute in Gross the Value of the Favours done by his Excellency to the *true Friends* of their King and Country, and of the *Protestant Religion*.

It is to be remembered, that although his Excellency cannot be properly said to bestow Bishopricks, Commands in the Army, the Place of a Judge, or Commissioner in the Revenue, and some others; yet they are, for the most Part, disposed upon his Recommendation, except where the Persons are immediately sent from *England* by their Interest at Court, for which I have allowed large Defalcations in the following Accounts. And it is remarkable that the *only* considerable Station conferred on a reputed *Tory* since his present Excellency's Government of this latter Kind.

And indeed it is but too remarkable, that in a neighbouring Nation (where that dangerous Denomination of Men is incomparably more numerous, more powerful, and of Consequence more formidable) *real Tories* can often with much less Difficulty obtain very high Favours from the Government, than their *reputed* Brethren can arrive to the lowest in ours. I observe this with all possible Submission to the Wisdom of their Policy, which, however, will not, I believe, dispute the Praise of Vigilance with ours.

WHIG

WHIG Account.

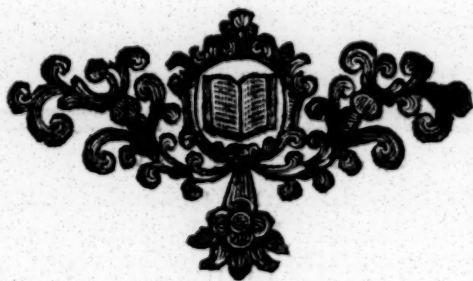
To Persons promoted to Bishop-	}	10050	0	0
ricks, or removed to more beneficial Ones, computed <i>per Ann.</i>				
To Civil Employments	—	9030	0	0
To Military Commands	—	8436	0	0
		27516	0	0

TORY Account.

To <i>Tories</i>	—	—	III	0	0
Balance	—	—	21405	0	0

I shall conclude with this Observation, That, as I think, the *Tories* have sufficient Reason to be *fully satisfied* with the Share of *Trust*, and *Power*, and *Employments* which they possess under the *Lenity* of the present Government; so, I do not find how his Excellency can be justly censured for favouring none but *High-Church*, *High-flyers*, *Termagants*, *Laudists*, *Sacheverellians*, *Tip-top-gallon-men*, *Jacobites*, *Tanti-vyes*, *Anti-Hannoverians*, *Friends to Popery* and the Pretender, and to *Arbitrary Power*, *Disobligers* of England, *Breakers* of DEPENDENCY, *Inflamers* of Quarrels between the two Nations, *Publick Incendiaries*, *Enemies*

*mies to the King and Kingdoms, Haters of
TRUE Protestants, Lawrel-men, Annists,
Complainers of the Nation's Poverty, Ormon-
dians, Iconoclasts, Anti-Glorious-Memorists,
White-rofalists, Tenth-a-Junians, and the like:*
When by a fair State of the Account, the Ba-
lance, I conceive, plainly lies on the other
Side.





A N
E S S A Y
O N T H E
Fates of CLERGYMEN.

THERE is no *Talent* so useful towards rising in the World, or which puts Men more out of the Reach of Fortune, than that Quality generally possessed by the dullest Sort of People, and is in common Speech called *Discretion*, a Species of lower Prudence, by the Assistance of which, People of the meanest Intellectuals, without any other Qualification, pass through the World in great Tranquility, and with universal good Treatment, neither giving nor taking Offence. *Courts* are seldom unprovided of Persons under this Character, on whom, if they happen to be of great Quality, most Employments, even the Greatest naturally fall, when Competitors will not agree; and in such Promotions, no Body rejoices or grieves. The Truth of this I could prove by several Instances, within my own Memory (for I say nothing of the present Times.)

And

And indeed, as Regularity and Forms are of great Use in carrying on the Business of the World, so it is very convenient, that Persons endued with this Kind of Discretion, should have that Share which is proper to their Talents in the Conduct of Affairs, but by no means to meddle in Matters which require *Genius, Learning, strong Comprehension, Quickness of Conception, Magnanimity, Generosity, Sagacity*, or any other superior Gift of human Minds. Because this Sort of *Discretion*, is usually attended with a strong Desire of Money, and few Scruples about the Way of obtaining it, with servile Flattery and Submission, with a Want of all publick Spirit or Principle, with a perpetual wrong Judgment when the Owners come into Power and high Place, how to dispose of Favour and Preferment; having no Measure for Merit and Virtue in others, but those very Steps by which themselves ascended; nor the least Intention of doing Good or Hurt to the Publick, farther than either one or t'other, is likely to be subservient to their own Security or Interest. Thus being void of all Friendship and Enmity, they never complain nor find Fault with the Times, and indeed never have Reason to do so.

Men of eminent Parts and Abilities, as well as Virtues, do sometimes rise in the *Courts*, sometimes in the *Law*, and sometimes, even in the *Church*. Such were the Lord *Bacon*, the Earl of *Strafford*, Archbishop *Laud* in the Reign of King *Charles I.* and others in our own Times, whom I shall not name; but these, and many

many more, under different Princes, and in different Kingdoms, were *Disgraced* or *Banished*, or *suffered Death*, merely in Envy to their Virtues and superior *Genius*, which emboldened them in great Exigencies and Distresses of State (wanting a reasonable Infusion of this Alder-mansly Discretion) to attempt the Service of their Prince and Country out of the common Forms.

This evil Fortune, which generally attends extraordinary Men in the Management of great Affairs, hath been imputed to divers Causes, that need not be here set down, when so obvious an One occurs; if what a certain Writer observes, be true, that *when a great Genius appears in the World, the Dunces are all in Confederacy against him*. And thus although he employs his *Talents* wholly in his Closet, without interfering with any Man's Ambition or Avarice; what must he expect when he ventures out to seek for Preferment in a Court but universal Opposition when he is mounting the Ladder, and every Hand ready to turn him off, when he is at the Top? And in this Point Fortune generally acts directly contrary to Nature; for in Nature we find, that Bodies full of Life and Spirit mount easily, and are hard to fall, whereas heavy Bodies are hard to rise, and come down with greater Velocity in Proportion to their Weight; but we find Fortune every Day acting just the Reverse of this.

This Talent of *Discretion*, as I have described it in its several Adjuncts and Circumstances, is no where so serviceable as to the *Clergy*, whose Preferment nothing is so fatal as the

Character

Character of Wit, Politeness in Reading, or Manners, or that Kind of Behaviour which we contract by having too much conversed with Persons of high Stations and Eminency; these Qualifications being reckoned by the *Vulgar* of all Ranks, to be Marks of *Levity*, which is the last Crime the World will pardon in a *Clergyman*: To this I may add a free Manner of Speaking in mixt Company, and too frequent an Appearance in Places of much Resort, which are equally noxious to spiritual Promotions.

I have known indeed a few Exceptions to some Parts of these Regulations. I have seen some of the dullest Men alive aiming at Wit, and others with as little Pretensions affecting Politeness in Manners and Discourse; but never being able to persuade the World of their Guilt, they grew into considerable Stations, upon the firm Assurance which all People had of their *Discretion*, because they were a Size too low to deceive the World to their own Disadvantage. But this I confess is a Tryal too dangerous often to engage in.

There is a known Story of a *Clergyman*, who was recommended for a Preferment by some great Men at Court, to an Archbishop. His Grace said, he had heard that the *Clergyman* used to play at Whisk and Swobbers; that as to playing now and then a sober Game at Whisk for Pastime, it might be pardoned, but he could not digest those wicked Swobbers, and it was with some Pains that my Lord S—rs could undeceive him. I ask, by what Talents we may suppose that great Prelate ascended so high,

high, or what sort of Qualifications he would expect in those whom he took into his Patronage, or would probably recommend to Court for the Government of *Distant Churches*.

Two *Clergymen* in my Memory stood Candidates for a small *Free-School* in — *Shire*, where a Gentleman of Quality and Interest in the Country, who happened to have a better Understanding than his Neighbours, procured the Place for him who was the better Scholar, and more gentlemanly Person of the two, very much to the Regret of all the Parish; the other being disappointed came up to *London*, where he became the greatest Pattern of this lower *Discretion* that I have known, and possessed with as heavy Intellectuals; which together with the Coldness of his Temper, and Gravity of his Deportment, carried him safe through many Difficulties, and he lived and died in a great Station, while his Competitor is too obscure for Fame to tell us what became of him.

This Species of *Discretion*, which I so much celebrate, and do most heartily recommend, hath one Advantage not yet mentioned, that it will carry a Man safe through all the Malice and Variety of Parties, so far, that whatever Faction happens to be uppermost, his Claim is usually allowed for a Share of what is going. And the Thing seems to me highly reasonable. For in all great Changes, the prevailing Side is usually so tempestuous, that it wants the Ballast of those, whom the World calls *Moderate Men*, and I call *Men of Discretion*, whom People

Power

Power may with little Ceremony load as heavy as they please, drive them through the hardest and deepest Roads without Danger of foundring, or breaking their Backs, and will be sure to find them neither rusty nor vicious.

I will here give the Reader a short History of two *Clergymen* in *England*, the Characters of each, and the Progress of their Fortunes in the World ; by which the Force of worldly Discretion, and the bad Consequences from the Want of that Virtue will strongly appear.

Corusodes, an *Oxford* Student, and a Farmer's Son, was never absent from Prayers or Lecture, nor once out of his *College* after *Tom* had toll'd. He spent every Day ten Hours in his Closet, in reading his Courses, Dozing, clipping Papers, or darning his Stockings, which last he performed to Admiration. He could be soberly drunk at the Expence of others, with *College* Ale, and at those Seasons was always most devout. He wore the same Gown five Years, without dragling or tearing. He never once look'd into a Play-book or a Poem. He read *Virgil* and *Ramus* in the same Cadence, but with a very different Taste. He never understood a Jest, or had the least Conception of Wit.

For one Saying, he stands in Renown to this Day. Being with some other Students over a Pot of Ale, one of the Company said so many pleasant Things, that the rest were much diverted, only *Corusodes* was silent and unmoved. When they parted, he called this merry Companion

H

panion

panion aside, and said, *Sir, I perceive by your often speaking, and our Friends laughing, that you spoke many Jests, and you could not but observe my Silence. But, Sir, this is my Humour, I never make a Jest myself, nor ever laugh at another Man's.*

Corusodes thus endowed got into Holy Orders, having by the most extreme Parsimony saved thirty four Pounds out of a very beggarly Fellowship, went up to *London*, where his Sister was waiting Woman to a Lady; and so good a Solicitor, that by her Means he was admitted to read Prayers in the Family twice a Day, at fourteen Shillings a Month. He had now acquired a low, obsequious, awkward Bow, and a Talent of gross Flattery, both in and out of Season; he would shake the Butler by the Hand; he taught the Page his *Catechism*, and was sometimes admitted to dine at the Steward's Table. In short, he got the good Word of the whole Family, and was recommended by my Lady for Chaplain to some other Noble House, by which his Revenue (beside Vales) amounted to about thirty Pounds a Year. His Sister procured him a Scarf from my Lord (who had a small Design of Gallantry upon her;) and by his Lordship's Solicitation he got a Lectureship in Town of sixty Pounds a Year; where he preached constantly in Person, in a grave Manner, with an audible Voice, a Style Ecclesiastick, and the Matter (such as it was) well suited to the Intellectuals of his Hearers. Some time after a Country Living fell in my Lord's Disposal, and his Lordship, who had
now

now some Encouragement given him of Success in his Amour, bestow'd the Living on *Corusodes*, who still kept his Lectureship and Residence in Town, where he was a constant Attendant at all Meetings relating to Charity, without ever contributing further than his frequent pious Exhortations. If any Women of better Fashion in the Parish happened to be absent from Church, they were sure of a Visit from him in a Day or two, to chide and to dine with them.

He had a select Number of Poor, constantly attending at the Street Door of his Lodgings, for whom he was a common Solicitor to his former Patroness, dropping in his own Half-Crown among the Collections, and taking it out when he disposed of the Money. At a Person of Quality's House, he would never sit down 'till he was thrice bid, and then upon the Corner of the most distant Chair. His whole Demeanor was formal and starched, which adhered so close, that he could never shake it off in his highest Promotion.

His Lord was now in high Employment at Court, and attended by him with the most abject Assiduity, and his Sister being gone off with Child to a private Lodging, my Lord continued his Graces to *Corusodes*, got him to be a Chaplain in Ordinary, and in due Time a Parish in Town, and a *Dignity in the Church*.

He paid his *Curates* punctually, at the lowest Salary, and partly out of the Communion-Money; but gave them good Advice in Abundance. He married a Citizen's Widow, who

taught him to put out small Sums at *Ten per Cent.* and brought him acquainted with Jobbers in *'Change-Alley*. By her Dexterity, he sold the Clerkship of his Parish, when it became vacant.

He kept a miserable House, but the Blame was laid wholly upon *Madam*; for the good Doctor was always at his *Books*, or visiting the Sick, or doing other Offices of Charity and Piety in his Parish.

He treated all his Inferiors of the Clergy with a most sanctified Pride; was rigorously and universally censorious upon all his Brethren of the Gown, on their first Appearance in the World, or while they continued meanly preferred; but gave large Allowance to the Laity of high Rank, or great Riches, using neither Eyes nor Ears for their Faults: He was never sensible of the least Corruption in *Courts*, *Parliaments* or *Ministries*, but made the most favourable Constructions of all publick Proceedings; and Power, in whatever Hands, or whatever Party, was always secure of his most charitable Opinion. He had many wholesome Maxims ready to excuse all Miscarriages of State; *Men are but Men*; *Erunt vitia donec homines*; and *Quod supra nos, nil ad nos*; with several others of equal Weight.

It would lengthen my Paper beyond Measure to trace out the whole System of his Conduct; his dreadful Apprehensions of *Pesery*; his great Moderation towards Dissenters of all Denominations; with hearty Wishes, that by yielding somewhat on both Sides, there might be

be a general Union among Protestants; his short, inoffensive Sermons in his Turns at Court, and the Matter exactly suited to the present Juncture of prevailing Opinions. The Arts he used to obtain a Mitre, by writing against Episcopacy, and the Proofs he gave of his Loyalty, by palliating or defending the Murder of a martyr'd Prince.

Endowed with all these Accomplishments, we leave him in the full Career of Success, mounting fast towards the Top of the Ladder Ecclesiastical, which he hath a fair Probability to reach, without the Merit of one single Virtue, moderately stocked with the least valuable Parts of Erudition, utterly devoid of all *Taste*, *Judgment*, or *Genius*, and in his Grandeur naturally chusing to hawl up others after him, whose Accomplishments most resemble his own, except his beloved Sons, Nephews, or other Kindred, be not in Competition; or lastly, except his Inclinations be diverted by those who have Power to mortify or further advance him.

Eugenio set out from the same University, and about the same Time with *Corusodes*; he had the Reputation of an arch Lad at School, and was unfortunately possessed with a *Talent* for *Poetry*, on which Account he received many chiding Letters from his Father, and grave Advice from his Tutor. He did not neglect his College Learning, but his chief Study was the Authors of Antiquity, with a perfect Knowledge in the *Greek* and *Roman Tongues*. He could never procure himself to be chosen Fellow; for it was objected against him, that he

had written Verses, and particularly some, wherein he glanced at a certain Reverend Doctor, famous for Dulness; That he had been seen bowing to Ladies as he met them in the Streets; and it was proved, that once he had been found dancing in a private Family with half a dozen of both Sexes.

He was the younger Son to a Gentleman of a good Birth, but small Fortune, and his Father dying, he was driven to *London*, to seek his Fortune: He got into Orders, and became Reader in a Parish-Church at twenty Pounds a Year, was carried by an *Oxford* Friend to *Will's Coffee-House*, frequented in those Days by Men of Wit, where, in some Time, he had the bad Luck to be distinguished. His scanty Salary compelled him to run deep in Debt for a new Gown and Cassock, and now and then forced him to write some Paper of Wit or Humour, or preach a Sermon for ten Shillings, to supply his Necessities. He was a thousand Times recommended by his Poetical Friends to great Persons, as a young Man of excellent Parts, who deserved Encouragement, and received a thousand Promises; but his Modesty, and a generous Spirit, which disdained the Slavery of continual Application and Attendance, always disappointed him, making room for vigilant Dunces, who were sure to be never out of Sight.

He had an excellent Faculty in preaching, if he were not sometimes a little too refined, and apt to trust too much to his own Way of thinking and reasoning.

When

When upon the Vacancy of Preferment he was hardly drawn to attend upon some promising Lord, he received the usual Answer, that he came too late, for it had been given to another the very Day before. And he had only this Comfort left, that every Body said, it was a thousand Pities, something could not be done for poor Mr. *Eugenio*.

The Remainder of his Story will be dispatched in a few Words: Wearied with weak Hopes, and weaker Pursuits, he accepted a Curacy in *Derbyshire*, of thirty Pounds a Year, and when he was five and forty, had the great Felicity to be preferred by a Friend of his Father's, to a Vicaridge worth annually sixty Pound, in the most desert Parts of *Lincolnshire*, where, his Spirit quite sunk with those Reflections that Solitude and Disappointments bring, he married a Farmer's Widow, and is still alive, utterly undistinguished and forgotten, only some of the Neighbours have accidentally heard, *that he had been a notable Man in his Youth.*





A N
E S S A Y
O N

Modern Education.

FROM frequently reflecting upon the Course and Method of educating Youth in this and a neighbouring Kingdom, with the general Success and Consequence thereof, I am come to this Determination, That Education is always the *worse* in Proportion to the *Wealth* and *Grandeur* of the Parents ; nor do I doubt in the least, that if the whole World were now under the Dominion of *one Monarch* (provided I might be allowed to chuse *where* he should fix the Seat of his Empire) the only Son and Heir of that Monarch, would be the worst educated Mortal, that ever was born since the Creation ; and I doubt, the same Proportion will hold through all Degrees and Titles, from an Emperor downwards, to the common Gentry.

I do not say, that this hath been always the Case ; for in better Times it was directly otherwise, and a Scholar may fill half his *Greek* and
Roman

Roman Shelves with Authors of the noblest Birth, as well as highest Virtue: Nor, do I tax all Nations at present with this Defect, for I know there are some to be excepted, and particularly *Scotland*, under all the Disadvantages of its Climate and Soil, if that Happiness be not rather owing even to those very Disadvantages. What is then to be done, if this Reflection must fix on two Countries, which will be most ready to take Offence, and which of all others it will be least prudent or safe to offend?

But there is one Circumstance yet more dangerous and lamentable: For if, according to the *Postulatum* already laid down, the higher Quality any Youth is of, he is in greater Likelihood to be worse educated; it behoves me to dread, and keep far from the Verge of *Scandalum Magnatum*.

Retracting therefore that hazardous *Postulatum*, I shall venture no further at present than to say, that perhaps some additional Care in educating the Sons of Nobility and principal Gentry, might not be ill employed. If this be not delivered with Softness enough, I must for the future be silent.

In the mean Time, let me ask only two Questions, which relate to *England*. I ask first, how it comes about, that for above sixty Years past, the chief Conduct of Affairs hath been generally placed in the Hands of *New-men*, with very few Exceptions? The Noblest Blood of *England* having been shed in the grand Rebellion, many great Families became extinct, or supported only by Minors. When the King

was restored, very few of those Lords remained, who began, or at least had improved their Education, under the happy Reign of King *James*, or King *Charles I.* of which Lords the two principal were the Marquis of *Ormond*, and the Earl of *Southampton*. The Minors have, or had, during the Rebellion and Usurpation, either received too much Tincture of bad Principles from those fanatick Times, or coming to Age at the Restoration, fell into the Vices of that dissolute Reign.

I date from this *Æra*, the corrupt Method of Education among us, and the Consequence thereof, in the Necessity the Crown lay under of introducing *New-men* into the chief Conduct of publick Affairs, or to the Office of what we now call Prime Ministers, Men of Art, Knowledge, Application and Insinuation, merely for Want of a Supply among the Nobility. They were generally (though not always) of good Birth, sometimes younger Brothers, at other Times such, who, although inheriting good Estates, yet happened to be well educated, and provided with Learning; such under that King, were *Hyde*, *Bridgeman*, *Clifford*, *Osborn*, *Godolphin*, *Askley-Cooper*: Few or none under the short Reign of King *James II.* Under King *William*; *Sommers*, *Mountague*, *Churchil*, *Vernon*, *Boyle*, and many others: Under the Queen; *Harley*, *St. John*, *Harcourt*, *Trevelor*, who indeed were Persons of the best private Families, but unadorn'd with Titles. So in the following Reign, Mr. *Robert Walpole*, was for many Years Prime Minister, in which
Post

Post he still happily continues : His Brother *Horace* is Ambassador Extraordinary to *France*. Mr. *Addison* and Mr. *Craggs*, without the least Allowance to support them, have been Secretaries of State.

If the Facts have been thus for above sixty Years past (whereof I could with a little further Recollection produce many more Instances) I would ask again, how it hath happened, that in a Nation plentifully abounding with Nobility, so great Share in the most competent Parts of publick Management, hath been for so long a Period chiefly entrusted to Commoners, unless some Omissions or Defects of the highest Import, may be charged upon those, to whom the Care of educating our Noble Youth had been committed ? For, if there be any Difference between human Creatures in the Point of natural Parts, as we usually call them, it should seem, that the Advantage lies on the Side of Children, born from noble and wealthy Parents ; the same traditional Sloth and Luxury which render their Body weak and effeminate, perhaps refining and giving a freer Motion to the Spirits, beyond what can be expected from the gross, robust Issue of meaner Mortals. Add to this, the peculiar Advantages, which all young Noblemen possess, by the Privileges of their Birth. Such as a free Access to Courts, and a universal Deference paid to their Persons.

But as my Lord *Bacon* chargeth it for a Fault on Princes, that they are impatient to compass *Ends*, without giving themselves the Trouble of consulting or executing the *Means* :

So, perhaps, it may be the Disposition of young Nobles, either from the Indulgence of Parents, Tutors and Governors, or their own Inactivity, that they expect the *Accomplishments* of a good Education, without the least Expence of *Time* or *Study*, to acquire them.

What I said last, I am ready to retract; for the Case is infinitely worse; and the very Maxims set up to direct modern Education, are enough to destroy all the Seeds of Knowledge, Honour, Wisdom and Virtue among us. The current Opinion prevails, that the Study of *Greek* and *Latin* is Loss of Time; that publick Schools, by mingling the Sons of Noblemen with those of the Vulgar, engage the former in bad Company; that Whipping breaks the Spirits of Lads well born; that Universities make young Men Pedants; that to dance, fence, speak *French*, and know how to behave yourself among great Persons of both Sexes, comprehends *the whole Duty of a Gentleman*.

I cannot but think this wise System of Education, hath been much cultivated among us by those Worthies of the Army, who during the last War, returning from *Flanders* at the Close of each Campaign, became the Dictators of Behaviour, Drels, and Politeness, to all those Youngsters, who frequent Chocolate-Coffee-Gaming-Houses, Drawing-Rooms, Opera's, Levees and Assemblies; where a Colonel by his Pay, Perquisites and Plunder, was qualified to outshine many Peers of the Realm; and by the Influence of an *exotick* Habit and Demeanor, added to other foreign Accomplishments,

gave

gave the Law to the whole Town, and was copied as the Standard-Pattern of whatever was refined in Dress, Equipage, Conversation, or Diversions.

I remember in those Times, an admired Original of that Vocation, sitting in a Coffee-house near two Gentlemen, whereof one was of the Clergy, who were engaged in some Discourse that favoured of Learning; this Officer thought fit to interpose, and professing to deliver the Sentiments of his Fraternity, as well as his own (and probably did so of too many among them) turning to the Clergy-Man, spoke in the following Manner, *D—n me, Doctor, say what you will, the Army is the only School for Gentlemen. Do you think my Lord Marlborough beat the French with Greek and Latin. D—n me, a Scholar when he comes into good Company, what is he but an Ass? D—n me, I would be glad, by G-d, to see any of your Scholars with his Nouns, and his Verbs, and his Philosophy, and Trigonometry, what a Figure he would make at a Siege or Blockade, or rencountering — D—n me, &c.* After which he proceeded with a Volley of Military Terms, less significant, sounding worse, and harder to be understood than any that were ever coined by the Commentators upon *Aristotle*. I would not here be thought to charge the Soldiery with Ignorance and Contempt of Learning, without allowing Exceptions, of which I have known many; but however, the worse Example, especially in a great Majority, will certainly prevail.

I have

I have heard, that the late Earl of *Oxford*, in the Time of his Ministry, never pass'd by *White's Chocolate-House* (the common Rendezvous of infamous Sharpers, and noble Cullies) without bestowing a Curse upon that famous Academy, as the Bane of half the *English Nobility*. I have likewise been told another Passage concerning that great Minister, which, because it gives a humorous Idea of one principal Ingredient in modern Education, take as followeth. *Le Sack*, the famous *French* Dancing-master, in great Admiration, asked a Friend, whether it were true, that Mr. *Harley* was made an Earl and Lord Treasurer? And finding it confirmed, said; *Well, I wonder what the Devil the Queen could see in him; for I attended him two Years, and he was the greatest Dunce that ever I taught.*

Another Hindrance to good Education, and I think the greatest of any, is that pernicious Custom in rich and noble Families, of entertaining *French* Tutors in their Houses. These wretched *Pedagogues* are enjoyed by the Father, to take special Care that the Boy shall be perfect in his *French*; by the Mother, that *Master* must not walk 'till he is hot, nor be suffered to play with other Boys, nor be wet in his Feet, nor daub his Cloaths, and to see the Dancing-master attends constantly, and does his Duty; she further insists, that the Child be not kept too long poring on his Book, because he is subject to sore Eyes, and of a weakly Constitution.

By these Methods, the young Gentleman is in every Article as fully accomplished at eight
Years

Years old as at eight and twenty, Age adding only to the Growth of his Person and his Vice; so that if you should look at him in his Boyhood through the magnifying End of a Perspective, and in his Manhood through the other, it would be impossible to spy any Difference; the same Airs, the same Strutt, the same Cock of his Hat, and Posture of his Sword, (as far as the Change of Fashions will allow) the same Understanding, the same Compass of Knowledge, with the very same Absurdity, Impudence and Impertinence of Tongue.

He is taught from the Nursery, that he must inherit a great Estate, and hath no need to mind his Book, which is a Lesson he never forgets to the End of his Life. His chief Solace is to steal down, and play at Span farthing with the Page, or young Black-a-moor, or little favourite Foot-Boy, one of which is his principal Confident and Bosom-Friend.

There is one young Lord in this Town, who, by an unexampled Piece of good Fortune, was miraculously snatched out of the Gulph of Ignorance, confined to a publick School for a due Term of Years, well whipped when he deserved it, clad no better than his Comrades, and always their Play-fellow on the same Foot, had no Precedence in the School, but what was given him by his Merit, and lost it whenever he was negligent. It is well known how many Mutinies were bred at this unprecedented Treatment, what Complaints among his *Relations*, and other *Great Ones* of both Sexes; that his Stockings with silver Clocks were ravish'd from him;

him ; that he wore his own Hair ; that his Dress was undistinguished ; that he was not fit to appear at a Ball or Assembly, nor suffered to go to either : And it was with the utmost Difficulty, that he became qualified for his present Removal, where he may probably be farther persecuted, and possibly with Success, if the Firmness of a very worthy Governor, and his own good Dispositions will not preserve him. I confess, I cannot but wish he may go on in the Way he began, because I have a Curiosity to know by so singular an Experiment, whether Truth, Honour, Justice, Temperance, Courage, and good Sense, acquired by a *School* and *College* Education, may not produce a very tolerable Lad, although he should happen to fail in one or two of those Accomplishments, which in the general Vogue are held so important to the finishing of a Gentleman.

It is true, I have known an Academical Education to have been exploded in publick Assemblies ; and have heard more than one or two Persons of high Rank declare, they could learn nothing more at *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, than to drink Ale and smoke Tobacco ; wherein I firmly believed them, and could have added some hundred Examples from my own Observation in one of those Universities ; but they all were of young Heirs sent thither, only for Form ; either from Schools, where they were not suffered by their careful Parents to stay above three Months in the Year ; or from under the Management of *French* Family-Tutors, who yet often attended them to their *College*,

to

to prevent all Possibility of their Improvement : But, I never yet knew any one Person of Quality, who followed his Studies at the University, and carried away his just Proportion of Learning, that was not ready upon all Occasions to celebrate and defend that Course of Education, and to prove a Patron of learned Men.

There is one Circumstance in a learned Education, which ought to have much Weight, even with those who have no Learning at all. The Books read at *School* and *Colleges*, are full of Incitements to Virtue, and Discouragements from Vice, drawn from the wisest Reasons, the strongest Motives, and the most influencing Examples. Thus, young Minds are filled early with an Inclination to Good, and an Abhorrence of Evil, both which encrease in them, according to the Advances they make in Literature ; and, although they may be, and too often are, drawn by the Temptations of Youth, and the Opportunities of a large Fortune, into some Irregularities, when they come forward into the great World, it is ever with Reluctance and Compunction of Mind, because their Byass to Virtue still continues. They may stray sometimes out of Infirmary or Compliance, but they will soon return to the right Road, and keep it always in View. I speak only of those Excesses, which are too much the Attendants of Youth and warmer Blood ; for, as to the Points of Honour, Truth, Justice, and other noble Gifts of the Mind, wherein the Temperature of the Body hath no Concern, they are seldom or ever known to be mild.

I have

I have engaged myself very unwarily in too copious a Subject for so short a Paper. The present Scope I would aim at is to prove, that some Proportion of human Knowledge appears requisite to those, who, by their Birth or Fortune, are called to the making of Laws, and in a subordinate Way to the Execution of them; and that such Knowledge is not to be obtained without a Miracle, under the frequent, corrupt, and sottish Methods, of educating those, who are born to Wealth or Titles. For, I would have it remembered, that I do by no Means confine these Remarks to young Persons of Noble Birth; the same Errors running through all Families, where there is Wealth enough to afford, that their Sons (at least the Eldest) may be good for nothing. Why should my Son be a Scholar, when it is not intended that he should live by his Learning? By this Rule, if what is commonly said be true, that Money answereth all Things, why should my Son be honest, temperate, just, or charitable, since he hath no Intention to depend upon any of these Qualities for a Maintenance?

When all is done, perhaps, upon the Whole, the Matter is not so bad as I would make it; and God, who worketh Good out of Evil, acting only by the ordinary Cause and Rule of Nature, permits this continual Circulation of human Things for his own unsearchable Ends. The Father grows rich by Avarice, Injustice, Oppression; he is a Tyrant in the Neighbourhood over Slaves and Beggars, whom he calls his Tenants. Why should he desire to have
Qualities

Qualities infused into his Son, which himself never possessed, or knew, or found the Want of in the Acquisition of his Wealth? The Son bred in Sloth and Idleness, becomes a Spendthrift, a Cully, a Profligate, and goes out of the World a Beggar, as his Father came in: Thus the former is punished for his own Sins, as well as for those of the latter. The Dung-hill having raised a huge Mushroom of short Duration, is now spread to enrich other Mens Lands. It is indeed of worse Consequence, where noble Families are gone to Decay; because their Titles and Privileges outlive their Estates: And, Politicians tell us, that nothing is more dangerous to the Publick, than a numerous Nobility without Merit or Fortune. But even here, God hath likewise prescribed some Remedy in the Order of Nature, so many great Families coming to an End by the Sloth, Luxury, and abandoned Lusts, which enervated their Breed through every Succession, producing gradually a more effeminate Race, wholly unfit for Propagation.



A L E T-



A
L E T T E R
T O T H E
I N T E L L I G E N C E R .

S I R,

IT may appear to you perhaps a Thing very unnatural to receive a Complaint from a *Son* against his *Father*; but the Treatment, which I meet with from mine, is of such a Nature, that it is impossible for me not to complain.

You must know there are three Brethren of us, *George*, *Patrick*, and *Andrew*; I am the second, but the last in Affection with my *Father*, for which I call Heaven and Earth to Witness, I never committed any Fault to incur his Displeasure, or to deserve his Neglect. But so it is, that the best of Men have often Times been misled in the Choice of their Minions, and very undiscerning in conferring their Favours where they ought.

If Parents could but once bring themselves to be impartial, it would, beyond all doubt, produce

duce a delightful Union in their Children, and be the most binding Cement, that could be thought of, to preserve their Affections; because an equal Dispensation of Favours would entirely remove all Cause of Murmuring, Repining, or Envy; and, what is of the greatest Consequence, would secure the Love and Esteem of their Children; whereas a partial Behaviour in Parents must necessarily produce the contrary.

But to state my Case, in the best Manner I can, and with an unbiaſſed Regard to Truth, I think it firſt neceſſary to give you our Characters, with an Account of my *Father's* Behaviour, that you may be the better able to give me your *Advice*.

Fiſt then, to begin with my Brother *George*. He was ever a great Lover of his Belly, and formerly uſed to cram himſelf with *Beef*, *Pudding*, and *White-Pot*; but for ſome Time paſt, he has taken more Delight in new fangled *Toſſ-ups*, and *French Keck-Shaws*. This high Feeding does naturally diſpoſe him to be haughty, ſtubborn, cholerick and rebellious, inſomuch, that beſide his Inſults towards others, he is ready upon all Occaſions to fly in his own *Father's* Face; and apt to deſpiſe every Body but himſelf.

He is ſo various in his Opinions, that he is of as many *Religions*, as there are and have been *Sects*, ſince the Beginning of *Chriſtianity*; but the *True* and *Reformed Church as by Law eſtabliſhed*, is what he chiefly frequents. He was once a great Admirer of ancient Learning, but he has long ſince quitted this, for the
Reading

Reading of *News-Papers*, *Pamphlets*, and *Modern Languages*. In his younger Years, he was fond of manly Exercises, such as *Fencing*, *Leaping*, *Boxing*, *pitching the Bar*, *Wrestling*, *Hurling*, *Foot-ball*, *Hunting*, &c. but of late he has fallen into a strange and unaccountable Effeminacy, and seems to take Delight in nothing but *Masquerades*, *Plays*, and *Italian Opera's*. He is very fond of *Italian* magnificent Buildings, although entirely inconsistent with our Climate, extravagant in the highest Degree in purchasing fine Paintings and Statues, and no less expensive in vast extensive Parks and Gardens, by which Means he has almost run out all his Fortune.

My younger Brother, *Andrew*, who has Cunning enough to outwit the *Devil*, joined with Brother *George* some Years ago, and they manage so dextrously together, that whatever they say, is a *Law* with my *Father*; however, they are not without their Quarrels now and then; but Brother *Andrew* still comes by the worst, although he is cautious enough to go always armed, for Brother *George* wears a longer Sword. Brother *Andrew* is not very nice in his Food, but loves fine Cloaths. This I suppose he has learned abroad; for he is a great Traveller. His chief Studies are *Mathematicks* and the *Civil-Law*, in both which he has made a considerable Progress. As for his Religion, although he openly professes himself a most rigid *Fanatick of the Kirk*, yet he is shrewdly suspected to have a Hankering after *Poperiy*. He has one eminent bad Quality, which

which is, that he cannot easily forgive and forget. I remember I was once so unfortunate, as to tell a fair *Lady*, (a *Mistress* of mine) before his Face, that I would stand by her against him and all her other Adversaries, which he took heinously ill, and has not forgiven me to this Hour, but lies upon the Watch to do me all the ill Offices he can.

I come now to my own Character, in which I shall not conceal nor gloss over my Vices, Errors, or Failings, but at the same Time, I shall not think it inconsistent with Modesty, to tell you my Virtues.

I have but a small Fortune, can hardly keep Soul and Body together, yet out of a Regard to my Family, which is very Ancient, I love to make what they call a Figure, upon extraordinary Occasions. And now and then I furnish my Table with Victuals and Liquors of the best Kinds, which makes my *Father* and Brother *George* think I have got the World in a String. I am kind and hospitable to Strangers, although they frequently rob my House, and turn my Children to lye in the Barn.

I am so fond of Learning, that I put them to the best School in the Kingdom, and I plainly see, they will be only the Wiser, but never the Richer for it; because my *Father* uses all his Interest for Brother *George's* Sons, and the greatest *Dunce* among them shall be better provided for, than the most Ingenious of mine. And, I must say, I have some who are equal in Learning to the best of his. I had a Design once, to follow *Merchandise*, that I might the
better

better be able to provide for my poor Children; but Brother *George* having a Mind to make a *Monopoly*, prevailed upon my *Father* to join against me; and so at last they contrived it, that I should sell nothing but a few of my *Cattle*, and some *Linnen-Cloth*, which is all the Support I have; whereas Brother *George* can sell every Thing he has, all the World over; and so cruel is he to me, that he will not let me have even a Bit of his Dirt, if he thinks it will be of any Advantage to me. My *Religion* is of three Sorts, the *Established*, *Popish*, and *Presbyterian*, but I have a greater Share of the First in me: I think it is best, because it encourages Obedience to my *Father*, more than either of the other two. It is not long, since Brother *George* and *Andrew* were in a Confederacy against my *Father*, with an Intent to turn him out of his House, and give another the Possession; at which critical Juncture, I mustered up a great Number of my Sons and Servants, to his Assistance, and, for ought I know, saved both his Life and Fortune.

Soon after this, I had like to have been ruined by a Project; for one of my Brother *George's* Family endeavoured to persuade my *Father*, that *Gold* and *Silver* were of no Use to me, and desired Leave to furnish me with a few *Counters*, in Lieu thereof; and I fear, I should have been so weak, as to accept of them, had it not been for the seasonable Remonstrances made by some of my own *House*.

These are a few of the many Hardships I have suffered; notwithstanding all which, I am
willing

willing to continue in *Passive Obedience* to my dear *Father*; for I have Reason to believe, that his Unkindness to me, is owing to ill Advisers, who have prejudiced him against me and my Children; but I hope before long he will be able to distinguish his most faithful Son. In the mean Time, I do humbly entreat the Favour of you to write a Letter to my *Father*, which he may see in Print, for I fear all my Letters to him hitherto have been intercepted.

PATRICK.

S I R,

YOU have not told me your *Father's* Name, nor his Quality, and therefore I am at a Loss in what Manner I should address him. But in common Humanity (because I think your Case deplorable) I will give you what Comfort I am able, together with my best Advice.

You are not the only Instance of *suffering Innocence*, and therefore it ought not to surprize you, that *Providence* (for Reasons unaccountable to us) has laid two great Tryals in your Way, *Oppression* from your *Brethren*, and *Unkindness* from your *Father*, this too without any Fault on your Side. If you did not meet with these Afflictions, you would want an Opportunity of shewing your Humility and Resignation, as I understand you do not by your Letter.

I

Let

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I

Let

Let me advise you to consider that your Condition is not quite so lamentable, as that of *Joseph*, who triumphed in God's own Time over all his Misfortunes and Sufferings, and at last had the Pleasure of doing Good even to his Persecutors; but indeed there is this Difference, that his Grievance was chiefly from his *Brethren*; for had his Father joined in the Cruelty, the Wounds would have pierced nearer to his Heart.

I do not in the least doubt but there are some about your Father, who do you ill Offices, (I hope some Time or other they will be detected:) You may find a convenient Opportunity of getting fairly at him. State your Case and expostulate with him concerning your own and your Childrens Sufferings. When he hears your Story, and beholds your Sincerity, you may be sure of his Compassion and a Redress; for there is no Heart so hard as not to sympathize with real Woe, no Advocate so powerful as Innocence. In the mean Time, let me conjure you not to turn aside to the Right or to the Left, from that indispensable Duty, which the express Laws of God enjoin you, for let me assure you that Ingratitude to a Parent is, no less than Rebellion, like the Sin of Witchcraft.

I commit you to his Care and Direction, who is best able to govern the unruly Affections of Men, to turn the Hearts of the Malicious, and to relieve and support those who suffer for the Sake of Righteousness.

I am your faithful Friend,

The INTELLIGENCER.

A Second



A S E C O N D
L E T T E R
T O T H E
Intelligencer.

*Quantum stagna Tagi rudibus stillantia venis
Effluxere decus! quanto pretiosa metallo
Hermi ripa micat! quantas per Lidia culta
Despumat rutilas dives Pactolus arenas.*

CLAUDIAN.

Mr. Intelligencer,

HAVING lately, with great Candour and Impartiality, perused some of your *Papers* upon the Distress and Poverty of this *Island*, which you take Care to describe in the most pathetick Manner, you must forgive me if I differ from you, and think it one of the most flourishing and wealthy Kingdoms in the whole World. And to support my Opinion, I will venture to affirm, that there never was such Affluence in ready Cash as at this present Juncture: For have we not more *Bankers* than ever were known among us? And whether the

Money circulates in *Specie* or *Paper*, it is the same Thing to us, since those who would rather have *Cash* than *Paper*, can (as is well known) have their Choice, whenever they please. It is to be presum'd that no *Banker* gives a *NOTE* before the *Money* is first laid down on his *Counter*; then of Consequence there is as much *Money* as there is *Paper*; and that we have a great deal of *Paper* is most certain, therefore a great deal of *Money*. But I will proceed farther, and prove that we have much more *Money* than *Paper*, because there are Multitudes who keep their own *Money*. This appears from the great Number of *Iron Chests* imported from *Holland* within these last *seven Years*; for what Use can they be of, but to lodge *Money*? They are at least two hundred. We will suppose that these, one with another, may contain *two thousand Pounds* a piece, then the Sum total amounts to *four hundred thousand Pounds*, which is so much superfluous and unnecessary *Cash*.

If this *Island* were not very wealthy, it is strongly to be presumed, that so many *wise* and *able* Heads, Men of great Learning and superior Talents, whose Reputations reach'd us from distant Regions long before they came among us, so well distinguished in their own *Countries* for their great Knowledge in their several Professions, and here more especially remarkable for their speaking in publick, and their profound Skill in Religion, Politicks and Law: I say that Men of such Accomplishments would never quit their own Native Soil, where so
many

many Estates are daily made, if they were not sure that this *Island* must, on account of its greater Wealth, afford them Opportunities of making larger Acquisitions than they could at home.

Have not almost all the Gentlemen thro' this *Kingdom*, for some Years past, declined all profitable *Employments*, and left them to be filled by others? Can there be a stronger Argument of their Wealth, than their chusing to live at their *Ease, out of Office*, rather than be at the small Trouble which attends the Discharge of a beneficial Employment?

Could so many estated Gentlemen thro' the North of *Ireland*, afford to keep so much of their *Lands waste and untenanted*, if they had not Money enough by them to live without Tenants; and would not the Tenants likewise be glad to take this waste Land to plow and sow, but that they have ready Money enough to buy *Bread Corn* and other Necessaries from all the World beside?

As another signal Mark of our Riches, there is scarce a Gentleman who does not educate his Sons at our UNIVERSITY (*which as the World sees, wants not its due Encouragement*) where they live at vast Expences, take Degrees, return to their Fathers, who, without ever troubling *Law or Gospel*, maintain them afterwards at Home, like Gentlemen.

Do not many of our Nobility through Wantonness and Superfluity, reside constantly in another *Kingdom*, where it is well known they make a better Figure, as to Houses, Coaches,

and *Equipages*, than their Neighbours? And do not our young *Peers*, and *Gentry*, who go thither to see the *World*, *Game*, *Race*, *Drink*, &c. beyond any in *Great-Britain*, of the same Age and Quality? Which they could not possibly do, if their Agents here had not an *undrainable Fund* to supply them. For as the *Philosopher* says, *Nemo dat quod non habet*: Or as the *Juglar* very elegantly expresses it, *Where nothing is, there nothing can come out*.

If it be true, (I know it is confidently reported) that a great Number of *English Robbers* are come over; that likewise is a very strong Argument of our Wealth; for they would never quit the *English Streets* and *Roads* for ours, unless they were sure to find an Advantage by the Change. It is most certain we never had such a Number of *Robbers* as at this very Juncture; from whence we may conclude, that they could not possibly multiply thus, if they did not find Houses and People enough to rob, for all Professions and Trades encrease according to the Encouragement they meet with.

Are not whole Streets adding every Day to our *Metropolis*, when one would think it large enough already? Some entire Streets and many Houses, I must confess, are waste and uninhabited. But does not this shew the Wealth and Wantonness of the Inhabitants, who, not content with their present Dwellings, change them for others more costly and expensive?

Do not great Numbers of our Inhabitants, daily go off to *America*? will any Man say, this can be done with empty Pockets? Can any
Man

Man think otherwise, but that it must be the Effect of vast Superfluity, when People wantonly take such long Voyages, and Journeys, to go where they have no Business.

The last Argument I shall offer for the Wealth of this Kingdom, is the great Number of *Beggars* in which it abounds; for it is a common Observation, that Riches are the Parent of Idleness, Sloth, and Luxury; and are not these naturally productive of Want and Beggary?

I could offer many more Arguments, but that I hope you and your Countrymen are sufficiently convinced, by what I have said, that *Ireland* is a Place of great Wealth, Affluence, and Plenty. Therefore let me advise you, the next Time you put Pen to Paper, not to dress up *Hibernia* in Rags and Dirt, but cloath her in *Scarlet* and *fine Linnen*; for she can very well afford them. Draw the *God* of Riches, hovering over your *Island*, shaking ten Thousand of Golden Feathers from his Wings, much more than the Inhabitants can gather. And thus will your Countrymen who have retrenched upon your last groundless Alarm, return to their former Hospitality, and we shall see *Halcyon*, that is *Irish*, Days once more.





A True and Faithful

NARRATIVE

O F

*What pass'd in LONDON during the
general Consternation of all Ranks
and Degrees of Mankind;*

*On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
and Friday last.*

ON *Tuesday* the 13th of *October*, Mr. *Whiston* held his Lecture near the *Royal Exchange*, to an Audience of Fourteen worthy Citizens, his Subscribers and constant Hearers. Besides these, there were five chance Auditors for that Night only, who had paid their Shillings a-peice. I think my self oblig'd to be very particular in this Relation, lest my Veracity should be suspected; which makes me appeal to the Men who were Present; of which number, I myself was one. Their Names are

Henry

Henry Watſon, *Haberdaſher*.
George Hancock, *Druggiſt*.
John Lewis, *Dry-Salter*.
William Jones, *Corn-Chandler*.
Henry Theobald, *Watchmaker*.
James Peters, *Draper*.
Thomas Floyer, *Silversmith*.
John Wells, *Brewer*.
Samuel Greg, *Soap-Boyle*.
William Cooley, *Fishmonger*.
James Harper, *Hofier*,
Robert Tucker, *Stationer*.
George Ford, *Ironmonger*.
Daniel Lynch, *Apothecary*.

William Bennet,	}	<i>Apprentices.</i>
David Somers,		
Charles Lock,		
Leonard Daval,		
Henry Croft,		

Mr. *Whiſton* began by acquainting us, that (contrary to his Adverſement) he thought himſelf in duty and conſcience, oblig'd to change the ſubject Matter of his intended diſcourſe. — Here he pauſ'd, and ſeem'd for a ſhort ſpace as it were loſt in Devotion and mental Prayer; after which, with great earneſtneſs and vehemence he ſpoke as follows.

“ Friends and Fellow-Citizens, all ſpeculative
“ Science is at an end; the Period of all things
“ is at Hand; on *Friday* next this World
“ ſhall be no more. Put not your confidence in
“ me Brethren, for to morrow Morning five
I 5 “ Minutes

“ Minutes after five the Truth will be Evident; in that instant the Comet shall appear, of which I have heretofore warn’d you. As ye have heard, believe. Go hence, and prepare your Wives, your Families and Friends, for the universal Change.

At this solemn and dreadful Prediction, the whole Society appear’d in the utmost Astonishment: but it would be unjust not to remember that Mr. *Whiston* himself was in so calm a Temper, as to return a Shilling a piece to the Youths who had been disappointed of their Lecture, which I thought from a Man of his Integrity a convincing Proof of his own Faith in the Prediction.

As we thought it a Duty, in Charity to warn all Men; in two or three Hours the News had spread through the City. At first indeed, our report met with but little Credit, it being by our greatest dealers in Stocks, thought only a Court-Artifice to sink them, that some choice Favourites might purchase at a lower Rate; for the *South Sea*, that very Evening fell five *per Cent.* the *India*, eleven; and all the other Funds in Proportion. But at the Court-end of the Town, our Attestations were intirely disbeliev’d or turn’d into ridicule; yet nevertheless the News spread every where, and was the subject-matter of all Conversation.

That very Night, (as I was credibly inform’d) Mr. *Whiston* was sent for to a great Lady, who is very curious in the Learned Sciences, and addicted to all the Speculative Doubts of the most able Philosophers; but he

was

was not now to be found: and since at other times, he has been known not to decline that Honour, I make no doubt he conceal'd himself to attend the great Business of his Soul: But whether it was the Lady's Faith, or Inquisitiveness, that occasion'd her to send, is a Point I shall not presume to determine. As for his being sent for to the Secretary's Office by a Messenger, it is now known to be a Matter notoriously false, and indeed at first it had little credit with me, that so Zealous and Honest a Man should be *ordered into Custody*, as a *Seditious Preacher*, who is known to be so well affected to the *present happy Establishment*.

'Twas now I reflected with exceeding trouble and sorrow, that I had disus'd Family Prayers for above five Years, and (though it hath been a Custom of late intirely neglected by Men of any Business or Station) I determin'd within myself no longer to omit so reasonable and religious a Duty. I acquainted my Wife with my Intentions: But two or three Neighbours having been engaged to Sup with us that Night, and many Hours being unwarily spent at Cards, I was prevail'd upon by her, to put it off till the next Day; she reasoning, that it would be time enough to take off the Servants from their Business (which this practice must infallibly occasion for an Hour or two every Day) after the *Comet* had made its appearance.

Zachary Bowen, a Quaker, and my next Neighbour, had no sooner heard of the Prophecy but he made me a Visit. I informed

him of every thing I had heard, but found him quite obstinate in his unbelieve; for, said he, be comforted, Friend, thy tidings are Impossibilities, for were these things to happen, they must have been foreseen by some of our Brethren. This indeed (as in all other spiritual Cases with this set of People) was his only reason against believing me; and, as he was fully persuaded that the Prediction was erroneous, he in a very neighbourly Manner admonished me against *selling my Stock*, at the present low Price; which, he said, beyond dispute must have a Rise before *Monday*, when this unreasonable Consternation should be over.

But on WEDNESDAY Morning (I believe to the exact Calculation of Mr. *Whiston*) the *Comet* appear'd: For at three Minutes after five by my own Watch, I saw it. He indeed, foretold that it would be seen at five Minutes after Five, but as the best Watches may be a Minute or two too slow, I am apt to think his Calculation just to a Minute.

In less than a quarter of an Hour, all *Cheapside* was crouded with a vast concourse of People, and notwithstanding it was so early, 'tis thought that through all that part of the Town, there was not Man, Woman or Child, except the Sick, or Infirm, left in their Beds. From my own Balcony, I am confident, I saw several 'Thousands in the Street, and counted at least seventeen who were upon their Knees, and seem'd in actual Devotion. Eleven of them indeed appear'd to be old Women of about fourscore; The Six others, were Men in an
advanc'd

advanc'd Life, but (as I could guess) two of them might be under Seventy.

It is highly probable, that an event of this Nature, may be pass'd over by the greater Historians of our Times, as conducing very little or nothing to the unravelling and laying open the deep Schemes of Politicians and Mysteries of State; for which reason, I thought it might not be unacceptable to record the Facts, which in the Space of three Days came to my Knowledge, either as an Eye-witness, or from unquestionable Authorities; nor can I think this Narrative will be intirely without its Use, as it may enable us to form a more just Idea of our Countrymen in general, particularly in regard to their Faith, Religion, Morals and Politicks.

Before WEDNESDAY Noon, the Belief was universal that the Day of Judgment was at Hand, insomuch, that a Waterman of my acquaintance told me he counted no less than one hundred and twenty three Clergymen, who had been ferry'd over to *Lambeth* before twelve a-Clock: these, 'tis said, went thither, to Petition, that a *short Prayer* might be *Penn'd* and *Order'd*, there being none in the Service upon that occasion. But as in things of this Nature, it is necessary that the *Council* be consulted, their request was not immediately comply'd with; and this I affirm to be the true and only Reason that the Churches were not that Morning so well attended; and is in no ways to be imputed to the Fears and Consternation of the Clergy, with which the Free-thinkers

thinkers have since very unjustly reproach'd them.

My Wife and I went to Church (where we had not been for many Years on a Week-day) and, with a very large Congregation, were disappointed of the Service. But (what will be scarce credible) by the carelessness of a 'Prentice, in our absence, we had a Piece of fine *Cambric* carried off by a Shop lifter, so little impression was yet made on the minds of those wicked Women!

I cannot omit the care of a particular *Director of the Bank*; I hope the worthy and wealthy Knight will forgive me that I endeavour to do him Justice; for it was unquestionably owing to Sir G — H — 's sagacity that all the *Fire-Offices* were requir'd to have a particular Eye upon the *Bank of England*. Let it be recorded to his Praise that in the general hurry, this struck him as his nearest and tenderest concern; but the next day in the Evening, after having taken due care of all his Books, Bills and Bonds, I was inform'd, his mind was wholly turn'd upon Spiritual Matters; yet, ever and anon, he could not help expressing his resentment against the *Tories* and *Jacobites*, to whom he imputed that sudden *Run upon the Bank* which happen'd on this occasion.

A Great Man (whom at this time it may not be prudent to name) employ'd all the *Wednesday* Morning, to make up such an Account as might appear fair, in case he should be call'd upon to produce it on the *Friday*; but was forced to desist, after having
for

for several Hours together attempted it, not being able to bring himself to a resolution to trust the many hundred Articles of his secret Transactions upon Paper.

Another seem'd to be very melancholy, which his flatterers imputed to his dread of losing his Power in a Day or two; but I rather take it, that his chief concern was, the Terror of being try'd in a Court that could not be influenc'd, and where a Majority of Voices could avail him nothing. It was observ'd too, that he had few Visitors that Day; this added so much to his Mortification, that he read thro' the first Chapter of the Book of *Job*, and wept over it bitterly; in short, he seem'd a true Penitent in every thing but in Charity to his Neighbour. No business was that Day done in his *Compting-House*; 'tis said too, that he was advis'd to Restitution, but I never heard that he comply'd with it any farther than in giving half a Crown a-piece to several craz'd, and starving Creditors, who attended in the outward Room.

Three of the *Maids of Honour* sent to countermand their Birth-day Cloaths; two of them burnt all their Collections of Novels and Romances, and sent to a Bookseller's in *Pall-mall* to buy each of them a Bible, and *Taylor's Holy Living and Dying*. But I must do all of them the Justice to acknowledge, that they shew'd a very decent Behaviour in the drawing-Room, and restrain'd themselves from those innocent Freedoms and little Levities so commonly incident to young Ladies of their Profession. So many Birth-day Suits were countermanded the next Day,

Day, that most of the Taylors and Mantua-makers discharg'd all their Journeymen and Women. A grave elderly Lady of great Erudition and Modesty who visits these young Ladies, seem'd to be extreemly shock'd, by the Apprehensions that She was to appear naked before the whole World; and no less so, that all Mankind was to appear naked before Her; which might so much divert her Thoughts, as to incapacitate her to give ready and apt Answers to the Interrogatories that might be made her. The Maids of Honour who had both Modesty and Curiosity, could not imagine the Sight so disagreeable as was represented; nay, one of them went so far as to say, she perfectly long'd to see it; for it could not be so indecent, when every body was to be alike: and they had a Day or two to prepare themselves, to be seen in that condition. Upon this reflection, each of them order'd a Bathing-Tub to be got ready that Evening, and a Looking-Glass to be set by it. So much are these young Ladies both by Nature and Custom addicted to cleanly appearance.

A West-Country Gentleman told me, he got a Church-Lease fill'd up that Morning for the same Sum which had been refus'd for three Years successively. I must impute this meerly to accident; for I cannot imagine that any Divine could take the advantage of his Tenant, in so unhandsome a Manner; or that the shortness of the Life was in the least his Consideration; though I have heard the same worthy
Prelate

Prelate aspers'd and malign'd since upon this very Account.

The *Term* being so near, the alarm among the *LAWYERS* was inexpressible, though some of them, I was told, were so vain as to promise themselves some advantages in making their defence, by being vers'd in the Practice of our earthly Courts. It is said too, that some of the chief Pleaders were heard to express great satisfaction, that there had been but few *State-Tryals* of late Years. Several Attornies demanded the *return of Fees* that had been given the Lawyers: but it was answered the Fee was undoubtedly charg'd to their Client, and that they could not connive at such Injustice, as to suffer it to be sunk in the Attorney's Pockets. Our sage and learned *Judges* had great consolation, insomuch as they had not pleaded at the Bar for several Years; the *Barristers* rejoiced in that they were not *Attornies*, and the Attornies felt no less satisfaction that they were not *Petti-foggers*, *Scriveners*, and other meaner Officers of the Law.

As to the *ARMY*, far be it from me to conceal the Truth. Every Soldier's behaviour was as undismayed, and undaunted, as if nothing was to happen: I impute not this to their want of Faith, but to their martial Disposition; though I cannot help thinking they commonly accompany their commands with more *Oaths* than are requisite, of which there was no remarkable diminution this Morning on the Parade in St. *James's Park*. But possibly it was by choice, and on consideration, that they continued

continued this way of Expression, not to intimidate the common Soldiers, or give occasion to suspect that even the Fear of Damnation could make any impression upon their Superior Officers. A *Duel* was fought the same Morning between two Colonels, not occasion'd, (as was reported) because the one was put over the other's Head; that being a Point which might at such a Juncture have been accommodated by the Mediation of Friends; but as this was upon the account of a Lady, 'twas judg'd it could not be put off at this Time, above all others, but demanded immediate Satisfaction. I am apt to believe, that a young Officer who desir'd his Surgeon to defer putting him into a Salivation till *Saturday*, might make this request out of some Opinion he had of the truth of the Prophecy; for the apprehensions of any danger in the Operation could not be his Motive, the Surgeon himself having assured me that he had before undergone three severe Operations of the like Nature, with great resignation and fortitude.

There was an Order issued, that the *Chaplains* of the several *Regiments* should attend their Duty; but as they were dispers'd about in several parts of *England*, it was believ'd, that most of them could not be found, or so much as heard of, till the great Day was over.

Most of the considerable *PHYSICIANS* by their outward demeanor seem'd to be Unbelievers; but at the same time, they every where insinuated, that there might be a *Pestilential Malignancy* in the *Air*, occasion'd by the Co-
met,

met, which might be arm'd against by proper and timely Medicines. This caution had but little effect; for as the time approach'd, the Christian Resignation of the People increas'd, and most of them (which was never before known) had their Souls more at Heart, than their Bodies.

If the Reverend CLERGY show'd more Concern than others, I charitably impute it to their great *charge of Souls*; and what confirm'd me in this Opinion was, that the *Degrees of Apprehension and Terror* could be distinguish'd to be greater or less, according to their *Ranks and Degrees* in the *Church*.

The like might be observ'd in all sorts of Ministers, though not of the Church of *England*; the higher their Rank, the more was their Fear.

I speak not of the COURT, for fear of offence; and I forbear inserting the *Names* of particular Persons, to avoid the imputation of Slander, so that the Reader will allow this Narrative must be deficient, and is therefore desir'd to accept hereof rather as a Sketch, than a regular circumstantial History.

I was not inform'd of any Persons who shew'd the least Joy, except three Malefactors who were to be executed the *Monday* following, and one Old Man, a constant Church goer, who being at the point of Death, express'd some satisfaction at the News.

On *Thursday* Morning there was little or nothing transacted in *Change-Alley*; there were a Multitude of Sellers, but so few Buyers, that

that one cannot affirm the Stocks bore any certain Price except among the *Jews*; who this Day, reap'd great Profit by their Infidelity. There were many who call'd themselves *Christians*, who offer'd to buy for time, but as these were People of great *Distinction*, I chuse not to mention them, because in effect it would seem to accuse them both of Avarice, and Infidelity.

The *Run* upon the *Bank* is too well known to need a particular Relation; for it never can be forgotten that no one Person whatever (except the *Directors* themselves, and some of their particular Friends and Associates) could convert a *Bill* all that Day into *Specie*; all hands being imploy'd to serve them.

In the several Churches of the City and Suburbs, there were seven Thousand two Hundred and Forty Five, who publickly and solemnly declar'd before the Congregation, that they took to Wife their several *kept Mistresses*, which was allow'd as valid Marriage, the Priests not having time to pronounce the Ceremony in Form.

At St. *Bride's* Church in *Fleetstreet*, Mr. *Woolston* (who writ against the Miracles of our Saviour) in the utmost Terrors of Conscience made a publick Recantation. Dr. *Mandeville* (who had been groundlessly reported formerly to have done the same) did it now in good earnest at St. *James's* Gate; as did also at the *Temple* Church several Gentlemen, who frequented *Coffee-Houses* near the Bar. So great was the Faith and Fear of two of them, that the

dropt Dead on the Spot ; but I will not record their Names, lest I should be thought invidiously to lay an Odium on their Families and Posterity.

Most of the *Players* who had very little Faith before, were now desirous of having as much as they could, and therefore embrac'd the *Roman Catholick Religion* ; the same thing was observ'd of some *Bawds*, and *Ladies of Pleasure*.

An *Irish Gentleman* out of pure Friendship came to make me a Visit, and advis'd me to hire a *Boat* for the ensuing Day, and told me, that unless I gave earnest for one immediately, he fear'd it might be too late ; for his Countrymen had secured almost every *Boat* upon the River, as judging that, in the *general Conflagration*, to be upon the *Water* would be the safest Place.

There were *two Lords*, and *three Commissioners*, who, out of a scruple of Conscience, very hastily threw up their *Pensions*, as imagining a Pension was only an annual *retaining Bribe*. All the other great Pensioners, I was told, had their Scruples quieted by a *Clergyman* or two of distinction, whom they happily consulted.

It was remarkable that several of our very best *Tradesmen* of the City, in common Charity, gave away Shillings and Six-pences to the *poor*, who ply'd about the Church Doors ; and at a particular Church in the City, a *Wealthy Church-warden* with his own Hands distributed Fifty twelve-penny Loaves to the *poor* by way of Restitution for the many great and

and costly Feasts, which he had eaten of at their expence.

Three great Ladies, a *Valet de Chambre*, two Lords, a Custom-House Officer, five Half-pay Captains, and a Baronet, (all noted *Gamesters*) came publickly into a Church at *Westminster*, and deposited a very considerable Sum of Money in the Minister's Hands; the Parties whom they had defrauded, being either out of Town, or not to be found. But so great is the Hardness of Heart of this Fraternity, that among either the Noble, or Vulgar *Gamesters* (though the Profession is so general) I did not hear of any other restitution of this Sort. At the same time I must observe that (in comparison of these) through all parts of the Town the Justice and Penitence of the *Highway Men*, *House-Breakers*, and common *Pick Pockets* was very remarkable.

The *Directors* of our *Publick Company* were in such dreadful apprehensions, that they would have thought a *Parliamentary Enquiry* was at hand; yet so great was their presence of Mind, that all the *Thursday* Morning was taken up in *private Transfers*, which by malicious People was thought to be done with design to conceal their Effects.

I forbear mentioning the private Confession of particular *Ladies* to their *Husbands*; for as their Children were born in Wedlock, and of consequence are Legitimate, it would be an ungrateful and unchristian Task to record them as Bastards; and particularly, after their several Husbands have so charitably forgiven them.

The Evening and Night, through the whole Town, were spent in Devotions both Publick and Private; the Churches for this one Day, were so crouded by the Nobility and Gentry, that Thousands of common People were seen praying in the publick Streets. In short, one would have thought the whole Town had been really and seriously religious. But what was very remarkable, all the different Persuasions kept by themselves, for as each thought the other would be damned, not one would join in Prayer with the other.

At length FRIDAY came, and the People cover'd all the Streets; Expecting, Watching and Praying. But as the Day wore away, their Fears first began to abate, then lessen'd every hour, at Night they were almost extinct, till the total Darkeness, that hitherto us'd to terrify, now comforted every *Free-thinker* and *Athiest*. Great numbers went together to the *Taverns*, bespoke *Suppers*, and broke up whole *Hogs-heads* for joy. The subject of all Wit and Conversation was to ridicule the Prophecy, and railly each other. All the Quality and Gentry were *perfectly asham'd*, nay, some utterly disown'd that they had manifested any Signs of Religion.

But the next Day, even the Common People, as well as their Betters, appear'd in their usual State of Indifference. They Drank, they Whor'd, they Swore, they Ly'd, they Cheated, they Plunder'd, they Gam'd, they Quarrell'd, they Murder'd. In short, the World went on in the old Channel.

I need

I need not give any Instances of what will so easily be credited, but I cannot omit relating, that Mr. *Woolston* advertis'd, in that very *Saturday's Evening-Post*, a new *Treatise* against the *Miracles* of our Saviour ; and that the few, who had given up their Pensions the Day before, solicited to have them continued ; which, as they had not been thrown up upon any Ministerial Point, I am inform'd was readily granted.





THE
JOURNAL
OF A
Modern LADY.

IT was a most unfriendly Part
In you who ought to know my Heart,
So well acquainted with my Zeal
For all the Female Common-weal :
How cou'd it come into your Mind,
To pitch on me, of all Mankind,
Against the Sex to write a Satyr,
And brand me for a Woman-Hater ?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival *Venus* to a Hair ;
Their Virtues never ceas'd to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a String,
Methinks I hear the Ladies cry,
Will he his Character belye ?
Must never our Misfortunes end ?
And have we lost our only Friend ?

A

Ah,

Ah, lovely Nymphs remove your Fears,
 No more let fall those precious Tears.
 Sooner shall, &c.

[*Here several Verses are omitted.*]

The Hound be hunted by the Hare,
 Than I turn Rebel to the Fair.

'Twas you engaged me first to write,
 Then gave the Subject out of Spite.
 The *Journal of a Modern Dame*,
 Is by my Promise what you claim ;
 My Word is past, I must submit,
 And yet perhaps you may be bit.
 I but transcribe, for not a Line
 Of all the Satyr shall be mine.
 Compell'd by you to tag in Rhimes
 The common Slanders of the Times,
 Of modern Times, the Guilt is yours,
 And me my Innocence secures :
 Unwilling Muse begin thy Lay,
 The Annals of a Female Day.

By Nature turn'd to play the Rake-well,
 (As we shall shew you in the Sequel)
 The modern Dame is wak'd by Noon,
 Some Authors say not quite so soon,
 Because, though fore against her Will,
 She sat all Night up at *Quadrill*.

She

She stretches, gapes, unglues her Eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise;
Of Head-ach, and the Spleen complains;
And then to cool her heated Brains,
Her Night-gown and her Slippers brought her,
Takes a large Dram of Citron Water.

Then to her Glass; and “*Betty*, pray

“ Don’t I look frightfully to Day ?

“ But, was it not confounded hard ?

“ Well, if I ever touch a Card :

“ Four *Mattadores*, and lose *Codil* !

“ Depend upon’t, I never will.

“ But run to *Tom*, and bid him fix

“ The Ladies here to Night by Six.”

Madam, the Goldsmith waits below,

He says, his Business is to know

If you’ll redeem the Silver Cup,

You pawn’d to him ? — First shew him up.

Your Dressing-Plate, he’ll be content

To take, for Interest *Cent. per Cent.*

And, Madam, there’s my Lady *Spade*

Hath sent this Letter by her Maid.

“ Well, I remember what she won ;

“ And hath she sent so soon to dun ?

“ Here, carry down those ten Pistoles

“ My Husband left to pay for Coals :

“ I thank my Stars, they are all light ;

“ And I may have Revenge to Night.”

Now, loit’ring o’er her Tea and Cream,

She enters on her usual Theme ;

Her last Night's ill Success repeats,
 Calls Lady *Spade* a hundred Cheats:
 She flipt Spadillo in her Breast,
 Then thought to turn it to a Jest.
 There's Mrs. *Cut* and she combine,
 And to each other give the Sign.
 Through ev'ry Game pursues her Tale,
 Like Hunters o'er their Evening Ale.

Now to another Scene give Place,
 Enter the Folks with Silks and Lace:
 Fresh Matter for a World of Chat,
 Right *Indian* this, right *Macklin* that;
 Observe this Pattern; there's a Stuff,
 I can have Customers enough.
 Dear Madam, you are grown so hard,
 This Lace is worth twelve Pounds a Yard:
 Madam, if there be Truth in Man,
 I never sold so cheap a Fan.

This Business of Importance o'er,
 And Madam almost dress'd by Four;
 The Footman, in his usual Phrase,
 Comes up with, Madam, Dinner stays;
 She answers in her usual Style,
 The Cook must keep it back a while;
 I never can have Time to Dress,
 No Woman breathing takes up less;
 I'm hurried so, it makes me sick,
 I wish the Dinner at *Old Nick*.

At Table now she acts her Part,
Has all the Dinner-Cant by Heart :
' I thought we were to Dine alone,
' My Dear, for sure if I had known
' This Company would come to Day—
' But really 'tis my Spouse's Way ;
' He's so unkind, he never sends
' To tell, when he invites his Friends :
' I wish ye may but have enough.'
And while, with all this paultry Stuff,
She sits tormenting every Guest,
Nor gives her Tongue one Moment's Rest,
In Phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern Ladies call polite ;
You see the Booby Husband sit
In Admiration at her Wit !

But let me now a while survey
Our Madam o'er her Ev'ning Tea ;
Surrounded with her Noisy Clans
Of Prudes, Coquets, and Harridans ;
When frighted at the clam'rous Crew,
Away the God of *Silence* flew,
And fair *Discretion* left the Place,
And *Modesty* with blushing Face ;
Now enters over-weening *Pride*,
And *Scandal* ever gaping wide,
Hypocrisy with Frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing Air ;

Rude *Laughter* seeming like to burst,
 And *Malice* always judging worst ;
 And *Vanity* with Pocket-Glass,
 And *Impudence* with Front of Brass ;
 And studied *Affectation* came,
 Each Limb, and Feature out of Frame ;
 While *Ignorance*, with Brain of Lead,
 Flew hov'ring o'er each Female Head.

Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
 An Hundred Tongues, as Poets use,
 When, to give ev'ry Dame her due,
 An Hundred Thousand were too few !
 Or how should I, alas ! relate,
 The Sum of all their Senseless Prate,
 Their Inuendo's, Hints, and Slanders,
 Their Meanings lewd, and double 'Entendres.
 Now comes the gen'ral Scandal-Charge,
 What some invent, the rest enlarge ;
 And, " Madam, if it be a Lye,
 " You have the Tale as cheap as I :
 " I must conceal my Author's Name,
 " But now 'tis known to common Fame.

Say, foolish Females, Old and Blind,
 Say, by what fatal Turn of Mind,
 Are you on Vices most severe,
 Wherein yourselves have greatest Share ?
 Thus every Fool herself deludes ;
 The Prudes condemn the absent Prudes ;

Mopsa,

Mopsa, who stinks her Spouse to Death,
Accuses *Chloe's* tainted Breath ;
Hircina rank with Sweat, presumes
To censure *Phillis* for Perfumes ;
While crooked *Cynthia* swearing says,
That *Florimet* wears Iron Stays :
Chloe's of every Coxcomb jealous,
Admires how Girls can talk with Fellows,
And full of Indignation frets
That Women should be such Coquets :
Iris, for Scandal most notorious,
Cries, " Lord, the World is so censorious !
And *Rufa* with her Combs of Lead,
Whispers that *Sappho's* Hair is Red :
Aura, whose Tongue you hear a Mile hence,
Talks half a Day in Praise of Silence ;
And *Silvia* full of inward Guilt,
Calls *Amoret* an arrant Jilt.

Now Voices over Voices rise ;
While each to be the loudest vies,
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single Tongue one Moment mute ;
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very Lap-Dog barking ;
Their Chattering makes a louder Din
Than Fish-Wives o'er a Cup of Gin :
Not School-boys at a Barring-out,
Rais'd ever such incessant Rout :

The Jumbling Particles of Matter
 In Chaos make not such a Clatter :
 Far less the Rabble roar and rail,
 When Drunk with four Election Ale.

Nor do they trust their Tongue alone;
 To speak a Language of their own ;
 But read a Nod, a Shrug, a Look,
 Far better than a printed Book ;
 Convey a Libel in a Frown,
 And wink a Reputation down ;
 Or by the tossing of the Fan,
 Describe the Lady and the Man.

But, see the Female Club disbands,
 Each, twenty Visits on her Hands :
 Now all alone poor Madam sits,
 In Vapours and Hyfterick Fits :
 “ And was not *Tom* this Morning sent ;
 “ I’d lay my Life he never went :
 “ Past Six, and not a living Soul !
 “ I might by this have won a Vole.”
 A dreadful Interval of Spleen !
 How shall we pass the Time between ?
 “ Here *Betty*, let me take my Drops,
 “ And feel my Pulse, I know it stops :
 “ This Head of mine, Lord, how it Swims !
 “ And such a Pain in all my Limbs !
 Dear Madam, try to take a Nap—
 But now they hear a Foot-Man’s Rap :

“ Go

" Go run, and light the Ladies up :

" I must be One before we Sup.

The Table, Cards, and Counters set,
And all the Gamester Ladies met,
Her Spleen and Fits recover'd quite,
Our Madam can sit up all Night ;
" Whoever comes I'm not within—
Quadrill's the Word, and so begin.

How can the Muse her Aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the Terms of Art ?
Or in harmonious Numbers put
The Deal, the Shuffle, and the Cut ?
All the superfluous Whims relate,
That fill a Female Gamester's Pate ?
What Agony of Soul she feels
To see a Knave's inverted Heels :
She draws up Card by Card, to find
Good Fortune peeping from behind ;
With panting Heart, and earnest Eyes,
In hope to see *Spadillo* rise ;
In vain, alas ! her Hope is fed ;
She draws an Ace, and sees it red.
In ready Counters never pays,
But pawns her Snuff Box, Rings, and Keys..
Ever with some new Fancy struck,
Tries twenty Charms to mend her Luck.
" This Morning when the *Parson* came,
" I said I should not win the Game.

" 'This odious Chair how came I stuck in't,
" I think I never had good Luck in't.
" I'm so uneasy in my Stays ;
" Your Fan, a Moment, if you please.
" Stand further Girl, or get you gone,
" I always lose when you look on.
Lord, Madam, you have lost Codill ;
I never saw you play so ill.
" Nay, Madam, give me leave to say
" 'Twas you that threw the Game away ;
" When Lady *Trickisy* play'd a Four,
" You took it with a Matadore ;
" I saw you touch your Wedding-Ring
" Before my Lady call'd a King.
" You spoke a Word began with H,
" And I know whom you mean to teach,
" Because you held the King of Hearts ;
" Fie, Madam, leave these little Arts.
That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her Chair to call the King of Clubs,
And makes her Part'ner understand
A Matadore is in her Hand.
" Madam, you have no Cause to flounce,
" I swear I saw you thrice renounce.
And truly, Madam, I know when
Instead of Five you scor'd me Ten.
Spadillo here has got a Mark,
A Child may know it in the Dark :
I Guess the Hand, it seldom fails,
I wish some Folks would pare their Nails.

While

While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
It passes but for common Form;
Most conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their Due;
It never interrupts the Game,
Or makes 'em sensible of Shame.

The Time too precious now to waste,
And Supper gobbled up in haste,
Again a-fresh to Cards they run,
As if they had but just begun.
Yet shall I not again repeat
How oft they Squabble, Snarl and Cheat:
At last they hear the Watchman knock,
A frosty Morn— Past Four a Clock.
The Chair-Men are not to be found,
“ Come, let us play the t'other Round.

Now, all in haste they huddle on
Their Hoods, their Cloaks, and get them gone;
But first, the Winner must invite
The Company to-morrow Night.

Unlucky Madam left in Tears,
(Who now again *Quadrill* forswears)
With empty Purse, and aching Head,
Steals to her sleeping Spouse to Bed.



THE
COUNTRY LIFE.

THALIA, tell in sober Days,
How *George*, *Nim*, *Dan*, *Dean*,
pass their Days.

Begin, my Muse ; First from our Bow'rs
We issue forth at diff'rent Hours ;
At seven, the *Dean* in Night-gown dress'd,
Goes round the House to wake the rest ;
At nine, grave *Nim* and *George* facetious
Go to the *Dean* to read *Lucretius* ;
At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
And kisses *George*, and ends our Lectures,
And when She has him by the Neck fast,
Hauls Him, and scolds Us down to Breakfast,
We squander there an Hour or more,
And then all Hands, Boys, to the Oar,
All, Heterostil *Dan* except,
Who neither Time, nor Order kept,
But by peculiar Whimsies drawn,
Peeps in the Ponds to look for Spawn,
O'ersees

O'ersees the Work, or *Dragon* * rows,
Or spoils a Text, or mends his Hose ;
Or——but proceed we in our Journal—
At two, or a ter, we return all.
From the four Elements assembling,
Warn'd by the Bell, all Folks come trembling ;
From airy Garrets some descend,
Some from the Lake's remotest End :
My Lord and Dean the Fire forsake,
Dan leaves the Earthly Spade and Rake :
The Loit'ers quake, no Corner hides them,
And Lady *Betty* soundly chides them.
Now Water's brought, and Dinner's done ;
With Church and King the Lady's gone :
(Not reck'ning half an Hour we pass
In talking o'er a moderate Glass.)
Dan, growing drowsy like a Thief,
Steals off to dose away his Beef,
And this must pass for reading *Hammond*—
While *George* and *Dean* go to Back-Gammon.
George, *Nim*, and *Dean* let out at four,
And then again, Boys, to the Oar.
But when the Sun goes to the Deep,
(Not to disturb him in his Sleep,
Or make a Rumbling o'er his Head,
His Candle out, and He a-bed)
We watch his Motions to a Minute,
And leave the Flood, when he goes in it.

* *My Lord's Boat.*

Now

Now stinted in the shortning Day,
 We go to Pray'rs, and then to play:
 Till Supper comes, and after that,
 We sit an Hour to drink and chat.
 'Tis late — the old and younger Pairs,
 By * *Adam* lighted, walk up Stairs.
 The weary *Dean* goes to his Chamber,
 And *Nim* and *Dan* to Garret clamber.
 So when the Circle we have run,
 The Curtain falls, and we have done.

I might have mention'd sev'ral Facts,
 Like Episodes between the Acts;
 And tell who loses, and who wins,
 Who gets a Cold, who breaks his Shins;
 How *Dan* caught nothing in his Net,
 And how the Boat was overset;
 For Brevity I have retrench'd
 How in the Lake the *Dean* was drench'd:
 It would be an Exploit to brag on,
 How valiant *George* rode o'er the *Dragon*,
 How steady in the Stern he sat,
 And sav'd his Oar, but lost his Hat:
 How *Nim* (no Hunter e'er could match him,)
 Still brings us Hares, when he can catch 'em:
 How skilfully *Dan* mends his Nets;
 How Fortune fills him when he sets.
 Or how the *Dean* delights to vex
 The Ladies, or lampoon the Sex:

* The Footman.

Or

Or how our Neighbour lifts his Nose
To tell what ev'ry School-Boy knows,
Then with his Finger on his Thumb
Explaining, strikes Opposers dumb :
Or how his Wife, that Female Pedant,
(But now there need no more be said on't)
Shews all her Secrets of House-keeping ;
For Candles how she trucks her Dripping ;
Was forc'd to send three Miles for Yest
To brew her Ale, and raise her Paste ;
Tells ev'ry Thing that you can think of,
How she cur'd *Tommy* of the Chin-cough ;
What gave her Brats and Pigs the Meazles,
And how her Doves were kill'd by Wheezles ;
How Jowler howl'd, and what a Fright
She had with Dreams the other Night.

But now, since I have gone so far on,
A Word or two of Lord Chief Baron ;
And tell how little Weight he sets
On all *Whig* Papers, and *Gazetts* ;
But for the Politicks of *Pue* *
Thinks every Syllable is true.
And since he owns the King of *Sweden*
Is dead at last, without evading,
Now all his Hopes are in the *Czar* ;
“ Why, *Muscovy* is not so far,
“ Down the Black Sea and up the Streights,
And in a Month he's at your Gates :

* A News-Writer.

Perhaps

" Perhaps from what the Packet brings
 " By *Christmas* we shall see strange Things."
 Why should I tell of Ponds and Drains,
 What Carps we met with for our Pains ;
 Of Sparrows tam'd, and Nuts innumerable
 To choak the Girls, and to consume-a-Rabble.
 But you, who are a Scholar, know
 How transient are all Things below,
 How prone to change is humane Life !
 Last Night arriv'd *Clem.* and his Wife—
 This grand Event half broke our Measures ;
 Their Reign began with cruel Seizures :
 The *Dean* must with his Quilt supply
 The Bed in which these Tyrants lie,
Niv lost his Whig Block, *Dan* his *Jordan*,
 (My Lady says she can't afford one)
George is half scar'd out of his Wits,
 For *Clem.* gets all the dainty Bits.
 Henceforth expect a diff'rent Survey,
 This House will soon turn topsy-turvy.
 They talk of further Alterations,
 Which causes many Speculations.





O N

Cutting down the OLD THORNE

A T

M A R K E T H I L L.

AT *Market Hill*, as well appears
By Chronicle of antient Date,
There stood for many a hundred Years
A spacious Thorn before the Gate.

Hither came every Village Maid,
And on the Boughs her Garland hung,
And here, beneath the spreading Shade,
Secure from Satyrs fat and sung.

* *Sir Archibald* that val'rous Knight,
The Lord of all the fruitful Plain,
Would come and listen with Delight,
For he was fond of rural Strain.

(*Sir Archibald* whose fav'rite Name
Shall stand for Ages on Record,
By *Scotish* Bards of highest Fame,
† Wife *Hawthorden* and *Sterline's* Lord.)

* *Sir Archibald Acheson*, Secretary of State for *Scotland*.

† *Drummond of Hawthorden*, and *Sir William Alexander*
E. of *Sterling*, both famous for their Poetry, who were
Friends to *Sir Archibald*.

But

But Time with Iron Teeth I ween
Has canker'd all its Branches round;
No Fruit or Blossom to be seen,
Its Head reclining tow'rs the Ground.

This aged, sickly, sapless Thorn
Which must alas no longer stand;
Behold! the cruel Dean in Scorn
Cuts down with sacrilegious Hand.

Dame Nature, when she saw the Blow,
Astonish'd gave a dreadful Shriek;
And Mother *Tellus* trembled so
She scarce recover'd in a Week.

The *Silvan* Pow'rs with Fear perplex'd
In Prudence and Compassion sent
(For none could tell whose Turn was next)
Sad Omens of the dire Event.

The Magpye, lighting on the Stock,
Stood chatt'ring with incessant Din;
And with her Beak gave many a Knock
To rouse and warn the Nymph within.

The Owl foresaw in pensive Mood
The Ruin of her antient Seat;
And fled in Haste with all her Brood
To seek a more secure Retreat.

Last trolled forth a gentle Swine
To ease her Itch against the Stump,
And dismally was heard to whine
All as she scrubb'd her meazly Rump.

The Nymph who dwells in every Tree,
(If all be true that Poets chant)
Condemn'd by Fate's supreme Decree,
Must die with her expiring Plant.

Thus, when the gentle *Spina* found
The Thorn committed to her Care,
Receive its last and deadly Wound,
She fled and vanish'd into Air.

But from the Root a dismal Groan
First issuing, struck the Murd'rer's Ears ;
And in a shrill revengeful Tone,
This Prophecy he trembling hears.

" Thou chief Contriver of my Fall,
" Relentless Dean ! to Mischief born,
" My Kindred oft' thine Hide shall gall ;
" Thy Gown and Cassock oft be torn :

" And thy confed'rate Dame, who brags
" That she condemn'd me to the Fire,
" Shall rent her Petticoats to Rags,
" And wound her Legs with ev'ry Bry'r.

" Nor

" Nor thou, Lord * *Arthur*, shalt escape :

" To thee I often call'd in vain,

" Against that *Affassin* in *Crape*,

" Yet thou could'st tamely see me slain.

" Nor, when I felt the dreadful Blow,

" Or chid the *Dean*, or pinch'd thy *Spouse*.

" Since you could see me treated so.

" An old *Retainer* to your *House*. •

" May that fell *Dean*, by whose *Command*

" Was formed this *Machi'villian* *Plot*,

" Not leave a *Thistle* on the *Land*;

" Then who will own thee for a *Scot* ?

" *Pigs* and *Fanaticks*, *Cows*, and *Teagues*

" Through all thy *Empire* I foresee,

" To tear thy *Hedges* join in *Leagues*,

" Sworn to revenge my *Thorn* and me.

" And thou, the *Wretch* ordain'd by *Fate*,

" *Neal Gabagan*, *Hibernian* *Clown*,

" With *Hatchet* blunter than thy *Pate*

" To hack my hallow'd *Timber* down ;

" When thou, suspended high in *Air*,

" Dy'st on a more ignoble *Tree*,

" (For thou shalt steal thy *Landlord's* *Mare*)

" Then bloody *Caitiff* think on me.

* *Sir Arthur Acheson*.



A

PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A Nymph and Swain, *Sheelah* and *Dermot* hight,
Who went to weed the Court of *Gosford Knight*.
While each with stubbed Knife remov'd the
Roots
That rais'd between the Stones their daily Shoots;
As at their Work they sat in counterview,
With mutual Beauty smit, their Passion grew.
Singing heavenly Muse in sweetly flowing Strain,
The soft Endearments of the Nymph and Swain.

DERMOT.

My Love to *Sheelah* is more firmly fixt
Than strongest Weeds that grow these Stones
betwixt:
My Spud these Nettles from the Stones can part,
No Knife so keen to weed thee from my Heart.

SHEELAH.

My Love for gentle *Dermot* faster grows
Than yon tall Dock that rises to thy Nose.

Cut

Cut down the Dock, 'twill sprout again but O!
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that Bry'r thy tender Leg shall rake;
(I spare the Thistle for Sir *Arthur's* sake.)
Sharp are the Stones, take thou this rusty Matt;
The hardest Bum will bruise with sitting squat.

SHEELAH.

Thy Breeches torn behind, stand gaping wide;
This Petticoat shall save thy dear Back-side;
Nor need I blush, although you feel it wet;
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but sweat.

DERMOT.

At an old stubborn Root I chanc'd to tug,
When the Dean threw me this Tobacco-plug;
A longer half-p'orth never did I see;
This, dearest *Sheelah*, thou shalt share with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the Pantry-door this Morn' I slipt,
And from the Shelf a charming Crust I whipt
Dennis was out, and I got hither safe;
And thou, my dear, shalt have the bigger half.

DERMOT

DERMOT.

When you saw *Tady* at long-bullets play,
You sat and lows'd him all the Sunshine Day.
How could you, *Sheelah*, listen to his Tales,
Or crack such Lice as his betwixt your Nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with *Oonab* stood behind a Ditch,
I peep't, and saw you kiss the dirty Bitch.
Dermot, how could you touch those nasty Sluts!
I almost wisht this Spud were in your Guts.

DERMOT.

If *Oonab* once I kiss'd, forbear to chide:
Her Aunt's my Gossip by my Father's Side:
But, if I ever touch her Lips again,
May I be doom'd for Life to weed in Rain.

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I swear, tho' *Tady's* Locks could hold
Ten thousand Lice, and ev'ry Louse was gold,
If on my Lap you never more should see;
Or may I lose my Weeding knife —— and Thee.

DERMOT.

O, could I earn for thee, my lovely Lass,
A pair of Brogues to bear thee dry to Mass!
But see, where *Norah* with the Sowins comes—
Then let us rise, and rest our weary Bums.

Mary



Mary the Cook-Maid's

LETTER

TO

Dr. SHERIDAN.

WELL; if ever I saw such another Man
since my Mother bound my Head,
You a Gentleman! marry come up, I wonder
where you were bred?

I am sure such Words does not become a Man
of your Cloth,

I would not give such Language to a Dog, faith
and troth.

Yes; you call'd my Master a Knave: Fie Mr.
Sheridan, 'tis a Shame

For a Parson, who shou'd know better Things,
to come out with such a Name.

Knave in your Teeth, Mr. *Sheridan*, 'tis both
a Shame and a Sin,

And the Dean my Master is an honefter Man
than you and all your kin:

He has more goodness in his little Finger, than
you have in your whole Body,

My Master is a parsonable Man, and not a
spindle-shank'd hoddody doddy.

My

And now whereby I find you would fain make
an Excuse,

Because my Master one Day in anger call'd you
Goose.

Which, and I am sure I have been his Servant
four Years since *October*,

And he never call'd me worse than Sweet-
heart drunk or sober :

Not that I know his Reverence was ever con-
cern'd to my knowledge,

Tho' you and your Come-rogues keep him out
so late in your Colledge.

You say you will eat Grass on his Grave: a
Christian eat Grass!

Whereby you now confess your self to be a
Goose or an Ass:

But that's as much as to say, that my Master
should die before ye,

Well, well, that's as God pleases, and I don't
believe that's a true Story,

And so say I told you so, and you may go tell
my Master; what care I?

And I don't care who knows it, 'tis all one to
Mary.

Every body knows, that I love to tell Truth
and shame the Devil,

I am but a poor Servant, but I think Gentle-
folks should be civil.

B

Besides,

Besides, you found fault with our Vittles one
Day that you was here,
I remember it was on a *Tuesday*, of all Days in
in the Year.

And *Saunders* the Man says, you are always
jesting and mocking,

Mary said he (one Day, as I was mending my
Master's Stocking,)

My Master is so fond of that Minister that keeps
the School;

I thought my Master a wise Man, but that Man
makes him a Fool.

Saunders said I, I would rather than a Quart
of Ale,

He would come into our Kitchen, and I would
pin a Dish-clout to his Tail.

And now I must go, and get *Saunders* to di-
rect this Letter,

For I write but a sad Scrawl, but my Sister
Marget she writes better.

Well, but I must run and make the Bed before
my Master comes from Pray'rs,

And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him
coming up Stairs :

Whereof I cou'd say more to your Verses, if
I cou'd write written hand,

And so I remain in a civil way, your Servant
to command

Mary.



A
DIALOGUE

Between

Mad MULLINIX and TIMOTHY.

M. **I** Own 'tis not my Bread and Butter,
But prithee *Tim*, why all this Clutter?
Why ever in these raging Fits,
Damning to Hell the *Jacobites*?

When, if you search the Kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the *Priests* and *Fryers*.

T. 'Twixt you and me, G— Damn the Lyars.

M. The *Tories* are gone ev'ry Man over
To our Illustrious House of *Hanover*;
From all their Conduct this is plain;
And then——

T. G— Damn the Lyars again.

Did not an Earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his Throat)
Our whole Accounts of publick Debts?

M. Lord, how this frothy Coxcomb frets!
aside.)

T. Did not an able Statesman-B—
 This dang'rous horrid Motion dish-up
 As *Popish* Craft? Did he not rail on't?
 Shew Fire and Faggot in the Tail on't?
 Proving the *Earl* a grand Offender,
 And in a Plot for the *Pretender*?
 Whose Fleet, 'tis all our Friends Opinion,
 Was then embarking at *Avignon*.

These brangling Jars of *Whig* and *Tory*,
 Are stale, and worn as *Troy-Town Story*.
 The Wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
 And now you find you fought for nothing.
 Your Faction, when their Game was new,
 Might want such noisy Fools as you;
 But you, when all the Show is past,
 Resolve to stand it out the last;
 Like *Martin Marral*, gaping on,
 Not minding when the Song is done.
 When all the *Bees* are gone to settle,
 You clatter still your Brazen Kettle.
 The Leaders whom you listed under,
 Have dropt their Arms, and seiz'd the Plunder,
 And when the War is past, you come
 To rattle in their Ears your Drum:
 And as that hateful hideous *Grecian*
Thersites (he was your Relation)
 Was more abhor'd and scorn'd by those
 With whom he serv'd, than by his Foes;
 So thou art grown the Detestation
 Of all thy Party through the Nation;

Thy

Thy peevish and perpetual Teazing,
With Plots, and *Jacobites*, and Treason;
Thy busy, never-meaning Face,
Thy screw'd-up Front, thy State grimace,
Thy formal Nods, important Sneers,
Thy Whisp'rings foisted in all Ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But Nonsense wrapt up in a Stink)
Have made thy Presence, in a true Sense,
To thy own Side so damn'd a Nuisance,
That when they have you in their Eye,
As if the *Devil* drove, they fly.

T. My good Friend *Mullinix*, forbear,
I vow to G— you're too severe:
If it could ever yet be known,
I took Advice, except my own,
It shou'd be yours: But, D—— my Blood,
I must pursue the publick Good:
The Faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the Memory of *Glorious*:
'Tis true, nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* Friends are grown so cold,
That scarce a Creature can be found,
To prance with me his Statue round.
The publick Safety, I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital Breath I blow,
Or from above, or from below,
I'll sputter, swagger, curse and rail,
The *Tories* Terror, Scourge, and Flail.

M. Tim, you mistake the Matter quite,
The Tories! you are their *Delight*;
And should you act a different Part,
Be grave and wise—'twould break their Heart
Why, *Tim*, you have a Taste I know,
And often see a *Puppet-show*;
Observe, the Audience is in Pain,
While *Punch* is hid behind the Scene:
But when they hear his rusty Voice,
With what Impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two Straws,
How *Solomon* decides the Cause,
Which the true Mother, which *Pretender*;
Nor listen to the Witch of *Endor*;
Shou'd *Faustus*, with the Devil behind him,
Enter the Stage, they never mind him;
If *Punch*, to spur their Fancy, shows
In at the Door his monstrous Nose,
Then sudden draws it back again;
O what a Pleasure mixt with Pain!
You ev'ry Moment think an Age,
'Till he appears upon the Stage;
And first his Bum you see him clap
Upon the Queen of *Sheba's* Lap:
The Duke of *Lorrain* drew his Sword,
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,
Revil'd all People in his Jargon,
And sold the *King of Spain* a Bargain;
St. *George* himself he plays the Wag on,
And mounts astride upon the *Dragon*;

He

He gets a thousand Thumps and Kicks,
 Yet cannot leave his roguish Tricks ;
 In every Action thrusts his Nose,
 The Reason why, no Mortal knows ;
 In doleful Scenes that break our Heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a F—t.
 There's not a Puppet made of Wood,
 But what wou'd hang him if they cou'd ;
 While teizing all, by all he's teiz'd,
 How well are the Spectators pleas'd !
 Who in the Motion have no Share,
 But purely come to hear and stare ;
 Have no Concern for *Sabra's* Sake,
 Which gets the better, Saint or Snake,
 Provided *Punch* (for there's the Jest)
 Be soundly mawl'd, and plague the rest.

Thus, *Tim*, Philosophers suppose,
The World consists of Puppet-shows ;
 Where petulant conceited Fellows
 Perform the Part of *Punchinelloes* ;
 So at this Booth which we call *Dublin*,
Tim, thou'rt the *Punch* to stir up Trouble in ;
 You wriggle, fidge, and make a Rout,
 Put all your Brother Puppets out,
 Run on in a perpetual Round,
 To teaze, perplex, disturb, confound,
 Intrude with Monkey Grin and Clatter,
 To interrupt all serious Matter,
 Are grown the Nuisance of your *Clan*,
 Who hate and scorn you to a Man ;

But then, the Lookers-on, the *Tories*,
 You still divert with merry Stories;
 They wou'd consent, that all the Crew
 Were hang'd, before they'd part with you.

But tell me, *Tim*, upon the Spot,
 By all this Coyl what hast thou got?
 If *Tories* must have all the Sport,
 I fear you'll be disgrac'd at Court.

T. Got? D—— my Blood, *I frank my
 Letters,*

Walk by my Place before my Betters,
 And simple as I now stand here,
 Expect in Time to be a P——
 Got? D——me, why I got my Will!
 Ne'er hold my Peace, and ne'er stand still:
 I f—t with twenty Ladies by;
 They call me Beast, and what care I?
 I bravely call the *Tories*, *Jacks*,
 And Sons of Whores—behind their Backs.
 But could you bring me once to think,
 That when I strut, and stare, and stink,
 Revile, and slander, fume and storm,
 Betray, make Oath, impeach, inform,
 With such a constant loyal Zeal,
 To serve my self and Common-weal,
 And fret the *Tories* Souls to Death,
 I did but lose my precious Breath,
 And when I damn my Soul to plague 'em,
 Am, as you tell me, but their May-game;
 Consume.

Consume my Vitals ! they shall know,
I am not to be treated so ;
I'd rather hang my self by half,
Then give those Rascals Cause to laugh.

But how, my Friend, can I endure,
Once so renoun'd, to live obscure ?
No little Boys and Girls to cry
There's nimble Tim a passing by.
No more my dear delightful Way tread,
Of keeping up a *Party-Hatred.*
Will none the *Tory Dogs* pursue,
When thro' the Streets I cry *Hollooe* ?
Must all my D—mee's, Bloods, and Wounds,
Pass only now for empty Sounds ?
Shall *Tory* Rascals be elected,
Although I swear them disaffected ?
And when I roar, a *Plot, a Plot,*
Will our own Party mind me not ?
So qualify'd to swear and lye,
Will they not trust me for a *Spy* ?

Dear *Mullinix*, your good Advice
I beg, you see the Case is nice :
O, were I equal in Renown,
Like thee, to please this thankless Town !
Or bless'd with such engaging Parts,
To win the truant School-Boys Hearts !
Thy Virtues meet their just Reward,
Attended by the *Sable-Guard.*
Charm'd by thy Voice the 'Prentice drops
The Snow-ball destin'd at thy Chops.

Thy graceful Steps, and Col'nel's Air,
Allure the *Cinder-picking Fair*.

M. No more — In Mark of true Affection,
I take thee under my Protection :
Thy Parts are good, 'tis not deny'd,
I wish they had been well apply'd.
But now observe my Counsel, (*viz.*)
Adapt your Habit to your Phyz ;
You must no longer thus equip ye,
As *Horace* says, *optat Ephippia* ;
(There's *Latin* too, that you may see
How much improv'd by Dr. —)
I have a Coat at home, that you-may-try,
'Tis just like this, which hangs by Geometry.
My Hat has much the nicer Air,
Your Block will fit it to a Hair :
That Wig, I would not for the World.
Have it so formal, and so curl'd,
Twill be so oily and so sleek
When I have lain in it a Week !
You'll find it well prepar'd, to take
The Figure of *Toupee* or *Snake*.
Thus dress'd alike from Top to Toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know,
When first in Publick we appear,
I'll lead the Van, keep you the Rear :
Be careful as you walk behind ;
Use all the Talents of your Mind,
Be studious well to imitate
My portly Motion, Mein and Gate ;

Mark

Mark my Address, and learn my Stile,
When to look scornful, when to smile,
Nor sputter out your Oaths so fast,
But keep your Swearing to the last.
Then at your Leisure we'll be witty,
And in the Streets divert the City :
The Ladies from the Windows gaping,
The Children all our Motions aping.
Your Conversation to refine,
I'll take you to some Friends of mine,
Choice Spirits, who employ their Parts,
To mend the World by useful Arts ;
Some cleansing hollow Tubes, to spy
Direct the Zenith of the Sky ;
Some have the City in their Care,
From noxious Steams to purge the Air ;
Some teach us in these dang'rous Days,
How to walk upright in our Ways ;
Some, whose reforming Hands engage,
To lash the Lewdness of the Age ;
Some for the publick Service go,
Perpetual Envoys to and fro ;
Whose able Heads support the Weight
Of twenty M——rs of State :
We scorn, for Want of Talk, to jabber
Of Parties o'er our *Bonny-Clabber* ;
Nor are we studious to enquire,
Who votes for Manours, who for Hire ;
Our Care is to improve the Mind,
With what concerns all human Kind ;

The various Scenes of mortal Life,
 Who beats her Husband, who his Wife;
 Or how the Bully at a Stroke
 Knock'd down the Boy, the Lanthorn broke;
 One tells the Rise of Cheese and Oatmeal,
 Another when he got a hot Meal;
 One gives Advice in Proverbs old,
 Instructs us how to tame a Scold;
 Or how by *Almanacks* 'tis clear,
 That Herrings will be cheap this Year.

T. Dear *Mullinix*, I now lament
 My precious Time so long mispent,
 By Nature meant for nobler Ends,
 O, introduce me to your Friends!
 For whom, by Birth, I was design'd,
 'Till Politicks debas'd my Mind:
 I give my self intire to you,
 G—d—the *Whigs* and *Tories* too.





EPITAPH.

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRA—S CH—IS,
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY
and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,
PERSISTED,
In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES
In the Practise of EVERY HUMANE VICE;
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY.
His Insatiable AVARICE exempted him from
the first,
His Matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.
Nor was he more singular in the un-deviating
Pravity of his Manners, than successful in
Accumulating WEALTH.

For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLICK MONEY,
And without BRIBE WORTHY SERVICE,
He acquired, or more properly Created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only Person of his Time,
 Who cou'd CHEAT without the Mask of
 HONESTY,
 Retain his Primæval MEANNESS when pos-
 sess'd of
 TEN THOUSAND a Year,
 And having daily deserv'd the GIBBET for
 what he *did*,
 Was at last condemn'd to it for what he *could*
 not *do*.

Oh Indignant Reader!
 Think not his Life Useless to Mankind!
 PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable
 Designs,
 To give to After AGES a conspicuous PROOF
 and EXAMPLE
 Of how small Estimation is EXORBITANT
 WEALTH in the Sight of GOD, by his be-
 stowing it on the most UNWORTHY of ALL
 MORTALS.

*Joannes jacet hic Mirandula——cætera norunt
 Et Tagus & Ganges—forsan & Antipodes.*

Apply'd to F. C.

Here *Francis Ch—s* lies— Be civil!
 The rest God knows — perhaps the
 Devil.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

P*eter* complains, that God has given
 To his poor Babe a Life so short:
 Consider *Peter*, he's in Heaven;
 'Tis good to have a Friend at Court.

Another.

YOU beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will
 come:
 Knock as you please, there's no body at home.

EPITAPH [*of By-Words.*]

HERE lies a round Woman, who thought
mighty odd
 Every Word she e'er heard in this Church
 about God.
 To convince her of *God* the good Dean did
 endeavour,
 But still in her Heart she held *Nature* more
clever.

Tho'

Tho' he talk'd much of Virtue, her Head al-
ways run
Upon something or other, she found better *Fun*.
For the Dame, by her Skill in Affairs Astro-
nomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the Clouds but was *comical*.
In this World, she despis'd every Soul she met
here,
And now she's in t'other, she thinks it but
Queer.

EPIGRAM.

On seeing a worthy Prelate go out of Church
in the Time of *Divine Service*, to wait on
his Grace the D. of D....

LORD *Pam* in the Church (cou'd you
think it) kneel'd down,
When told the Lieutenant was just come to
Town;
His *Station* despising, unaw'd by the *Place*,
He flies from his *God*, to attend on his *Grace*:
To the *Court* it was fitter to pay his *Devotion*,
Since *God* had no Hand in his Lordship's *Pro-*
motion.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM.

WHEN other Ladies to the Groves go
 down,
Corinna still, and *Fulvia* stay in Town;
 These Ghosts of Beauty ling'ring here reside,
 And haunt the Places where their Honour dy'd.

EPIGRAM *from the* FRENCH.

SIR, I admit your gen'ral Rule
 That every Poet is a Fool:
 But you yourself may serve to show it,
 That every Fool is not a Poet.

EPITAPH.

WELL then, poor G—— lies under
 ground!
 So there's an end of honest *Jack*.
 So little Justice here he found,
 'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

On the Toasts of the Kit-Cat Club,
Anno 1716.

WHence deathless *Kit-Cat* took its Name,
Few Criticks can unriddle ;
Some say from *Pastry Cook* it came,
And some from *Cat* and *Fiddle*.
From no trim Beau's its Name it boasts,
Grey Statesmen, or green Wits ;
But from this Pell-mell-Pack of Toasts,
Of old *Cats* and young *Kits*.

To a LADY with the Temple of
Fame.

WHAT's Fame with Men, by Custom of
the Nation,
Is call'd in Women only Reputation :
About them both why keep we such a pother ?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

V E R S E S



V · E R S E S

To be placed under the Picture of
England's Arch-Poet : Containing
a compleat Catalogue of his Works.

SEE who ne'er was or will be half read !
Who first sung ¹ *Arthur*, then sung ²
Alfred,
Prais'd great ³ *Eliza* in God's anger,
Till all true *Englishmen* cry'd, hang her !
Made *William's* Virtues wipe the bare A—
And hang'd up *Marlborough* in ⁴ *Arras* :
Then hiss'd from Earth, grew Heav'nly
quite ;
Made ev'ry Reader curse the ⁵ *Light* ;
Maul'd human *Wit* in one thick ⁶ *Satyr*,
Next in three Books, sunk ⁷ human *Nature*,

- 1 Two Heroick Poems in Folio, twenty Books,
- 2 Heroick Poem in twelve Books.
- 3 Heroick Poem in Folio, ten Books.
- 4 Instructions to *Vanderbank* a Tapestry-Weaver.
- 5 Hymn to the Light.
- 6 Satyr against *Wit*.
- 7 Of the *Nature* of Man.

Un-did

44 *Verses on England's Arch-Poet.*
Un-did⁸ *Creation* at a Jerk,
And of⁹ *Redemption* made damn'd Work.

Then took his Muse at once, and dipt her
Full in the middle of the Scripture.
What Wonders there the Man grown old, did?
Sternhold himself he out-*Sternholded*,
Made¹⁰ *David* seem so mad and freakish,
All thought him just what thought King *Achiz*.
No Mortal read his¹¹ *Salomon*,
But judg'd *Roboam* his own Son.
*Moses*¹² he serv'd as *Moses Pharaoh*,
And *Deborah*, as She *Sisera*:
Made¹³ *Jeremy* full fore to cry,
And¹⁴ *Job* himself curse God and die.

What Punishment all this must follow?
Shall *Arthur* use him like King *Tollo*,
Shall *David* as *Uriah* slay him,
Or dext'rous *Deb'rah Sisera*-him?
Or shall *Eliza* lay a Plot,
To treat him like her Sister *Scot*.

8 *Creation*, a Poem in seven Books.

9 The *Redemer*, another Heroick Poem in six Books.

10 Translation of all the *Psalms*.

11 *Canticles* and *Ecclesiast*.

12 Paraphrase of the Canticles of *Moses* and *Deborah*, &c.

13 The *Lamentations*.

14 The whole Book of *Job*, a Poem in Folio.

Shall

Shall *William* dub his better End *
Or *Marlb'rough* serve him like a Friend ?
No, none of these — Heav'n spare his Life !
But send him, honest *Job*, thy *Wife*.

* Kick him on the Breech, not Knight him on the
Shoulder.



Dr.



Dr. Sw--- to Mr. P---e,
While he was writing the Dunciad.

P*ope* has the Talent well to speak,
But not to reach the Ear;
His loudest Voice is low and weak,
The *Dean* too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,
Then diff'rent Studies chuse,
The *Dean* sits plodding on a Book,
Pope walks, and courts the Muse.

Now Backs of Letters, though design'd
For those who more will nead 'em,
Are fill'd with Hints, and interlin'd,
Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each Atom by some other struck,
All Turns and Motiontries;
Till in a Lump together stuck,
Behold a *Poem* rise !

Yet to the *Dean* his Share allot;
He claims it by a Canon;

That,

On writing the Dunciad.

47

*That, without which a Thing is not
Is, causa sine quâ non.*

Thus, *Pope*, in vain you boast your Wit;
For, had our deaf Divine
Been for your Conversation fit,
You had not writ a Line.

Of Prelate thus, for preaching fam'd,
The Sexton reason'd well,
And justly half the Merit claim'd
Because he rang the Bell.



On

That,



*On the Countess of B---- cutting
Paper.*

P*allas* grew vap'rish once and odd,
She would not do the least right thing,
Either for Goddess or for God,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.

Jove frown'd, and " Use (he cry'd) those Eyes
" So skilful, and those Hands so taper ;
" Do something exquisite, and wise —
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut Paper.

This vexing him who gave her Birth,
Thought by all Heav'n a burning Shame,
What does she next, but bids on Earth
Her *B—l——n* do just the same.

Pallas you give yourself strange Airs ;
But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
The Sense and Taste of one that bears
The Name of *Savil* and of *Boyle*.

Alas ! one bad Example shown,
How quickly all the Sex pursue !
See Madam ! see, the Arts o'erthrown,
Between *John Overton* and You.

On a certain Lady at Court.

I Know the thing that's most uncommon ;
(Envy be silent, and attend !)
I know a Reasonable Woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a Friend.

Not warp'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour,
Not grave thro' Pride, or gay thro' Folly,
An equal Mixture of good Humour,
And sensible soft Melancholy.

“ Has she no Faults then (Envy says) Sir ?”
Yes she has one, I must aver :
When all the World conspires to praise her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.



C

S

A



A
SOLDIER
AND A
SCHOLAR:
OR, A

*Lady's Judgment on those two
Characters.*

T'HUS spoke to my Lady the Knight full
of Care,
Let me have your Advice in a weighty Affair:
This *Hamilton's Bawn*, while it sticks on my
Hand,
I lose by the House what I get by the Land;
But how to dispose of it to the best Bidder,
For a *Barrack*, or *Malt-house*, we now must
consider:
First, let me suppose, I make it a Malt-house,
Here, I have computed the Profit will fall t'us;
There's

The Lady's Judgment, &c. 51

There's nine hundred Pounds for Labour and Grain ;

I increase it to Twelve ; so Three hundred remain ;

A handsome Addition for Wine and good Cheer,
Three Dishes a Day, and ten Hogsheads a Year :
With a Dozen large Vessels my Vaults shall be stor'd ;

No little scrub Joint shall e'er come on my Board ;

And you, and the Dean, no more shall combine,
To stint me at Night to one Bottle of Wine ;
Nor shall I, for his Humours, permit you to purloin

A Stone and a half of good Beef from my Surloin.

If I make it a *Barrack*, the Crown is my Tenant :
My Dear, I have ponder'd again, and again on't,
In Poundage and Drawback, I lose half my Rent,
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the Court in every Debate ;
And rather than that, I would lose my Estate.

Thus ended the Knight: Thus began the meek Wife :

It must, and it shall be a Barrack, my Life :
I am grown a mere Mopus, no Company comes,
But a Rabble of Tenants, and rusty dull *Rums* ;
With Parsons, what Lady can keep herself clean ?
I am all over d w b'd, when I sit by the * *Dean*.

* Dean of St. Patrick's.

But if you will give us a Barrack, my Dear,
 The Captain, I'm sure, will always come here.
 I then shall not value his Deanship a Straw ;
 For the Captain, I'll warrant, will keep him
 in Awe.

Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
 We'll tell him that Chaplains should not be
 so pert ;
 That Men of his Coat should be minding their
 Prayers,
 And not among Ladies to give themselves Airs.

Thus argu'd my Lady, but argu'd in vain ;
 The Knight his Opinion resolv'd to maintain.
 But *Hannah*, who listen'd to all that was past,
 And could not endure so vulgar a Taste,
 As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
 Cry'd, Madam, why surely my Master's posselt ;
 Sir *Arthur* the Malster ! how fine it would
 sound ?

I'd rather the Bawn were sunk under Ground :
 But, Madam, I guess'd there would never come
 Good,
 When I saw him so often with * *Darby* and
 Wood,

And now my Dream's out ; for I was a-dream'd,
 That I saw a huge Rat ; O dear, how I scream'd !

* Sir *A* — *A* — — —'s Receiver, and one of his
 Tenants.

And

And after, methought, I lost my new Shoes,
And *Molly*, she said, I shou'd hear some ill
News.

Dear Madam, had you but the Spirit to teaze,
You might have a Barrack whenever you please,
And, Madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
That for twenty Denials, you would not give
out.

If I had a Husband like him, I protest,
Till he gave me my Will, I would give him
no Rest,

And rather than come in the same Pair of Sheets
With such a cross Man, I wou'd lie in the Streets.
But, Madam, I beg, you'll contrive, and invent,
And worry him out, till he gives his Consent.
Dear Madam, whenc'er on a Barrack I think,
An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a Wink,
(For if a new Crotchet comes into my Brain,
I can't get it out tho' I'd never so fain.)

I fancy already, a Barrack contriv'd
At *Hamilton's* Bawn, and the Troop is arriv'd:
Of this, to be sure, Sir *Arthur* has warning,
And waits on the Captain betimes in the
Morning.

Now see when they meet, how their Honours
behave ——

Noble Captain, your Servant —— Sir *Arthur*
your Slave.

You honour me much — The Honour is mine.

'Twas a sad rainy Night — But the Morning is fine.

Pray how does my Lady? — My Wife's at your Service.

I think I have seen her Picture at *Fervais*'.

Good-morrow, good Captain — I'll wait on you down.

You shan't stir a Foot — You'll think me a Clown.

For all the World, Captain, not half an Inch farther —

You must be obey'd; your Servant, Sir *Arthur*.

My humble Respects to my Lady unknown--

I hope you will use my House as your own.

" Go bring me my Smock, and leave off your
" Prate,

" Thou hast certainly gotten a Cup in thy Pate.
Pray, Madam be quiet, what was it I said?

You had like to have put it quite out of my
Head.

Next day, to be sure, the Captain will come,
At the Head of his Troop, with his Trumpet
and Drum :

Now, Madam, observe how he marches in
State,

The Man with the Kettle-Drum enters the
Gate,

Dub,

Dub, dub, a dub, dub ; the Trumpeters follow,
Tantara, Tantara ; while all the Boys halloo.
See, now comes the Captain, all dawb'd with
Gold Lace :

O law ! the sweet Gentleman, look in his Face !
And see how he rides like a Lord of the Land,
And the fine Flaming-Sword he holds in his
Hand !

And his Horse, the dear *Creature*, it prances
and rears,

With Ribbands in Knots, at his Tail and his
Ears.

At last comes the Troop at the Word of Com-
mand,

Drawn up in our Court, 'till the Captain cries,
Stand.

Your Ladyship lifts up the Sash to be seen,
(For sure I had dizen'd you out like a Queen)
The Captain, to shew he is proud of the Fa-
vour,

Looks up to the Window, and cocks up his
Beaver.

His Beaver is cockt, pray, Madam, mind that ;
(For a Captain of Horse never takes off his Hat ;
Because he has never a Hand that is idle,
For the Right holds the Sword, and the Left
holds the Bridle.)

Then he flourishes thrice his Sword in the Air,
As a Compliment due to a Lady so fair :

(How I tremble to think of the Blood it has
spilt !

Then he lowers the Point ; then he kisses the
Hilt.

Your Ladyship smiles, and thus you begin :

“ Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight, and
“ walk in.

The Captain salutes you, with Congee profound ;
And your Ladyship curtsies half-way to the
Ground.

“ *Kit*, run for your Master, and bid him come
“ to us ;

“ I'm sure he'll be proud of the Honour you
“ do us :

“ And, Captain, you'll do us the Favour to stay

“ And take a short Dinner here with us To-day ;

“ You're heartily welcome ; but as for good
“ Cheer,

“ You are come in the very worst Time of the
“ Year.

“ Had I but expected so worthy a Guest —

Lord, Madam, your Ladyship sure is in Jest :

You banter me, Madam, the Kingdom must
grant ——

“ You Officers, Captain, are so complaisant.

“ Hift, Huffy, I think I hear Somebody com-
ing ——

No, Madam, 'tis only Sir *Arthur* a humming.
To shorten my Tale, (for I hate a long Story)

The Captain, at Dinner, appears in his Glory.

The

The * Dean and the † Doctor have humbled
their Pride ;

For the Captain's intreated to sit by your Side.
And because he's their Betters, you carve for
him first ;

The Parsons, for Envy, are ready to burst.

The Servants amaz'd are scarce ever able
To keep off their Eyes as he sits at the Table.

And *Molly* and I have thrust in our Nose,
To peep at the Captain, in all his fine Cloaths.
Dear, Madam, 'be sure, he's a fine-spoken
Man ;

Do but hear, on the Clergy, how glib his Tongue
ran.

“ And, Madam, said he, if such Dinner's
“ you give,

“ You'll never want Parsons as long as you live ;

“ I ne'er knew a Parson without a good Nose ;

“ But the Devil's as welcome, where-ever he
“ goes.

“ G—d— me, they bid us reform and re-
“ pent ;

“ But, Z—ds, by their Looks, they never
“ keep Lent.

“ Mr. Curate, for all your grave Looks, I'm
“ afraid,

“ You cast a Sheep's Eye on her Ladyship's
“ Maid :

* *Dr. Swift,*

† *Dr. Jenny.*

" I wish she would lend you her lilly-white

" Hand,

" In mending your Gown, and smoothing your

" Band.

(" For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like

" a Ninny,

" That the Captain suppos'd he was Curate to

" *Jenny*.)

" Whenever you see a Cassock and Gown,

" An hundred to one but it covers a Clown.

" Observe how a Parson comes into a Room :

" G—d—— me, he hobbles as bad as my

" Groom.

" A Scholar, when just from the College

" broke loose,

" Can hardly tell how to cry *Bo* to a Goose.

" Your *Novids*, and *Bluturks*, and *Omers*, and

" Stuff ;

" By G—, they don't signify this Pinch of Snuff.

" To give a young Gentleman right Education,

" The Army's the very best School in the Na-

" tion.

" My School-master call'd me a Dunce and a

" Fool ;

" But at Cuffs, I was always the Cock of the

" School.

" I never could take to my Books for the Blood

" o'me.

" And the Puppy confest, he expected no Good

" o'me.

" Now,

“ Now, Madam you’ll think it a strange thing
“ to say,
“ But the Sight of a Book makes me sick to
“ this Day.

Never since I was born, did I hear so much
Wit;
And, Madam, I laugh’d, till I thought I should
split.
So then you look’d scornful, and sniff’d at the
Dean :
As who should say, “ Now am I skinny and
lean ?
But he durst not so much as once open his Lips :
And the Doctor was plaguily down in the
Hips.

Thus merciless *Hannab* run on in her Talk,
Till she heard the Dean call, “ Will your
“ Ladyship walk ?
Her Ladyship answers — I’m just coming down.
Then turning to *Hannab*, and forcing a Frown,
(Altho’ it was plain, in her Heart she was
glad ;)
Cry’d, Huffy, why sure, the Wench is gone
mad :
How could these Chimera’s get into your
Brains ?
Come hither, and take this old Gown for your
Pains.

60 *The Lady's Judgment, &c.*

But the Dean if this Secret should get to his
Ears,

Will never have done with his Jibes and his
Jeers.

For your Life, not a Word of this Matter I
charge you ;

Give me but a Barrack, a Fig for the Clergy.



T O

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T O

Doctor D-L---Y

O N T H E

L I B E L S

Writ against him.

AS some raw Youth in Country bred,
To Arms by Thirst of Honour led,
When at a Skirmish first he hears
The Bullets whistling round his Ears,
Will duck his Head, aside will start,
And feel a trembling at his Heart:
Till, 'scaping oft' without a Wound
Lessens the Terror of the Sound:
Fly Bullets now as thick as Hops,
He runs into a Cannon's Chops.
An Author thus who pants for Fame
Begins the World with Fear and Shame,

When

When first in Print, you see him dread
 Each Pot-gun levell'd at his Head :
 The Lead yon Critick's Quill contains,
 Is destin'd to beat out his Brains.
 As if he heard loud Thunders roul,
 Cryes, Lord have Mercy on his Soul,
 Concluding, that another Shot
 Will strike him dead upon the Spot.
 But, when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
 He cannot see one Creature dropping :
 That, missing Fire, or missing Aim,
 His Life is safe, I mean his Fame,
 The Danger past, takes Heart of Grace,
 And looks a Critick in the Face.

Though Splendor gives the fairest Mark
 To poison'd Arrows from the Dark,
 Yet, ** in Your self when smooth and round,*
 They glance aside without a Wound.

'Tis said, the Gods try'd all their Art,
 How, *Pain* they might from *Pleasure* part ;
 But little could their Strength avail,
 Both still are fast'ned by the Tail.
 Thus, *Fame* and *Censure* with a Tether
 By Fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
 In Wit before the common Herd ?

* In scipso totus teres atque rotundus.

And yet, grow mortify'd and vext,
To pay the Penalty annex.

'Tis Eminence makes Envy rise,
As fairest Fruits attract the Flyes.
Shou'd stupid Libels grieve your Mind,
You soon a Remedy may find;
Lie down obscure like other Folks
Below the Lash of Snarlers Jokes.
Their Faction is five hundred odds,
For, ev'ry Coxcomb lends them Rods;
And sneers as learnedly as they,
Like Females o'er their Morning Tea.

You say, the Muse will not contain,
And write you must, or break a Vein:
Then, if you find the Terms too hard,
No longer my Advice regard:
But raise your Fancy on the Wing;
The *Irish Senate's* Praises sing:
How jealous of the Nation's Freedom,
And, for Corruptions, how they weed 'em;
How each the Publick Good pursues,
How far their Hearts from private Views;
Make all true Patriots up to Shoe-boys
Huzza their Brethren at the *Blue-boys*.
And dread no more the Rage of Grub;
You then may soon be of the Club.

How

How oft' am I for Rhime to seek?
 To dress a Thought, I toyl a Week;
 And then, how Thankful to the Town,
 If all my Pains will earn a Crown.
 Whilst, ev'ry Critick can devour
 My Work and me in half an Hour.
 Would Men of Genius cease to write,
 The Rogues must die for Want of Spight,
 Must die for Want of Food and Rayment,
 If Scandal did not find them Payment.
 How chearfully the Hawkers cry
 A Satyr, and the Gentry buy!
 While my hard-labour'd Poem pines
 Unfold upon the Printer's Lines.

A *Genius* in the Rev'rend Gown
 Must ever keep its Owner down:
 'Tis an unnatural Conjunction,
 And spoiles the Credit of the Function.
 Round all your Brethren cast your Eyes;
 Point out the surest Men to rise:
 That Club of Candidates in Black,
 The least deserving of the Pack,
 Aspiring, factious, fierce and loud,
 With Grace and Learning unendow'd,
 Will sooner coyn a Thousand Lyes
 Than suffer Men of Parts to rise:
 They croud about Preferment's Gate,
 And press you down with all their Weight.

For,

For, as of old, Mathematicians
Were by the Vulgar thought Magicians ;
So Academick dull Ale-drinkers
Pronounce all Men of Wit, Free-thinkers.

Wit, as the chief of Virtue's Friends,
Disdains to serve ignoble Ends.
Observe what Loads of stupid Rhimes
Oppress us in corrupted Times :
What Pamphlets in a Court's Defence
Shew Reason, Grammar, Truth, or Sense ?
For, though the Muse delights in Fiction,
She ne'er inspires against Conviction.
Then keep your Virtue still unmixt,
And let not Faction come betwixt.
By Party steps no Grandeur clime at,
Tho' it would make you *England's* Primate :
First learn the Science to be dull,
You then may soon your Conscience lull ;
If not, however seated high,
Your Genius in your Face will fly.

When *Jove* was, from his teeming Head,
Of Wit's fair Goodness brought to Bed,
There follow'd at his Lying-in
For After-birth a *Sooterkin* ;
Which, as the Nurse pursu'd to kill,
Attain'd by Flight the Muses Hill ;
There in the Soil began to root,
And litter'd at *Parnassus'* Foot.

From

From hence the Critick Vermin sprung
 With Harpy Claws, and Pois'nous Tongue.
 Who fatten on Poetick Scraps,
 Too cunning to be caught in Traps.
 Dame Nature, as the Learned show,
 Provides each Animal its Foe :
 Hounds hunts the Hare, the wily Fox
 Devours your Geese, the Wolf your Flocks ;
 Thus Envy pleads a nat'ral Claim
 To persecute the Muses Fame ;
 On Poets in all Times abusive,
 From *Homer* down to *Pope* inclusive.

Yet, what avails it to complain ?
 You try to take Revenge in vain.
 A Rat your utmost Rage defies
 That safe behind the Wainscot lies :
 Say, did you ever know by Sight
 In Cheese an individual Mite ?
 Shew me the same numerick Flea,
 That bit your Neck but yesterday.
 You then may boldly go in Quest
 To find the Grubstreet Poet's Nest.
 What Spunging-House in dread of Jayl
 Receives them while they wait for Bayl :
 What Ally they are nestled in,
 To flourish o'er a Cup of Ginn :
 Find the last Garrat where they lay,
 Or Cellar, where they starve to Day.

Suppose

Suppose you had them all trepann'd
With each a Libel in his Hand,
What Punishment would you inflict?
Or call 'em Rogues or get 'em kickt?
These they have often try'd before ;
You but oblige 'em so much more :
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their Trash the better sell.

You have been Libell'd—Let us know
What senseless Coxcomb told you so.
Will you regard the Hawker's Cryes
Who in his Titles always lyes?
Whate'er the noisy Scoundrel says
It might be something in your Praise :
And, Praise bestow'd in Grub-street Rhimes,
Would vex one more a thousand Times.
Till Block-heads blame, and Judges praise,
The Poet cannot claim his Bays.
On me, when Dunces are satyrick,
I take it for a Panegyrick.
Hated by Fools, and Fools to hate,
Be that my *Motto*, and my *Fate*.

F I N I S.

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